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A TOUR AND A ROMANCE







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A LAND OF WAVING PALMS

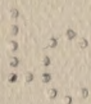


# ✓ A TOUR AND A ROMANCE

BY  
ALICE E. ROBBINS ✓

"There is something in the mere name of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it. Even those who have never been there before feel as if they had been; and everybody goes comparing and seeking for the familiar, and finding it with such ecstasies of recognition, that one would think they were coming home after a weary absence instead of travelling hourly farther abroad."

R. L. S. in *Ordered South*.



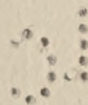
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# A TOUR AND A ROMANCE

## CHAPTER I

### THE PROFESSOR'S LECTURE

PROFESSOR DE CASTRO was lecturing on the departed glories of Spain. His audience was composed of that small section of women in New York who cultivate culture and play with learning. The darkened hall was heavy with the fumes of acetylene gas, which perhaps explained the curiously somnolent feeling experienced by the majority of the Professor's hearers.

He was a middle-aged man with a thin, sallow face and a foreign accent. He had been the pet of New York for the entire winter, but with the spring had come a new sensation in the shape of a rollicking Irishman, who preached the curse of over-education and pleaded passionately for the recrudescence of the womanly woman — the tutelary goddess of the spinning-wheel and the spinet. Unsightly gaps in the rows of velvet-cushioned chairs testified to the power of Professor de Castro's rival. He tried not to feel those gaps, but he was as conscious as the man who has just had several teeth drawn. Like the sufferer who returns from the dentist, he hoped that other people were not noticing the empty places. He



thought of his widowed mother and two spinster sisters who were entirely dependent on him, and the thought suddenly unnerved him.

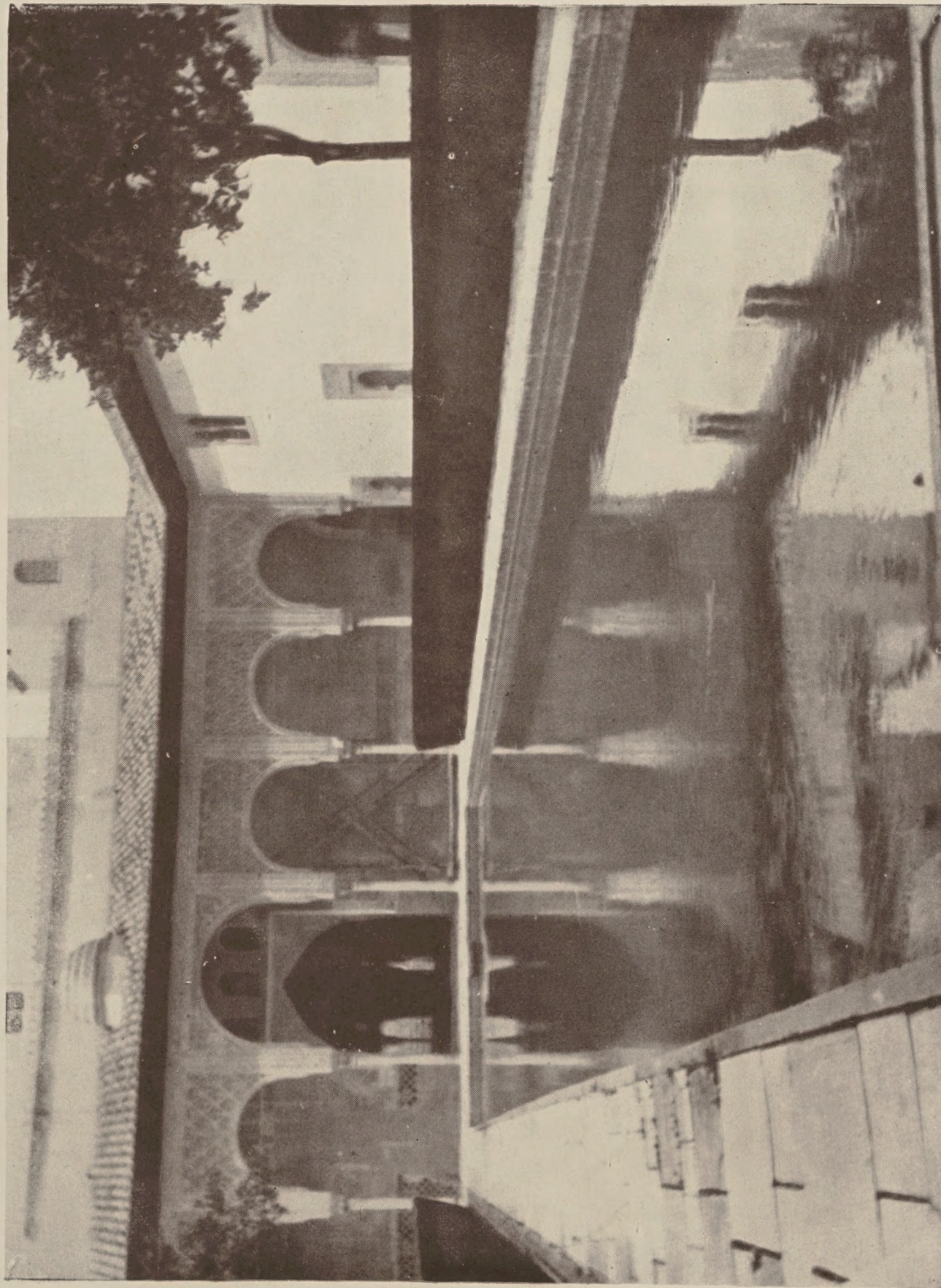
On the screen was reflected the majestic outlines of the Alhambra; the various points of interest he indicated with a long stick. The pointing hand wavered, and the Professor found himself aimlessly prodding the Tower of Comares. He tried to speak, but no words came. He made a step forward and gulped down half a tumbler of water, and then again turned towards the screen. All at once the oppressive stillness was broken by a woman's snore — an unmelodious, unmistakable snore. Professor de Castro's sallow face flushed. He had not dared to whisper to himself that he was not gripping his audience, and here was some one who brazenly proclaimed the fact. He could trace the sound — it came from the third row. Had he been unable to do so, the action of a girl also sitting in the third row would have enlightened him. He could almost feel her indignant glance as she half turned in her chair and looked full at the offender. He knew the girl well by sight. She never missed a lecture, and she always occupied that same chair in the third row and scribbled notes in a red book with the aid of a toy electric lamp. He had never spoken to her. Sadie Van Putten was not the sort of girl to storm the platform afterwards, as was the recognised custom of many of his hearers. A sudden sympathy was kindled in the Professor's heart. As men in a hopeless cause instinctively follow the leader who leaps into the breach, so the Professor was goaded to further exertion by the sight of the girl in the third row, who listened to every word he uttered and thought those same words worthy of preservation in a red notebook.







THE ALHAMBRA





Her attitude gave him fresh courage and he conducted his hearers with pride through the halls of the grand old palace. He loved Spain. Her past history was more vivid to him than present-day happenings. He saw with the eye of the lover—he spoke with the voice of the lover anxious to extol and slow to see any blemish. In the Court of the Myrtles he lingered, and his audience, looking at the crystal water flanked by verdant hedges, forgot for the moment the heat and the pungent odour of acetylene gas.

From the Court of Myrtles he marshalled them to the Court of Lions. Several of the ladies, recognising the famous monument from photographs, began to take more interest in the Professor and his lecture. It is a mistake to suppose that familiarity breeds contempt. Familiarity breeds a most blissful contentment. In the Hall of the Ambassadors the Professor called a halt.

“This Hall,” he said, in ringing tones, “is of special interest to every American. On that small square” (he indicated it with his wand) “Columbus knelt before Ferdinand and Isabella and gratefully accepted the offer of three small sailing vessels for his hazardous expedition. For eight years he had waited for that help so tardily given, and then, it is said, the Queen pledged her jewels to provide the money.

“One of your learned men has remarked that a man is too old for work at forty.” Here a note of scorn could be detected in the Professor’s mobile voice. “Too old at forty,” he repeated, painfully conscious of his fifty odd years. “If a man is too old at forty, you might not be listening to me to-day, for Columbus was fifty-six when he discovered America.”

Sadie Van Putten was writing rapidly; she began to wish she had learnt shorthand, or that the Professor did



not speak quite so fast. Columbus melted into Washington Irving and she was not quite sure when the change had come.

"He has made the Alhambra real," said the Professor, "to thousands who have never visited it. He found it sunk, as it were, in a heavy sleep." A loud snore punctuated this remark. "A heavy sleep," he repeated savagely, "and his magic words woke the place to life again. Before you visit the various rooms you will, of course, have prepared yourself by reading the *Tales of the Alhambra*, and perhaps you will be a little disappointed to find that those rooms do not kindle in you the wonderful emotions they called up in Washington Irving. You say to yourself you must be very commonplace. My friends, when we feel that, we are merely paying a tribute to genius. Genius sees the Real through a rose-coloured glass we call the Ideal. Therefore, try not to feel disappointed if all the rooms are not repeopled for you at a glance. Ghosts are elusive folk. You seek in one corner and you find in another. There is a delightful chapter in the *Tales* entitled 'The Mysterious Chambers.' Washington Irving had been given the apartments which formerly belonged to Elizabeth of Farnese, wife of Philip v. He describes the creepy feeling he experienced when, after being escorted thither, he was left alone. It is a wonderful piece of word painting. We start when he starts at some unaccustomed sound, and we almost hold our breath when he pauses in some dim passage to recall a half-forgotten tragedy. Little did Washington Irving think when he penned those legends that one day his spirit, mightier than they all, would haunt the Courts of the Alhambra."

"I wish he would not go so fast," said Sadie, half



aloud, as the charming apartment overlooking the garden of Lindaraxa vanished, and a small prison-like chamber wobbled into view.

"There," said the Professor, "is the room where Joanna the Fool was imprisoned by her son, Charles the Fifth. To women it is undoubtedly the most interesting room in the Alhambra. The woman who spent long hours of wretchedness there was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and she married Philip, surnamed 'the handsome.' By many she was called unattractive, although the recumbent figure of her in the Cathedral at Granada does not give one altogether that idea. But, whatever her appearance may have been, she had not the power of holding a man's heart. Philip neglected her and found amusement elsewhere, and Joanna's pitiful feminine attempts to bring him back would be comic were it not for the underlying element of tragedy. When Philip *le bel* died she insisted on bringing his body from Burgos to Granada to be buried. The melancholy procession only travelled at night, and, whenever it stopped, Joanna would look through the glass coffin-lid at the handsome features of her fickle husband. There are not many Joannas left in this twentieth century."

A little thrill ran through the audience. The Professor was beginning to be personal and it was much more entertaining.

"Do you think," he went on, "that there are many to be found in New York City to-day? We have another type — the modern matron who gallops through Europe and leaves her husband to grind at his desk. Women of New York, I ask you to pause before it is too late — before you bring about the ruin of your country. Why have you so much dishonesty, political and commercial?



The men are actually responsible, but the women are morally to blame. They accept bribery and corruption. They do not care how the money is made so long as they have it to spend." The Professor paused. He had the audience in his grip now, and he knew it. Even the lady who had previously slumbered was awake and alert, and Sadie Van Putten was so interested that she forgot to take any more notes. "Are you aware," he thundered, "of the preponderance of men in the United States? Are you also aware that there are more spinsters than in any other country in the world? Why is this? I will tell you. It is because you American women have been spoilt by the men. You are educated side by side — you are dead sick of one another before you are five-and-twenty. You have no ideals, but you have millions of theories. Joanna had an ideal. It was shattered, but she still clung to it. There is no more touching example of wifely devotion in the world than that long pilgrimage from Burgos to Granada — no more touching monument than that of husband and wife in the Cathedral there. Joanna was nicknamed the Fool, but was she not wiser than the women of the twentieth century, who place culture and money and position before the great primal fact and necessity of life? We want more Joannas in the world — more women who recognise that without love life is barren and unsatisfying and impossible."

The Professor finished amidst applause, and fragments of conversation floated about the room.

"My, wasn't he just fine!" said one. "What a power of notes you took, Sadie. With your permission, I'll type them before I sail next week."

"Going to Europe without your husband?" inquired another. "What would the Professor say?"

The first speaker laughed.



"Men talk about women being illogical, but I must say I think the Professor is very illogical in his remarks. Didn't he tell us it was our duty to visit all these beautiful spots, and, as my husband can't leave the works for more than a week at a time, I must make the best of it and go by myself."

"I've been waiting ten years to see Europe, but I don't go without Mr. Dobson," said a pleasant-looking woman, whose devotion to her husband was a source of amusement to many.

"I'm crazy to go to Spain," said another. "Aren't you, Sadie?"

"I can't go just at present," replied Sadie, "because of father. He's suffering terribly from nerves."

"Nerves!" echoed an ardent Christian Scientist. "To accept nerves is to accept matter, and we all know that matter has no existence."

One or two, anticipating a monologue on the science of healing, edged away, leaving Sadie and Mrs. Dobson and the Christian Scientist together.

"Father doesn't believe in these new fads," said Sadie briskly. "He's gone to see a doctor this very afternoon."

The Christian Scientist gave her a look of benevolent pity.

"How hard it is to eradicate error in the human soul!" she said sweetly. "He could have been cured so easily. All you have to do is to devitalise yourself."

"Devitalise yourself? How do you do that?" said Mrs. Dobson.

"Simply let yourself go — it's the easiest thing in the world. Study a cat or an infant — there you have perfect examples of devitalisation."

"And after you have let yourself go," said Mrs. Dobson doubtfully, "what then?"



"Then you repeat slowly — 'I have no nerves.'"

"I see; you tell yourself a lie in the hope that you may believe it."

"You suggest to yourself," said the Christian Scientist grandly, "and if the suggestion is powerful enough it will come to pass. Have you read the *Master Mind*?"

"No," said Sadie.

"Get it; it's a really wonderful book. It shows how the very weakest person can increase in will power and conquer circumstances. Oh, it's a beautiful book! And it gives some very touching illustrations of the power of the human will. I know an old lady who refused to walk anywhere — she always insisted on taking a street-car. And one day a friend came in with a copy of the *Master Mind*, and she persuaded the old lady to read it, and very soon the old lady began to feel very much better. The last time I heard of her, she had just walked from Broadway to Brooklyn. I, myself, recently cured a dear friend who was perpetually worrying over little things."

She paused dramatically for exclamations of surprise, but none came, so she continued her story.

"I made her repeat every morning after her dumb bell exercise one sentence — 'I will be happy.'"

"And is she happy?" inquired Mrs. Dobson, with interest.

"Happy," reiterated the other. "Why, happiness is running out of the pores of her skin — she's bubbling with it."

"If I was unhappy," said Mrs. Dobson, whose beaming face seemed to preclude any such possibility, "I reckon I shouldn't be cured if I chanted 'I will be happy' all day long. I can't understand how that can cure anybody."



"No, you can't understand, and I can't explain," said the Christian Scientist crushingly. "You have to be on the higher plane to grasp it. Have you read *How I Achieved Success*, by Horace G. Parker?"

"No," said Sadie and Mrs. Dobson both together.

"Get it. That's my advice; get it. The author is a wonderful man — a really wonderful man. He says that ordinary people make a very great mistake. They think failure when they might just as well think success. It's as easy to think success as to think failure. Now, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dobson. "To my mind success is easy enough to think and difficult enough to get."

"Horace G. Parker says you must hold in your mind the thought of success."

"At the beginning of life," said Mrs. Dobson, "most young people hold in their mind the thought of success. They needn't go to a book to be told to do it — it comes quite natural to them. But time goes along, and they get many disappointments and many hard knocks, and after awhile they leave off thinking success."

"They shouldn't leave off," said the Christian Scientist; "that's where they make the mistake. Horace G. Parker says that all you've got to do is to stretch out your hand and grasp success." The Christian Scientist stretched out a grey kid-gloved hand as if wrestling with an invisible enemy. "He says, the more success struggles to get away from you the firmer you must grasp. It's very simple, really."

"It's very simple on paper," argued Mrs. Dobson, "but it's very difficult in real life. Why, do you think if success was such an easy matter as some of these writers make out that we should have all these failures walking around? I think this *Success for*



Everybody style of literature does a great deal of harm. It gives people false ideas. Success can't be for everybody — it's only for the few. You should hear what Mr. Dobson says. He admires Ralph Waldo Emerson very much — he thinks he was a very great man. But he says he can't put up with the crowd of feeble imitators who walk in Emerson's footsteps, hanging on to his coat tails."

Mrs. Dobson and Sadie left the lecture hall together and walked down Broadway.

It was a brilliant sunshiny afternoon and all New York was out of doors. The spirit of unrest was rampant, and the fact had never come home to Sadie with greater force. After the dignified grandeur of the Alhambra she shrank from the vulgarity of the gigantic buildings and the noise and the dust and the general glare.

"Even our buildings are impudent," she said, raising her voice so as to be heard above the grating clang of the trolley cars. "Look at them. Aren't they just ready to poke their noses into heaven itself?"

Mrs. Dobson gave her a quick, interrogating glance.

"What's the matter, Sadie?" she said. "Has Tom Vincent been worrying you again?"

"I've been thinking over the Professor's remarks."

"About marriage?"

"Yes, and the selfishness of American women and all that. Am I selfish because I don't want to marry Tom?"

"Why, no. If you set your mind on a silk gown in one particular colour, and you go to the stores and they haven't got a silk gown, but they have an elegant suit in striped tweed, you would think yourself at liberty to walk out of the stores, wouldn't you?"



Sadie nodded her head.

"But, if you try all the stores and you can't get the silk gown in that particular colour, after a time you may go back to the first place and decide on the striped suit. Well, fixing up a husband is for all the world like that."

"Of course, I'm fond of Tom in a way," continued Sadie, "but we haven't got the same tastes. I like books and music, and he never reads anything but the newspaper, and thinks the 'Stars and Stripes' the finest march that was ever composed."

"If it comes to that, Mr. Dobson and I haven't the same tastes. He'll spend six dollars on a dinner ——"

"And you won't?" put in Sadie.

"Not I. As I often tell him, I don't like swallowing money. But I'll spend fifty dollars on a brooch, and he thinks that's mighty extravagant. After all, these are little things — they don't really matter. Talking of marriage, I've a piece of news for you. Miriam Price is just engaged."

"No! Who to?"

"The man owns a ranch out West. If any woman has a mind to get married, she can always find a husband out West inside of three months."

"The reason, of course, is there are so many more men," said Sadie.

"That's so, but that's not the reason. It's all work in those parts and no distractions. What the Professor said this afternoon is quite true. In the States we have more men than women and more spinsters than in any other country in the world. If the President were to close half the theatres and the women's clubs and the Browning societies, there would be an epidemic of marriages."



"Of course, I like Tom," said Sadie; "I dare say we should get along very well together."

"If you feel like that about Tom," said Mrs. Dobson, with decision, "I guess you haven't got the right sort of feeling. Falling in love is just like being struck by lightning. *When a woman's struck by lightning, Sadie, she knows it.*"



## CHAPTER II

### CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

WHEN Sadie Van Putten returned home after Professor de Castro's lecture, she was surprised to find her father in a contemplative attitude, sunk in the depths of an arm-chair. It was only five o'clock and Jonas Van Putten was not in the habit of sitting in arm-chairs at that hour. He was what is known as a busy man, and people usually associated him with the typewriter and the telephone. Sadie guessed that something extraordinary must have happened.

When Van Putten caught sight of his daughter his mouth widened into the humorous smile which was characteristic of him.

"Sadie," he said, "I've had a regular knock-down blow."

Sadie's thoughts instinctively flew to Wall Street, but she was wrong in her surmises.

"The markets are queer," he observed dryly, "but not as queer as I am."

Unlike the so-called typical American, Jonas Van Putten did not commence every sentence with "Wal" or "I guess," although occasionally he dropped into such colloquialisms. But, when he said the markets were queer, you could tell he was American by the way he dodged the letter "r" in the two words. And if further proof was needed you had only to look at his dress,



which was as slovenly as that of the average American male, and at his eyes restless and eager, which glowed in a face wrinkled and yellowed like an overripe pear.

"I've just come from Dr. Waldo Smith's," he continued.

Waldo Smith was the famous nerve specialist. He had once been heard to remark that New York City was a paradise for the brain specialist.

"What did Waldo Smith say?"

"He said he wouldn't give me a twelvemonth unless I had a thorough change — said I must go abroad at once."

Van Putten spoke in as dejected a tone as if he had been ordered to a penal settlement. He resented the great doctor's advice. If his health obliged him to travel, why was he not permitted to travel in his own country? Were not the American rivers bigger and the American mountains higher than any to be found elsewhere? He felt inclined to cry out in bitterness with the captain of the host of old, "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

"I asked him," he went on, after a somewhat embarrassing pause, "if he thought there was any chance of my dying abroad. I wouldn't go under those circumstances. It would be very awkward for you, Sadie, and besides that, they tell me embalming's a very expensive business."

"And what did he say?" she asked, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"Not the ghost of a chance, if I get away at once."

"At once," repeated Sadie. "How soon will that be?"

"The day after to-morrow, Sadie. As soon as I heard that, I 'phoned for our state rooms."



"Did Waldo Smith mention any particular spot that would be good for you?"

"He didn't say, and I was too upset to ask him. He said I must try and find a place where the papers would be a week old before they reached."

"That will be rather difficult," said Sadie. "Even on the Swiss mountains I'm afraid we'd get the papers before then."

"He told me I must go slow — take a sort of rest-cure."

"Did he mean you must go into an institution and live on milky rice puddings and go to bed of an afternoon?"

"I don't know, Sadie. I was so bowled over I clean forgot to ask him. I wish I hadn't paid that fee without getting a few more particulars. But I don't think, somehow, he meant an institution."

"A rest-cure!" echoed Sadie thoughtfully — "a place where the papers are a week old. Father, we'll go to Spain."

"Well, if you think so," replied Jonas Van Putten, without enthusiasm; "but why Spain?"

"Because Spain has been taking a rest-cure for centuries. Christopher Columbus discovered America. We will return the compliment and discover Spain."

A week later the Van Puttens sailed. Sadie enjoyed the voyage with the keen enjoyment of a person who is setting off on a three months' holiday with the fixed idea that many delightful things are about to happen. This is the true holiday spirit, and without this spirit it is no use setting off on a holiday at all. We must start on the journey as the knights did of old — full of hope, full of curiosity to explore the unknown, and, like the knights of old, we must carry powerful weapons.



It is true that we shall not be called upon to slay dragons and monsters. There are modern hotels in the centre of Africa where the men put on dinner-jackets every evening, and unknown Tibet will soon be as well known as Regent Street. The only dragon to slay is the dragon of Boredom, and this hydraheaded monster takes a good deal of killing.

Sadie, although she did not show it, was well armed against this twentieth-century dragon. Where two or three were gathered together it was impossible for her to feel bored. She loved studying people. And there is nowhere like the promenade deck of a big liner for indulgence in this fascinating pastime.

On the promenade deck of an Atlantic liner you can study the world in miniature. There is the ruling power in the person of the captain, and from the captain on the bridge you go down, and down, and down, until at last you find yourself in the engine-room, where the stokers are busy keeping the great ship afloat.

The usual crowd was to be found on the *Lusitania*. There were the grumblers. They were a large class. The grumblers grumbled if they had canned peaches for lunch instead of fresh; they grumbled if the vessel steamed twenty knots instead of twenty-four; they grumbled incessantly. Then there were the born managers. They were a numerous class also. The born managers were kept perpetually busy, mentally reorganising the world while they reclined comfortably in long deck-chairs. In the born manager class were the civilians, whose profound knowledge of the Army caused them to draw up elaborate schemes for Army Reform. There were also the Socialists, who spoke of humanity with bated breath and a capital H. They pleaded for State



Nurseries, State Kitchens, State Crematoriums. They would have liked to have arranged for a State Heaven after death, and they felt it was hard that this should be beyond their power.

And besides these prominent characters there were the more ordinary people — the woman who felt it was a pity that she should have thrown herself away on such an uninteresting husband; the man who traced a long succession of failures to the scapegoat commonly known as hard luck. There was also "the most popular man on board."

His name was Brian Desmond, and his name was supposed to be sufficient excuse for anything he did. "Don't pay any attention to Desmond; he's a typical Celt," some one would say. Or, "Oh, you mustn't mind Desmond; he has Irish blood in his veins."

Brian Desmond was the sort of man who holds undisputed sway on the promenade deck of an ocean liner, in the local tennis club of a provincial town, in the ballroom of a Scotch hydro. He was a master hand at organising progressive whists and gymkhanas; his voice was baritone, but he could sing tenor, and did so if necessary. When he left a hotel lamentations were general, and people used to ask themselves how they had managed to exist before his arrival; he was a good amateur actor and an exquisite waltzer. His hatred of any sort of regular employment was his chief characteristic.

Brian Desmond singled Sadie out for special attention.

"Denis, me bhoy," he said to his friend, "I like that American girl immensely. I honestly believe that the influence of a good woman would be the savin' of me."



"Particularly a good woman with money," put in Denis.

Desmond looked at his friend with a hurt expression. It was decidedly awkward to have a friend who insisted on doubting one's noblest sentiments. Still, there were compensations. Unlike most people, Denis liked him for what he really was, and not for what he pretended to be.

"Go in and win," said Denis; "I'll be your best man."

"I'm really in earnest this time," replied Desmond, in his mellow baritone.

"Is the money all right?"

Again the hurt look came into Desmond's dark eyes.

"Denis, I'm ashamed of ye."

"I'm only asking for information. People have an idea that every American travelling abroad for his health must be a millionaire. That's why I say to you — is the money all right?"

Desmond's sensitive self-respect was so wounded that he made no answer.

"Don't worry, old man," said Denis. "The money is all right. You know Kelly?"

"Yes."

"He told me so; he says he often runs across Van Putten in Wall Street. He's a financier, and he's broken down through overwork. As a last chance, the doctor ordered him abroad. Miss Van Putten is the only child. My advice is — go in and win."

"It's a great pity, Denis, that you're so — so cynical. You impute such low motives to everybody. I honestly think the girl charming. And if she likes me ——"

"Does she?"

"I don't know. American girls are brought up so differently to English girls. They'll walk with a



man, and they'll talk with a man, and they'll accept unlimited chocolates or 'candies,' as they call them, from a man, but when it comes to marrying ——"

"Don't hesitate too long or you'll find Dr. George supplanting you." Desmond laughed — his rich attractive laugh. By that laugh his friend could tell how keenly he appreciated the joke.

"Dr. George! Why, he's older than her father!"

"Girls occasionally marry men older than their fathers."

"That's true. I think I'll go and see if Miss Van Putten is on deck — we might try over our duet for the concert together."

Desmond got as far as the door and then turned back.

"Denis."

"Yes."

"Look at me."

"All right! I'm looking."

"Do you see any just cause or impediment why Miss Van Putten should not like me?"

Denis examined his friend critically.

He saw a handsome, clean-shaven face just sufficiently worn to make it doubly attractive to nine women out of ten. He saw crisper dark hair which fell in heavy black waves over an expanse of white forehead; he saw a few shining silver threads which only served to throw into bolder relief the beauty of the said black waves. He saw a pair of fine dark eyes — eyes that were capable of expressing anything and everything. And, as he gazed, he felt what he always felt when he looked at Desmond — the subtle, ever-present, overwhelming charm of the man.

"Well, Denis!"



"Well, Desmond!"

"Is there any reason why Miss Van Putten shouldn't like me?"

"Certainly not. You're undoubtedly the most popular man on board."

After Desmond left his friend, he walked up and down the promenade deck on the look out for Sadie. At last he spied her. She was not alone; Dr. George was with her.

Desmond did not for one moment imagine that Sadie would think seriously of a man of fifty, but still he would have preferred that she should not be so interested in the doctor's conversation.

As he watched them, he made his own plans. He wondered which would be the best way to start the campaign. It was a beautiful starry night. He thought an allusion to the stars might be a promising beginning. Personally he cared very little for astronomy, and only knew the names of three stars; but these three stars had done him yeoman service in the past, and would no doubt do so in the future.

He had no intention of making Sadie an offer of marriage off-hand; he proposed to turn the conversation skilfully in the way he knew so well, until he could form some idea of the American girl's views with regard to marriage.

Sadie Van Putten had certainly shown herself very friendly during the few days he had known her. But, as he had observed ten minutes before to Denis, friendliness in an American girl does not necessarily mean that any more tender feeling lurks in the background. Desmond could not help thinking that it was a pity that the *Lusitania* was making such a good record. Another week spent in Sadie's society



and the result might be, and probably would be, certain. He determined on no account to risk a point-blank refusal. For one thing, as he knew well by the experience of others, a point-blank refusal is damaging to a man's *morale*. He can never have quite the same faith in himself again. A man may live out a long, happy, honoured bachelor existence without ever suffering a single blow to his vanity. He *can* attend, and *does* attend, the various weddings of his brother men, and, as he watches the bride and bridegroom march down the aisle, he *can* solace himself, and *does* solace himself, with this comforting reflection — "Ah! if I'd only given her the chance, she would probably have preferred me!"

But a man who has put his attractions to the test is denied any such comfort. He has entered into battle — he has suffered defeat. The wisest thing he can do under such heart-breaking circumstances is to pick out some other woman who has not been surfeited with attention and make sure of success at the outset.

People sometimes say they wonder how it is that handsome men invariably marry plain women. The handsome men do not explain why it is. They are wise. They keep their own counsel.

Desmond told himself that he was not attracted to Sadie because of her money, but in spite of her money. Like many Irishmen, he was romantic on the surface, but intensely practical really. It was absolutely necessary that he should marry a girl with money. He had an income of three hundred a year, but that did not go very far. And his tastes were expensive, and showed a tendency to become more expensive as the years slid by.

It was certainly pleasant to be an amateur billiard



champion, and flattering to one's vanity to be an authority on private theatricals; but occasionally these delights palled. Sometimes Desmond had his black days; and on these black days his soul was sick, and he cursed himself because, early in life, he had chosen play instead of work. This mood rarely lasted long, however.

Meanwhile, Sadie walked up and down, deep in conversation with Dr. George. Dr. George had the sort of appearance that New England people are fond of describing as homely. His features were unobtrusive, his manner was unobtrusive; he was the sort of man who is likely to be passed over in general society. The many would always ignore him — the few would always esteem him.

A chance remark of Sadie's had attracted him. And now it was no unusual sight to see Sadie and Dr. George promenading the deck together, and apparently enjoying themselves very much.

People used to look up from book or newspaper and wonder if the American girl and the doctor were "going to make a match of it." Such an idea never entered the heads of the two who found so much to talk about.

Both Sadie and Dr. George possessed, in a marked degree, the spirit of inquiry, and it was this spirit of inquiry that attracted the one to the other.

Sadie had met but few Englishmen. She was anxious to learn all about England, and Dr. George was very pleased to teach her.

He was a man of fifty odd years, who had made for himself a large and successful practice in a growing London suburb. He had never married. Perhaps he had led too busy a life — perhaps he had never met the



right woman. It seemed odd that he had not married, as he had a strongly affectionate nature and was quiet and domesticated in his tastes.

His experiences had been many, and he sorted them out for the benefit of Sadie.

A doctor with a big practice sees a good deal of human nature — he doesn't always see the best side of it. But a big practice and a variety of patients, rich and poor, had made Dr. George an optimist at fifty, whereas he had been a pessimist at thirty.

If Dr. George could tell Sadie much that she wanted to know about England, she, in her turn, could tell him much that he wanted to know about the States. He was deeply interested in her account of the science of healing as practised by the Emmanuel Church. A long experience had convinced Dr. George that the average medical practitioner is apt to consider the body of his patient too much and the soul of his patient too little.

From Sadie's scraps of conversation he learnt much of American life and thought, and drew his own conclusions.

As they paced the deck together and looked out on the still dark waters, the frantic rush of New York was flashed vividly before his eyes. Sadie's piquant descriptions invariably brought a thing home to the listener.

He listened with an amused interest while she told him of the lectures on Buddhism, and the classes for jiu-jitsu, and the societies for the better understanding of Robert Browning, and the classes that taught one the right way to breathe, and the right way to stand, and the right way to walk, and the right way to eat, and the right way to think.



Now and again Sadie would forget she was talking to an Englishman, and would run off a string of American names. When she found that these well-known names had conveyed nothing to Dr. George, she would stop suddenly.

"Perhaps you're not acquainted with the name of Virginia Potter?"

"I never heard of her. What has she done?"

Sadie gave a brief account of Virginia Potter, and wound up with —

"I expect you don't approve of women taking a prominent part. Somebody told me that Englishmen like their women to keep in the background."

Dr. George looked at Sadie. The look expressed the physician's admiration for the perfectly healthy body — the individual man's admiration for the individual woman. In that look there was also complete understanding. Dr. George was a man of energy; he could sympathise with the stored-up energy of a young woman fresh from a young country.

"D'ye know what I think, Miss Van Putten?"

"No, Doctor; I want to know."

"I think the whole Woman Question was rather neatly summed up in the first chapter of Genesis in the verse that says, 'Male and female created He them.'"

They paced a few steps in silence. Then Dr. George said —

"You're disappointed in me! Now, confess it!"

"I thought perhaps you'd have more liberal views than some of your countrymen."

"Now, you'll go back to New York and hold me up to eternal ignominy before your friends as a specimen of the Englishman who wants to crush all women."



"The American women have heard it before," said Sadie, with her usual frankness. "Professor de Castro, in his last lecture, said practically the same thing."

"Did he?"

"Yes. He said that American women are all selfish, and that they leave their husbands to grind at their desks while they amuse themselves by galloping half over Europe."

"He was a bold man to say that before an audience of women."

Sadie laughed.

"I don't think the audience minded very much."

"According to all accounts," said Dr. George, "Americans are most accommodating husbands. You mustn't marry an Englishman, Miss Van Putten; you mightn't find him so easy to manage."

All the time he was saying this, he was thinking — "Ah! if I had only been twenty years younger!"

"I don't know that I'm particularly anxious to fix up with either," replied Sadie.

Dr. George dropped his tone of light banter. "I'm going to give you a piece of advice," he said — "a piece of good, solid advice. You may not be inclined for marriage just now, because you feel your life is full enough as it is. You have a wonderful gift of sympathy, Miss Van Putten, and that will bring you hosts of friends. Friends are all very nice and all very pleasant — up to a certain point. But my advice to you is — marry. I don't say marry the right man, because a girl with your good sense is not very likely to marry the wrong one. Life's road is long and pretty pebbly in places, and it's best to secure a companion for the journey. Now, to my mind, a good husband is about the best travelling companion a woman can have."



At last Desmond saw Dr. George leave Sadie; he was at her side in an instant.

A little girl from the north of England, the daughter of a rich manufacturer, half rose in her chair and watched the meeting between the two. She could not help envying Sadie. The men she met in the manufacturing town where she lived were bluff and business-like and uninteresting — just like her own father, in fact.

Desmond was like a being from another world. She had never come across any people moving in what is known as "good society," but she had an idea that if she were ever fortunate enough to meet them, they would resemble Brian Desmond.

So from a little distance off she watched the two and wondered what they were talking about, and envied them in the way lookers-on always envy those they imagine to be more fortunate than themselves.

"Orion looks fine to-night," began Desmond, looking first at the stars and then at Sadie. As he looked, he was wishing that Sadie could have been less practical, less alert — in short, less American. He liked a woman to be yielding and responsive, and able and willing to play up to any one of his varying moods. Sadie did not always do this. He liked her appearance. But, again, he would have preferred more seductiveness, more of the art of pleasing displayed in her dress and in her manner. He liked a woman to look as if she needed taking care of. The least observant person could see that Sadie was perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

They talked of the hundred small happenings of everyday life on board. But every time that Desmond tried to steer the conversation into a more personal channel, he felt Sadie's hand on the tiller. His usual



plan was to start with an abstract subject such as Life or Love or Hope, and then travel imperceptibly from the abstract to the concrete — from the general to the individual. Sadie was perfectly willing to discuss the general, but when it came to the individual she shied. She was like a young mare brought back time after time by a determined rider to the same object and obstinately refusing to pass it.

The night was delicious. For the first week in April it was unusually warm — the stars above and the dark waters below stirred Desmond's Celtic soul. He would have liked to take Sadie's hand. But he could not, because her hands were thrust deep down in the capacious pockets of her dark serge ulster.

A sudden lurch of the vessel came as a godsend. Desmond stretched out his hand and caught hold of Sadie's arm to steady her. Afterwards he did not withdraw his arm, but let it rest lightly against hers. Sadie's manner did not give any hint of embarrassment; she went on talking as if she did not notice the gentle pressure. And the little daughter of the north-country manufacturer, who was still watching them, envied them more and more.

It was beginning to get late. Already many merry groups on deck had broken up; several men had gone off to the smoking-room; half a dozen people Sadie knew had called out good-night as they passed.

Desmond felt it must be now or never. Such an opportunity might not occur again.

"I've enjoyed our talk so much," he said, throwing a world of meaning into his rich voice. "I don't know, Miss Van Putten, whether you think as I do. It seems to me that, when a man is struggling in these dark waters we call Life, he is wise if he stretches out his



hand and catches hold of a good woman." He hushed his voice almost to a whisper and sighed deeply. Then he recovered himself and went on. "A good woman is the saving of many a man."

Sadie's honest brown eyes rested for a second on Desmond's handsome face. During that brief space of time he had the uncomfortable feeling that he was being read through and through.

"Do you want to know what I think?" she said.

"Of course I do."

"Well, I think every man ought to learn to swim, and not be obliged to clutch at a woman as a life-saving apparatus. Good-night, Mr. Desmond. We're 'most the last people on deck."

When Dr. George left Sadie, he strolled into the smoking-room, where he found Van Putten and half a dozen other men. There was less noise going on than usual. Ordinary topics had been fully discussed. The *Lusitania's* rate of progress on this voyage had been commented on and compared with the rate of progress on the previous voyage. Politics had been touched on, but only in half-hearted fashion, because most of the men happened to be of the same way of thinking. And now had come a long pause.

One of the men filled this pause by walking across the smoking-room and studying a notice that was pinned up on a square of green baize.

He read out —

"There will be an entertainment to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock precisely, in aid of the Stewards' Benevolent Fund. Song — "Queen of My Heart"—Mr. Brian Desmond. Recitation — "How I Brought the Good News from Ghent"—Mr. Brian Desmond."



"Humph! We're going to have plenty of Mr. Brian Desmond."

"Desmond isn't half a bad sort," said another. "The worst of him is that he always wants to be first."

"He likes the top layer," put in another.

Van Putten took a long pull at his pipe.

"Talking of top layers," he said, "puts me in mind of rather a good yarn."

"Let's have it. Is it a Yankee yarn?"

"No; it's pure unadulterated British. It concerns a little incident that happened to me on my first visit to London — a good many years ago. I hadn't got much money in those days, but I was bent on doing Europe; so after I'd scraped together a bit, I joined a party of ladies and gentlemen who were equally desirous of seeing the other side of the water. It was a vurry educational party, but I was obliged to put up with that because I got the tickets half-price. We were conducted by Professor Silas Tucker. He was a college-bred man, and he had a vast amount of knowledge. He was a little chap — no more than five feet high — and it puzzled me where he used to stow that vast amount of knowledge. He always had it handy — done up in brown paper parcels, tied up with string and neatly labelled.

"In those days it used to take more than a fortnight to get to the other side, and Silas Tucker employed that fortnight by giving lectures. My! how he did lecture us! In the morning we had *Happy Half-hours in Westminster Abbey*; in the afternoon we had *Walks Around London*; in the evening we had *Stately Homes of England*. That fortnight was about the longest fortnight I ever remember; but, as I said before, I got my ticket half-price, so I couldn't complain. Wal, we got to London, and I must say I was vurry much impressed



by all I saw. New York City was vurry different in those days to what it is now, and London struck me as great.

“Our party happened to arrive right in the middle of the London season, and it was a re-markably gay season, too. The German Emperor was staying at Bucking-ham Palace, and there were flags flying everywhere in his honour. Wal, one morning I managed to give Silas B. Tucker the slip. He was going to con-duct our party around the British Museum, and I had no particular hankering after the old museum.

“It was a beautiful June morning, and to my mind there’s no place where a beautiful June morning shows up to greater advantage than in London. I remember I walked across the Green Park, and then I struck Bucking-ham Palace. Just as I passed, the German Emperor came out; he was on his way to the Guild-hall, and I had a vurry fine view of him! He wore a mag-nificent uniform, and he was riding a big black horse. And I couldn’t help thinking what a contrast he was to the people around. A good many of them looked as if they had never had a good meal or a good wash. But these little things didn’t seem to worry ’em, and they cheered the German Emperor for all they were worth. Everybody made as much noise as if it was the 4th of July. After the Emperor had passed, I walked on, and I walked on, and at last I came to Hyde Park Corner.

“There was a block there, and I had to pull up sharp. I pulled up right against a hawker, who was standing there with a barrow chockful of the most beautiful strawberries you ever clapped eyes on. Monsters they were — red and juicy *and* fresh.

“The chap selling them was a cu-rious-looking chap.



He had on wide pants ornamented with hundreds of little pearl buttons. And on his head he wore a vurry ex-traordinary hat."

Some one interrupted at this point.

"A coster! Get on with the yarn."

"As I said before, the strawberries that fellow was selling were u-nique. They were good enough for a Rockefeller lunch — they were good enough for the German Emperor himself. Wal, I'd had a vurry long walk, and the weather was hot, and I was dusty, and I thought that some of those strawberries would be vurry refreshing, so I said, 'Just give me a pound of those strawberries.'

"The fellow took up a little shovel that was lying handy and I watched him. With one hand he grasped a brown paper bag, and with the other he began shovelling into that brown paper bag a pound of diminutive berries about the size of blueberries, if you know what they are."

"We call them whortleberries," said one.

"We call them bilberries," put in another.

"Wal, you're acquainted with the size of the berry, anyway. 'Steady on!' I said. 'I should like the strawberries from the top.'

"I can see that fellow now and the impudent look he gave me.

"'Would you like 'em from the top?' he said, taking no notice of my remark and shovelling away at the little berries underneath the pile. 'I dessay you would like 'em from the top. I should like 'em from the top. We should all like 'em from the top.'

"I've often thought of that fellow since, when I've wanted something pretty badly and been given something else."

"Sometimes," said Dr. George quietly, "people covet



the big strawberries and wish afterwards that they'd been content with the smaller ones. I knew a woman who made that mistake."

"Let's have the yarn," said one man, lighting his pipe and preparing to listen.

"She was one of those pretty little women with blue eyes and fair hair — one of those women who want a lot of money spent on them to keep them pretty. Unfortunately, her husband hadn't got the money and didn't seem able to earn it. He was a nice fellow, but he was unlucky, and it worried him that he couldn't give his wife pretty clothes and holidays abroad.

"He didn't care much about these things himself, but, as I say, it worried him because he knew *she* wanted them. Still, they were very fond of one another — in their way — and the wife used to say that, when her Great-Aunt Maria died, they would be able to have all they wanted. Great-Aunt Maria only had a life interest in a comfortable little fortune, so they knew the money was bound to come to them some day. Well, Great-Aunt Maria died at last, at the ripe age of ninety-three. Of course, there was the usual delay in the winding up of her affairs. The winter Aunt Maria died I happened to see a good deal of both husband and wife. I was living next door, and I often used to drop in after my round for a friendly chat or a game of cards.

"One night, after a more than usually hard day's work, I looked in and found them both very busy. I remember well how cheerful the room looked that night. There was a big fire burning, and I noticed a lamp with a pink shade which I had helped to make a few days before. Being a lonely bachelor living with one old servant, all these things made an impression on me. The table was littered with maps and guide-books. 'We're going to



Italy in the spring,' said the wife. 'Italy always has been the dream of my life.'

"I never saw her in such high spirits as she was that night. 'Look at my cheque-book, Dr. George,' she said, waving a brand new cheque-book in front of my eyes. 'I've always longed to sign cheques and to have money of my own.' The husband laughed, but I think, poor fellow, that he felt a bit sore that he'd never been able to earn sufficient to give her the things she'd always wanted.

"A few days later, before I was up in the morning, my old servant came up to me to say I was wanted next door. I dressed as quickly as I could and went in. The case was hopeless from the first — double pneumonia; it took him off in three days, poor chap!

"I waited until the funeral was over, and then I went in to see her. I never saw a woman so changed — she looked ten years older. Looking at her, in her widow's weeds, one couldn't help thinking what a helpless little creature she was, and how much she needed a husband to look after her.

"I found her busy writing, and for a few minutes she hardly seemed to notice me. The cheque-book we had all joked about the week before was lying on the table beside her. I sat down and waited.

"At last she looked up. 'Dr. George,' she said, 'you remember how we joked last week, and how I said I should enjoy signing cheques. I've just signed my first. Look!' And then she gave a funny little laugh that made me go cold and pushed the cheque across. I took it up. It was for fifty pounds odd — *the cost of the funeral.*"

For a moment no one spoke. There was not a man there who did not realise the truth and the irony of the



little story. There was not a man there who could not have brought out, from his own storehouse of memories, stories as pathetically true and as bitterly ironical.

Three days later found Jonas Van Putten and his daughter in London, at the Waldorf Hotel. They were sitting at breakfast, discussing future plans.

"We must leave for Spain as soon as possible," said Sadie, as she carefully broke an egg into a tumbler. "With all these tubes and motor-cars, London is not much more restful than New York City."

Jonas Van Putten was so busy studying the money article that he did not take any notice of this remark. When Sadie repeated it, he disagreed with her.

"London suits me exactly," he said. "I see no reason why I shouldn't take the cure here."

"You said Dr. Waldo Smith made a point of your being at a place where you couldn't see a newspaper."

"Yes, he did sort of mention it, but I expect he didn't know what else to say."

"And he also said that you might have a stroke of paralysis."

"Yes, he sort of mentioned that too."

"And he said you must have a complete change and no hurry and no worry. He did say all that, didn't he?"

"You seem to remember what he said a deal better than I do, Sadie."

"It appears to me we'd better consult Thomas Cook. He has a bureau on Ludgate Circus."

This important point decided, Sadie permitted her father to finish the money article.

An hour later they walked into the office at Ludgate Circus.

"You want to make inquiries about Spain?" said an auburn-haired young man, putting as much interest



into his tones as if he was contemplating the trip himself. "There is a tour starting next Tuesday." He took up a leaflet and read glibly: "The party will visit San Sebastian, the Escorial, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, returning by way of Madrid, Burgos, Biarritz, Bordeaux, and Paris."

"Will it take long?" said Van Putten.

"Twenty-eight days; and, if you wish, you could include Gibraltar and Tangier."

"I don't want to include anything — I want to leave some of it out."

"You say you start next Tuesday," said Sadie. "Can you give me an itinerary? I'm sorry to trouble you."

"It's no trouble," said the young man politely. It was all in his day's work to look out innumerable trains and answer courteously every question that the ingenuity of the average human being could devise. "Leave, by the 10 a.m. train, Charing Cross. Arrive in Paris. Drive across Paris. Leave the same evening for San Sebastian; dine on train; sleeping-berths will be provided. Arrive at San Sebastian. There the party will stop ——"

"About time!" ejaculated Van Putten.

"— will stop one night," went on the auburn-haired young man, not heeding the interruption, "and will leave the next day for Madrid *via* the Escorial. A halt of half an hour will be made at Miranda for dinner; night in train ——"

A groan from Van Putten interrupted the spokesman at this point.

"Of course we shall provide sleeping-berths."

"You can provide the berths, but you can't provide the sleep."

The young man found his place again and continued —



"El Escorial will be reached about a quarter to five in the morning. After breakfast, the party will visit the Escorial — the eighth wonder of the world. There are eighty-three staircases ——"

"After a night in the train, I shall be in no mood to climb eighty-three staircases. It seems to me a mighty poor sort of rest-cure," said Van Putten gloomily.

"Need we travel quite so rapidly?" asked Sadie.

"You could take the independent travel if you wish," said the young man, putting down the despised itinerary.

"Do you speak Spanish?"

Van Putten and his daughter had to confess that they did not possess that accomplishment.

"Then, if I were you, I should advise the personally conducted tour. You'll have no trouble at all. We arrange everything. If you don't speak the language, I'm afraid you'd experience great difficulty in getting about. You see, Spain has not been opened up like Italy."

"That's exactly why we chose it," said Sadie. She turned to her father. "What do you think we'd better do?"

"It seems to me," said Van Putten cheerfully, "that we must give up the idea of Spain."

"Of course," went on the young man, "if you do not mind the expense, we can give you independent travel tickets, and provide you with a courier."

"Why didn't any one think of that before?" said Sadie. "We should be absolutely free and could take our own time. We want to start the day after tomorrow. Have you a courier disengaged?"

"Excuse me one moment and I will inquire;" and the clerk disappeared.









LEO IN MOORISH COSTUME



A few minutes later he reappeared, followed by a small, dark man.

"This is the courier," he said; "he speaks five languages fluently."

"For our purpose one will be sufficient," said Van Putten, who was aimlessly turning the leaves of *A Flying Trip to Morocco*.

"Five languages," continued the young man imperturbably, "and he is a thoroughly experienced traveller. Excuse me;" and he went to answer the telephone bell.

Sadie turned to the courier. "You're Italian, aren't you?"

"Mademoiselle, I am from the 'Igh Halps."

Sadie was afraid her father might ask the whereabouts of that particular locality, so, to avoid interruption, she talked rapidly.

"Your name is Italian, isn't it? What had we better call you? Roselli is rather long, and ——"

"Perhaps Mademoiselle will call me Leo."

"As you've had so much experience, we'll leave you to arrange everything as you think best. We want to see all that's remarkable in Spain; but we don't want to be hurried." She indicated Jonas Van Putten, who was walking restlessly round the office, studying maps and time-tables. "My father's had a nervous breakdown, and the idea is to give him a rest-cure."

Leo followed her glance sympathetically. "Very good, Mademoiselle."

At this point the auburn-haired young man returned, and Jonas Van Putten was at last given something to do. From an old leather pocket-book he produced a roll of dollar bills and proceeded to count them out. He



did this with a doleful air, which showed clearly his gloomy anticipations with regard to Spain.

Sadie answered his unspoken thoughts. "Spain is a very different country from the States," she said; "but once you're there, you'll feel glad that you were obliged to consult Dr. Waldo Smith."



## CHAPTER III

### LONDON TO PARIS

Two days later, punctually at half-past nine, Sadie and her father arrived at Charing Cross.

"American!" said a lady to her sister.

"Do you think so, Barbara? Plenty of English women wear the floating veil for travelling."

"Yes, but not that funny tunic coat made of silk macintosh. I thought so," — as she caught sight of a gigantic saratoga — "American, as I said! That's her father, and I suppose the little dark man is her husband. May" — she turned to a young girl who was keeping up with her with some difficulty — "May, you're not to let that bag out of your sight for one instant."

"No, Miss Hetherington," said the travelling companion, shifting the green morocco bag from one aching arm to the other.

Meanwhile, Sadie and her father, unconscious of the interest they had excited, were engaged in greeting Leo.

"I 'ave the tickets," said Leo; "I 'ave arranged also for a compartment for yourselves."

Leo looked most important. He wore a little brown satchel slung across his shoulders, and in his hand he grasped tightly three books of tickets. The compartment he had selected happened to be next to the one occupied by the two ladies who had criticised Sadie's appearance.



"It isn't her husband after all," said one; "he's not travelling in the same carriage."

The pungent, unmistakable odour of the sea informed them (before Leo had the chance) that they were nearing Dover Harbour. When the train stopped the courier appeared, looking rather harassed. Every now and then his hand stole to the precious satchel, and when he felt it was still there, he smiled a grateful acknowledgment.

"You follow me," he said — "all will be right if you follow me."

"I feel just as if I was a little girl again," said Sadie. She was so used to looking after herself and other people that Leo's attitude amused her.

The courier wrapped her up in a tarpaulin, because he said that he had been told that outside the harbour the wind was freshening. Sadie looked out from the green covering with a lively interest in all about her. A few yards away a young girl was reclining in a deck-chair with her eyes closed. The pretty freckled face was white; the hat had slipped to an unbecoming angle; the girl did not bother to straighten it — she was feeling too ill. At that moment two strapping, well-dressed women stopped in front of the little huddled figure. They were evidently enjoying the boisterous weather; every movement blatantly proclaimed the fact. One of them touched the sufferer on the shoulder and she opened her eyes.

"You have my dressing-bag, May?"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington, it's quite safe."

"We're going to have lunch now. As you can't eat any, you'd better stay where you are. We'll leave our wraps with you." So saying, Miss Hetherington threw



down an inverness cape and two rugs and moved away, followed by her sister.

With a sigh of relief the travelling companion closed her eyes again. In her lap lay the precious dressing-bag; one cold, cramped hand grasped it instinctively. When the gangways were put down, she struggled to her feet and made an effort to pick up the wraps and parcels. It was at that moment that Sadie went to her assistance.

"You've got too much to carry," she said, in her quick, decided way. "Let me help you;" and she gathered up the scattered articles with promptness. "Have you your landing ticket? They'll ask for that, you know. Give me that bag to hold a minute, and you can look for it."

May, feeling still somewhat giddy and with misty recollections of stories of perfectly dressed lady shop-lifters, hesitated for a second, and then, hating herself for her hesitation, complied.

"This bag's heavy," remarked Sadie.

"It is, rather. Gold-topped bottles are so solid," said the other, as her hand explored numerous hiding-places where the missing ticket might possibly lurk.

"People who want heavy dressing-bags ought to learn to carry them," said Sadie, recalling the two capable women, for whom she felt an instinctive dislike. "Don't hurry; there's plenty of time. There," — as the missing ticket was produced — "you see you haven't lost it after all."

This little incident did not escape the notice of two young men who were standing near.

"That's a nice girl," said Edward Masterton to his friend. "She has character — it's not unlikely that she has a soul."

The friend laughed. "I've heard rhapsodies from you



too often to be taken in again. You've been searching for the ideal woman for ten years and you've never found her yet. Why?"

Edward Masterton was unable to answer this question because he was pushed forward with the crowd. In his own mind there were numerous reasons why he had not found the ideal woman.

Sadie, after explaining to her charge the intricacies of the Customs, went to look for her father. After a few minutes' search she discovered Leo, who was standing at the door of a compartment anxiously scrutinising every one who passed.

His face beamed when he caught sight of her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I thought I 'ad lost you."

"You'll find I am not very easily lost, Leo. Never worry about me."

Van Putten was sitting in the corner quietly reading the newspaper. He looked up guiltily, and that look told his daughter that he was reading one of the forbidden financial papers.

"You know what Dr. Waldo Smith said," she remarked dryly.

"I know, Sadie, I know; but one must apply remedies with caution. If you set out to cure a drunkard, you mustn't rob him of the drink all at once. I remember a pal of mine—Josh Laurie by name. He was a clever man, but the drink laid right hold of him. And his poor wife went to a doctor and asked his advice. 'Don't let him have any drink at all,' said the doctor. 'But I can't keep him away from it,' said the wife. 'Very well,' said the doctor, 'if you can't do it, I'll send you a nice gentlemanly young man and you can let your husband think he's a private secretary.' Of course, that doctor took Josh for a fool—which Josh wasn't. When the



gentlemanly young man arrived the wife introduced him as her secretary, and Josh didn't appear to think it strange, although they had never had a secretary in the house before. He was genial and pleasant with him, and they seemed to get on very well together. When Josh went off to bed the gentlemanly young man said, sort of innocently, 'I sleep in the next room. If you want anything, just you ring and I'll come at once.' Josh said nothing, but seemed to be thinking it over. About two o'clock in the morning the bell pealed, and the gentlemanly young man got up and hurriedly went in to Josh. He opened the door and Josh, who was hiding behind it, fetched him a mighty clump on the head. That was the last Josh ever heard of private secretaries or fooleries of that sort."

"And what became of Josh?" asked Sadie.

"He died, poor fellow, but he died his own way. There's a kind of satisfaction in dying your own way."

At Amiens, Leo came to them to know if they would like a cup of tea.

"I'm not British," said Sadie, "and I can just manage to exist without tea of an afternoon."

This remark led to a discussion concerning the eccentricities of the English nation.

"Look at them!" said Van Putten, with a pitiful glance at the people on the platform. "And all that hustle for a cup of tea which, as likely as not, is too hot to drink."

"It's a religion with them," said Sadie; "it reminds me of the Jewish Passover."

"They're certainly taking it in haste," said Van Putten.

"En voiture, Messieurs! en voiture!" chanted the guard.



There was a mad rush for the carriages. One intrepid individual swung himself on to the footboard as the train started.

"A cu-rious nation," said Van Putten reflectively. "If the British ever reach the South Pole, they'll run up the Union Jack and a notice that afternoon tea can be obtained there."



## CHAPTER IV

### THE HOTEL SUPRÈME

THE Hotel Suprême, as its prospectus informed everybody, sounded the very last note of modern luxury.

The manager, knowing Van Putten was travelling with a courier, naturally took him for an American millionaire, therefore he conducted them himself from the square marble hall, with its replicas of ancient Greek statuary, to an inner and more comfortable hall, where there were heavy Oriental curtains and deep saddle-bag couches, and small green mosaic coffee-tables, and from there he led them through a long corridor carpeted with the softest of carpets.

He stopped before a white door with gold mouldings.

"The Empire drawing-room," he said, and threw open the door.

Van Putten did not understand old furniture, and, after an unappreciative glance at the uncomfortable gilt chairs and the straight-legged tables, turned to go.

The manager, deploring his lack of artistic taste, said—

"This room has been very much admired by connoisseurs. As soon as the foundation stone of the hotel was laid, we engaged experts all over Europe. The furniture is unique; I doubt if it could be matched."

A Sheraton drawing-room led out of the Empire drawing-room. Van Putten found Sheraton chairs more uncomfortable than Empire chairs.



"I like a chair to sit in," he remarked — "not to look at."

A charming little room, hung with panels of rose brocade, led out of the Sheraton room. On the satin-wood *escritoire* were small silver lamps of a curious pattern, shaded by rose pink shades; the table was littered with English and American and French and German magazines.

"I guess this is the sort of ho-tel where they cheat you of your eye teeth," said Van Putten, as they emerged once more into the square marble hall, where a nigger, resplendent in scarlet and gold, grinned a welcome at them.

"What makes you think that?" asked his daughter.

"The sight of that black man, Sadie. Coloured people are cheap with us, but from what I've observed abroad, if you see a nigger walking around, you know it means another hundred per cent. clapped on to your bill."

Sadie followed the manager up the wide, soft-carpeted staircase. Her step was a little less springy than usual. Somehow, this cosmopolitan palace oppressed her. Money was written in large letters everywhere. Money had purchased the beautiful statuary; money was personified in the elegant women who swished through the long corridors; money was worshipped by the manager. There was something artificial about the whole atmosphere. Not vulgar! Oh no! Life had been so refined that it had almost seemed not to exist.

Sadie's bedroom was furnished in the same luxurious style. Leading out of the bedroom was a charming sitting-room, with English water-colours on the walls and the latest magazines on the table.



Everything had been thought of that it was possible to think of. It was the duty of the management to anticipate every passing whim of every passing guest.

Two green baized porters had unstrapped Sadie's saratoga; a pretty, smiling chambermaid had brought her hot water. At last she was left to herself.

She unlocked the saratoga and took out a filmy lace frock. Like many American girls, Sadie always wore, when possible, the neat tailor-made beloved by them and usually referred to as a "suit." But she decided that, in such an aristocratic hotel as the one in which she found herself, she must certainly dress for dinner.

When she was ready she ran downstairs; her father was waiting for her at the foot of the staircase. Van Putten had not dressed for dinner. He possessed a dress-coat, but he hardly ever had occasion to wear it, and Sadie had not been able to persuade him to bring it with him on his travels.

"Dr. Waldo Smith has ordered me a rest-cure," he said. "You can't call it a rest-cure to dress up in that coat every night."

Leo watched Van Putten and his daughter disappear into the restaurant. Within he caught a glimpse of well-dressed women and men whose faces were as expressionless as their shirt-fronts. A Viennese band was playing to allow the diners to escape the tedium of talking, and Leo fell to thinking of the extraordinary way in which rich people spend their money. Suddenly he became conscious that somebody was watching him. The somebody was not a very formidable personage, but a wisp of a woman whose duty it was to guard the diners' cloaks and coats. So interested was she in Leo that she forgot to give one of the patrons his ticket.

With a "Pardon, Monsieur" she apologised for her



mistake; but as soon as the swing door had closed behind him, she turned to Leo with a pathetic smile.

"You think like me," she said, carefully folding the snowy silk square and placing it with the opera hat.

"I do not know if I think like you. How do I know what you think?"

He looked at her with something of the interest she had previously bestowed on him. Her thin, lined face told of poverty, as did her black, much-mended dress and her brown, hard-working hands. Amidst such luxurious surroundings the little shabby woman seemed singularly out of place.

"You think like me. Is it not so?" she repeated. "All these people might have a chez-soi if they would, but they will not. Hein! que c'est drôle! I who long for a chez-soi must come here every day. I leave Montmartre at six o'clock in the morning. You know Montmartre? — it is far from here. I return sometimes at ten o'clock — sometimes at eleven — sometimes, hélas! not until midnight. When it is midnight my children are asleep and I tread softly so as not to arouse them."

"The day is long," said Leo sympathetically.

Tears came into her eyes. "Ah, Monsieur!" she said, "la vie est dur — la vie est très dur." There was a pause; then she turned to Leo with a struggling smile. "And Monsieur? Does he travel for M. Cook?"

"I am conductor — yes. I conduct trips to Switzerland — to France — to Italy — partout. Sometimes I have in my care one hundred people. Madame, in this world it is difficult to please one person — but to please one hundred." He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "And then there is the money. I carry it in a satchel — round my neck — so. But I have the fear



always of being robbed, and sometimes during the night journey I awake with a start, thinking that some one has stolen my satchel. For the moment I tremble, and then I put up my hand and feel. Ah!" he sighed, with relief, "it is there — quite safe. On these journeys I grow thin; but I return to my wife and my little Beppo, whom I leave at Clapham, and once again I become fat. Like you, Madame, I dream of a chez-soi; but that is for the future — perhaps. I will show you my little Beppo."

Leo felt in his breast-pocket and drew out a photograph.

The woman looked at it with interest. The laughing baby brought an answering smile to her face.

"Ah, Monsieur," she said, as she returned the photograph. "It is the children who make life possible."



## CHAPTER V

### SPEEDING SOUTH

VAN PUTTEN and his daughter were sitting alone in a first-class compartment, speeding towards Spain. Leo had not been fortunate enough to secure sleeping-berths, and Van Putten, after trying facing the engine, and back to the engine, and lying stretched out full length, then three-quarter length, and then half-length, finally gave up all idea of sleep and sat bolt upright and wideawake.

"Sadie," he said, "this rest-cure will finish me off. You'll have the trouble of embalming me after all."

Sadie looked at the comical little figure (wrapped up in the grey tweed coat) and then at the face, thin and drawn, but full of life.

"You'll just love Spain when you get there," she said.

"It's the getting there that's killing me. At this present moment I feel I should like to have a word with Dr. Waldo Smith. By my watch it's now two o'clock. We've got another five and a half hours in front of us."

"Perhaps, if I shaded the lamp a bit more, you'd sleep."

Sadie got up and drew the green shade over the lamp. Then she sat down again opposite her father.

The cold night air came in through the open window,









THE LAND OF MOORISH MOSQUES



THE LAND OF ROMANCE



fluttering the green roller blind and causing it to tap-tap in regular rhythm against the pane of glass.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

The monotonous recurrence of the sound played a weird accompaniment to Sadie's half-sleeping, half-waking thoughts. In another five hours she would be in Spain. She would be in the land of guitars, in the land of mantillas, in the land of Moorish mosques, in the land of Columbus, in the land of Cervantes, in the land of romance.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

Would the Alhambra prove a disappointment? Oh no! for magic existed in the very sound of the names of its various beauties: the Court of the Myrtles — the Hall of the Ambassadors — the Hall of the Two Sisters ———

These names have a tantalising charm compelling attention.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

How glorious to see Cordova! — Cordova with its marvellous mosque and its hundreds of columns of marble and jasper and porphyry.

The cold night air coming in through the open window made Sadie shiver; she roused herself sufficiently to button up the collar of her thick serge ulster. How heavenly to think that soon — very soon — she would be in the land of waving palms, in the land of deep blue skies, in the land of sunshine!

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

The pictures became gradually more hazy — the buildings began to melt one into the other — the Escorial — the Alhambra — La Giralda ———

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! La Giralda ———

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! La Giralda ———



Slowly, deliberately, as if to the regular ticking of a watch, the train plodded along to the measured beat of that one word — La Giralda.

Sadie's head dropped forward with a jerk; she slept — a smile on her face. She was awakened four hours later by Leo's musical voice. "Mademoiselle, in 'alf an hour we shall be there."

She turned to her father. "Wake up!" she said. "I begin to understand the feelings of Christopher Columbus. In half an hour we shall be in Spain."

Five minutes later Leo reappeared. "I'm sorry," he said apologetically, as if he was responsible for the somewhat extraordinary railway arrangements, "but I find we 'ave to wait two hours at Irun before we arrive at San Sebastian."

"That's lucky," said Sadie. "Professor de Castro says one ought not to miss the old castle of Fuenterabia. While Leo gets our baggage through the Customs we'll breakfast in the town and visit the castle afterwards."

Outside the station they found an ancient vehicle, which resembled a hearse. It was drawn by a team of mules who sought to draw attention to their miserable condition by loudly jingling their bells.

"Fonda Valencia," said Sadie. "This is quite right. 'Fonda' is Spanish for hotel." Van Putten followed his daughter, while the driver, a melancholy looking individual, held the door open. The next moment the American was flung head foremost with great violence. When he had recovered his surprise, he looked defiantly at the huge plank of wood across the floor, which was responsible for the accident. "No wonder Spain hasn't progressed," he said. "Can you imagine any sensible country constructing a vehicle like that?"



"Spain's old-fashioned," said Sadie. "That's why we chose it for a rest-cure."

"If this treatment is part of the cure, I don't think much of it," replied Van Putten, somewhat ruffled.

The Fonda Valencia was one of those hotels officially described by the guide-books as "less pretentious." The door was open and they walked in, the man who had driven the omnibus following.

"Sala de las comidas," he said, regally pointing to a room on the right.

"What does he say?" said Van Putten, in a loud whisper.

"He's only telling us where we are to have breakfast," said Sadie.

The Sala de las comidas presented a somewhat dejected appearance. It was a dingy apartment apparently much in need of the broom, which reposed idly on one of the tables. All the available chairs were piled, pyramid fashion, in one corner. Sadie, whose knowledge of the Spanish language did not allow her to ask for chairs, pointed to the stack.

"Si, Señorita," said the omnibus driver, who was also hall-porter and waiter, and with grave dignity he dusted a couple.

"Can you speak English?" asked Sadie.

"No, Señorita, no hablo Ingles."

Phrases newly acquired mercifully came to her aid.

"Dos caffés," she ordered, while her father looked on in proud amazement.

"You're picking up the language finely," he said. "That fellow understood you at once."

Ten minutes passed; Sadie busied herself with Professor de Castro's notes. Van Putten wandered round and round the bare, uncomfortable room.



Furniture there was none — with the exception of the pyramid of chairs — mostly broken.

The floor was bare, the walls were bare, the room dingy and depressing. But the warm sunlight atoned for the lack of comfort. It was still early in the morning, so the sun had not yet reached its full power, but it made itself felt all the same. The light streamed in, transforming ugliness into beauty — changing the trails of dust into rainbow shafts of light.

Sadie looked up from the little red notebook.

"The castle of Fuenterrabia is very interesting," she read out. "It was a favourite residence of the Emperor Charles v., and there is a picturesque old courtyard."

Van Putten, who was circling the room for the twentieth time, stopped suddenly.

"If they don't hustle with our breakfast, I reckon we shan't see that picturesque old courtyard. But there's no harm in reading about it."

Van Putten continued his walk; he was bursting with suppressed energy; by a superhuman effort he held himself in check.

Another ten minutes passed. He could restrain himself no longer.

"I guess I'll ring the bell," he said.

But this means of expressing his feelings was denied him. There was no bell.

"Milton makes an allusion to Fuenterrabia in *Paradise Lost*," said Sadie, looking up from the Professor's notes.

Van Putten paused in his walk.

"He may have mentioned it in *Paradise Lost*," he said, with concentrated bitterness, "but I lay he didn't make any allusion to it in *Paradise Regained*."

At this moment the melancholy waiter appeared.



He was so dignified that he made Van Putten feel ashamed of himself, and he said nothing.

The melancholy waiter, having deposited an uninviting-looking breakfast on the table, bowed regally and withdrew.

"I'm hungry," remarked Van Putten, struggling with a blunt knife and a tough piece of bread. "There's a curious flavour about Spanish butter. D'ye happen to notice it, Sadie?"

"That's one of the pleasures of travelling," said Sadie cheerfully. "Everything is so different."

"It is," said Van Putten, and he sighed as he thought of bearsteaks and hot buckwheat cakes, and canvas back duck and soft shell crab, and other unprocurable delicacies.

"The coffee smells good," said Sadie, determined to make the best of things. "Where's the sugar? D'ye see any sugar on the table, father? We must ring the bell then. Oh, I forgot! There's no bell to ring. I wonder what sugar is in Spanish."

She opened the Spanish-English phrase-book and deftly turned the pages.

"Here it is! Sugar — azucar. Why, of course! I learnt that word only yesterday."

She went to the door and called out, "Mozo!"

"Mozo" is Spanish for waiter.

Mozo! Mozo! Mozo!

The sound, with its fascinating upward intonation, floated through the dusty passage, down a short flight of stairs, until it penetrated to the kitchen itself, where the melancholy waiter, who was also omnibus driver, and hall-porter, and cook combined, paused in the act of scraping a carrot for the puchero he was preparing.

"Mozo! Mozo!"



As the siren's voice of old lured men to their doom, so the voice of a twentieth-century American woman stirred the soul of that Spanish man-of-all-work.

He dropped the half-scraped carrot. And for the first time in his life, and for the last time in his life, he hastened his footsteps. He ran up the short flight of steps; the unusual exertion caused him to arrive breathless. A smile was playing about his melancholy countenance.

"Mozo," said Sadie, "azucar."

He did not appear to understand, and so she repeated the word, giving it that little lisp she had been told was so necessary.

"Si," said the waiter, in his dignified way, "in el caffè."

"Isn't it provoking, father? He won't understand."

"Strikes me you've got hold of the wrong word this time, Sadie."

Sadie kept repeating "Azucar"; the waiter kept pointing dramatically to the coffee-cups.

Matters were at a dead-lock. Sadie knew a dozen Spanish words; the waiter knew a dozen English words. Unfortunately they had not learnt the same words.

At last the Spaniard had an inspiration.

He advanced to the breakfast-table, he seized Van Putten's spoon, he dipped it into the cup of coffee, and then, slowly, triumphantly, he fished up six or seven half-dissolved lumps of sugar. These he deposited on a plate. Then he bowed and withdrew.

For the space of half a minute Van Putten was speechless. Then he spoke his mind.

"I never saw such a country for practical joking," he said. "Mark Twain isn't in it. When we arrive they set a booby trap for us in that ridiculous little car—I haven't got over that shaking yet. We drive to the









BULLOCKS AT WORK



best ho-tel in the place and they show us into a room where they've taken away all the chairs. We order breakfast and they keep us waiting exactly one haff hour. When they serve us at last, they sort of pretend there's no sugar. Naturally, we ask for sugar. They laff in our faces and tell us it's in the cups all the time. No wonder Columbus set out to discover a New World. I reckon I should have done the same myself."

When breakfast was over they found there would not be time to see Charles the Fifth's Palace. The Proprietor of the Fonda offered them again the hearse-omnibus, but Van Putten declined forcibly. Accordingly they set out to walk back to Irun station. It was a walk full of interruptions. First they stopped to watch some bullocks, who were dragging a cart heavy with masonry. The patient eyes of the animals peeped out coquettishly from beneath their red worsted ear-caps, and Sadie declared that they looked for all the world like New York belles going to a ball.

"Cinco cento, cinco cento, Señorita," whined a brown-faced boy, tugging at Sadie's skirts.

"I'm not acquainted with the language, but cent and cento are very similar," said Van Putten. "How much is a cento, Sadie?"

"A cento is about one fifth of a cent."

"Cinco cento, cinco cento," reiterated the urchin, and his hand stole into Sadie's, while he rolled his expressive dark eyes.

"Isn't he fascinating?" said Sadie, as she gave him a penny.

The imp took it without saying "thank you," and immediately recommenced his wail of distress.

"That boy's cute," said Van Putten; "that boy will



make his way. He says to himself, 'If you're daft enough to give me two cents, why shouldn't you be daft enough to give me four cents?'"

At this moment Sadie's attention was diverted by the sight of Leo. He came running towards them, trying to convey his thoughts by the frantic movements of his arms.

"Father," she said, "there's something wrong with Leo."

The courier's pale face was paler than usual from the effect of excitement. "But vite, queeck," he urged, "el tren he departs schnell."

In his anxiety he made a dash at three or four languages.

"Why hustle?" said Van Putten; "I expect there are many more trains to San Sebastian."

"But this one arrives in time for the lunch."

"No matter. After our sumptuous breakfast, my daughter and I do not require lunch."

"You breakfast well in the town?"

"Admirably," replied Van Putten, with a sly wink at Sadie.



## CHAPTER VI

### VAN PUTTEN VISITS THE ESCORIAL

THE Van Puttens did not remain long at San Sebastian. The town is gay enough when La Concha is promenaded by the wealthy Madrilenos, but, early in the year when the fashionable shops are shuttered, it presents a forbidding aspect, and Sadie was anxious to be off.

Leo was sorry. He liked San Sebastian; it was not too Spanish—in fact, now and again, he was able to forget that he had crossed the frontier. When he heard of the proposed departure he sat for a long time surrounded by maps and time-tables, and the deep line, which was the danger signal when a journey was in prospect, appeared on his forehead. Sadie came in and looked at these preparations. She knew the idiosyncrasies of Spanish time-tables, and she sympathised with the courier.

“Well, Leo, have you fixed up everything?”

“I do my best, Mademoiselle, but it is not all cut and dried. We leave 'ere at two o'clock—we arrive at Miranda at seven o'clock—we 'ave 'alf an hour for dinner, and we are at El Escorial early to-morrow morning. We see the Church, the Palace—all there is to be seen—and we leave at one o'clock in the afternoon for Madrid.”

“But we want to stay at El Escorial,” said Sadie. “Probably we shall remain a week or a fortnight. You



mustn't think because we happen to be Americans that we wish to travel like flying machines."

Leo pointed out that El Escorial had not improved since the days of Philip II., and that it was an altogether second-rate village. There were two or three miserable fondas, and he was sure that Made-moiselle would regret it if they did not continue their journey to Madrid.

Sadie listened quietly. "Have you ever heard that little couplet — 'Woman convinced against her will is of her own opinion still'? Well, Leo, you can't convince me against my will. I want to stay at El Escorial, and I'm prepared to put up with an uncomfortable fonda."

The next morning Sadie stood at the corridor window and watched day break over El Escorial. A late fall of snow had softened the harsh mountain outline and freighted the air with an icy freshness. As she gazed, she was reminded of Bret Harte's line —

"Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bedclothes of snow."

The huge grey palace could hardly be distinguished in the grim grey landscape. Slowly it rose, like a giant waking out of sleep. First of all a faint pink stole into the steel-grey sky, warming it into life. The flush deepened, and presently what had been a formless mass took definite shape. By and by Philip's Gridiron stood out clearly against a flaming background.

The train stopped and Van Putten, who was fast asleep, was roused by Leo. Outside the station the usual hearse-like vehicle was waiting. On this occasion the American entered with caution.

"If a man has a trick played on him once, we call



him unfortunate, but if he has the same trick played on him twice, we call him a fool," he remarked dryly.

The 'fonda' was as uncomfortable as had been predicted, and Leo reflected much on the vagaries of people who travel. It seemed to him odd that any one should choose to remain in this sixteenth-century village who might be enjoying the gaieties of Madrid. He pointed out to Sadie the rents in the stair carpets, and she agreed with him that Spanish women are not industrious. But the end of the week found her as enthusiastic as on that first morning when she stood by the thick yew hedge in the Escorial gardens, fascinated by the neutral landscape, whose monotony is broken only by the rosy almond blooms and the vivid purple of the judas tree. She was fond of watching the monks at work. She could not speak Spanish well enough to converse with them, but there can be much friendliness without speech. Brother Bernardino was her favourite, and fortunately he spoke English — classical English he had acquired from books. He had a saintly face, and his voice was so highly esteemed by the brothers that at the High Mass he was always chosen to sing the solo. Sadie never forgot her first impression of the church. The enormous size amazed her, but it was not size alone that produced the effect. Two years before, the immensity of St. Peter's had left her unmoved. The ornate tombs and sprawling cupids had jarred on New England susceptibilities. In St. Peter's, religion had suggested a pleasant compromise between God and Mammon — in the Escorial church one text is hurled at the beholder's head. "Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." The icy wind that blew in searched every corner and made Sadie shiver; she was thankful to see Brother



Bernardino approaching. His warm human presence comforted her.

"Come with me, Mademoiselle," he said, "and I will show you Philip's chair. When the King entered this church he left behind pomp and vanity and abased himself."

Sadie followed the monk up a staircase and he pointed to a carved choir-stall.

"There he sat, Mademoiselle, when he received the news of the battle of Lepanto. You see that little door? The messenger came through that little door with the great news. And Philip said nothing, but went on praying."

Brother Bernardino marvelled at this abstraction from worldly affairs, but Sadie could not help wondering if the King had really been able to keep Lepanto from his kingly thoughts during that quiet Evensong. She was always eager for a chat with Brother Bernardino, whose whole life was bounded by the Escorial. As a boy he had been educated by the Augustine Brotherhood, and one of his earliest recollections was the proud moment when he had been permitted to act as acolyte at the High Mass.

He told Sadie of the incident, and in such quaint language that she had to turn away for fear he should see her smile.

"I was at that era but a muchacho," he said, "but a youthful boy. When I heard that I, Bernardino, was to be an instrument in the service of Almighty God, my heart swelled with thankfulness. But alas, Mademoiselle! pride hath ever been a stumbling-block, and, as the immortal Shakespeare hath said, 'By that sin fell the angels.' I was but a muchacho, and of small dimensions, for which cause my robe was for me



too long. In the middle of the sublime service it was my duty to reach the Coro. Mademoiselle, you will observe the great distance that separates the Coro from the High Altar."

He raised an attenuated hand and indicated the long gallery, and Sadie nodded.

"Mademoiselle, after many years I feel again the humiliation of that moment. My robe was, as I have said, too long — I accelerated my steps too quickly ——" He stopped, almost overcome at the recollection.

"I guess you tripped up," put in Sadie sympathetically.

"Mademoiselle, before the entire church I was prostrated — I was brought low."

When Sadie returned to the 'fonda' it was long past the luncheon hour. She ran up to the bare, uncomfortable dining-room and found her father placidly sitting at the table contemplating the coarse cloth and some strips of anchovy. She smiled. Already the rest-cure had begun to take effect. Two months before, it would have been impossible for Van Putten to sit and do nothing.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I was with Brother Bernardino. Why didn't you start lunch?"

"I've had my first course, and now I'm waiting. They've let me smell the puchero for the past hour. Haff an hour ago I asked them to be so kind as to let me sample it, but they evidently regarded my request as unreasonable."

"You're getting accustomed to Spanish ways."

"I am, Sadie. If I stopped here six months, I should loaf with the rest — it's merely a matter of habit."

"I believe you're beginning to like the habit."

"Wal, I've thought the last few days that perhaps we



go too fast. We rush like express cars, and we kick up such a power of dust that we can't see some of the things we ought to see. The Spaniards are loafers, but they've done some mighty big things. This morning I climbed right away up to Philip's chair, and I sat down where he used to sit, and I know just how he felt when he saw those men busy at work below. He was as proud as I was that day at the stores when I was made boss of the whole department. Now, if an American had bossed the building of the Escorial, he'd have run the place up in a mighty hurry. It would have looked handsome from the outside, but we don't make our buildings to last three hundred years."

Sadie was surprised at her father's enthusiasm.

"If you admire the outside so much, you must come round with me this afternoon."

"I can't do that, Sadie. When I think of those eighty-three staircases and no elevator ——"

"But we won't go up the staircases — I promise you that."

While Van Putten was deliberating the proposition, the host entered the room carrying the puchero, which is to Spain what roast-beef is to England. Cunningly composed of portions of meat, blended with vegetables and seasoned with garlic, it is palatable enough, and Van Putten, who was hungry, began to eat it with relish.

"Well, father," said Sadie, after a pause, "how about the Escorial this afternoon?"

Van Putten thought a second before replying. "I'll go, Sadie, if you'll give your solemn oath not to drag me up those eighty-three staircases."

An hour later Sadie triumphantly marched her father to the great courtyard where the effigies of the Kings of Judah look down from their Doric columns. The









COURT OF THE KINGS



midday sun shone full on the bronze crowns and sceptres, turning them to gold, and Van Putten's eyes watered as he gazed.

"This is the Court of the Kings," said Sadie. "There are six statues — Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, David, Solomon, Jonah, and Manasseh. If we were royal we could go into the church by the big door — as it is, we must use the side entrance."

"Co-lossal," was Van Putten's sole comment.

"I think we'd better go to the Pantheon next," said Sadie. "The descent's very slippery, so you must be careful. Perhaps you'd better take my arm."

Van Putten picked his way gingerly. "The architect who designed these steps didn't know his business," he said. "You couldn't have a worse design, and I'm surprised at Philip passing it. Just think how awkward it must have been coming down here with a coffin. If you happen to trip up, it's very hard on the other people, because one dare not *laugh* at a funeral."

They stopped before the circular white marble tomb of the Infantes and Infantas. "It's just like a gigantic wedding-cake," said Van Putten. "If we were to cut a slice, I suppose we should find a king or a queen."

"No," said Sadie, "Spanish etiquette is very strict. These are the princes and princesses who did not succeed to the throne."

"And they call Death the Great Leveller. He doesn't seem to have been allowed to do much levelling in this country. D'ye know many yarns, Sadie?"

"Brother Bernardino has told me a good many, but I don't know if I remember them. This is the tomb of Don Carlos. I remember all about him, because he was so unhappy."

"Just like you," said Van Putten, with a touch of



fatherly pride. "When you were a little girl I found you crying one day because our chore man had got toothache. Did Don Carlos have toothache?"

"I never heard that he had toothache, but he had heartache. He was such a lonely little boy. When he was sixteen a marriage was fixed up between Don Carlos and Elizabeth of France. But before he could marry her, Philip II. said he would marry her himself."

"I should have thought that Philip had quite enough to do looking after the building of this place."

"So Philip married the Princess ——"

"I guess if I had been the lady I should have had something to say ——"

"Brother Bernardino says that the Princess had to do as she was told, but the marriage made Don Carlos mad, and he and his father became enemies. And Don Carlos grew more and more strange in his manner, so Philip sent for his two nephews and made them his heirs. When Don Carlos heard this he went to his father and asked if he would give him the post of Governor of Flanders."

"That was a good move, Sadie, and just the way to stop family disputes."

"But Philip gave the post to somebody else, and Don Carlos became more and more moody. Brother Bernardino says that from that time he was so melancholy that he was almost out of his mind. On Christmas Day a priest came to hear him confess, and he told him that he had resolved to kill a man, and he looked so queer and wild as he said it that the priest thought he had better inform the King. In the evening while the Princess slept, Philip stole into the room with some of his favourites, and with the officers of the Guard and the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John ——"



"Just to give a religious touch to the proceedings," put in Van Putten.

"Brother Bernardino says no one will ever really know what happened. Some historians think Don Carlos died a natural death, but Brother Bernardino is sure he was murdered. He says that, long ago when he first came to the College, there was an old priest who was present when the coffin was opened ——"

"No horrors," pleaded Van Putten. "This place is beginning to get on my nerves."

"When the coffin was opened," continued Sadie, "they found the head of Don Carlos completely severed from the body."

They passed through the Pudridero, and Sadie informed her father that it was the Spanish Hades where bodies were kept for five years before burial.

"Let's be moving," said Van Putten; "I guess I've had enough of corpses for one afternoon."

"We must just see the tombs of the kings and then we'll have a look at Philip's arm-chair and his gout rest ——"

"Did Philip suffer with the gout, Sadie? Now I like that little touch about him. Perhaps that accounts for his treatment of Don Carlos. Nothing like gout-for making a man irritable."

Van Putten looked with admiration at the neat rows of black marble urns. "Very cute!" he said.

"There are twenty-six niches," said Sadie, "and most of them are filled."

"Philip II., Charles II., Philip III." — Van Putten read aloud the gilt lettering. "That one hasn't any inscription; I wonder who's buried there."

"No one at present. Brother Bernardino told me that that little black urn is for King Alfonso."



"I thought the Spaniards put off doing things until the last moment; but they're certainly in time with that little black urn. America is supposed to be go-ahead, but we do wait for a man to die before we fix him up with a coffin. Where are you going to take me next ——"

"There's a collection of pictures ——"

"No," said Van Putten firmly; "no pictures for me."

"How would you like the Hall of Battles and the Goya tapestries?"

"No, I don't care about that either. I think I've seen about enough for one afternoon. I'm more tired than I was that day at the Chicago Exhibition. The Escorial is very fine — I don't deny it — but it's too big for my taste."

"Yes, it's very tiring," agreed Sadie. "Just before Philip II. died he made a tour of the building, and he was taken everywhere in a carrying-chair."

"It puts me in mind of a sermon I heard when I was a boy. The preacher was very celebrated, and his method was to select a text and take a separate word each Sunday. The text he chose was, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest,' and the day I dropped into the chapel he had reached the word 'and.' Now, 'and' puzzled me. It didn't seem a likely text for a sermon, and I thought he was cornered. Wal, that man got up and he sort of hushed his voice so that you could almost hear the folks breathing. And he said: 'Brethren, I don't rightly know what to say about the word "and"; the subject is too vast — too vast.' Now, this place is like the word 'and' — it's too vast. If ever I come here again, I'll follow Philip's example and go around in a carrying-chair."



## CHAPTER VII

### THE BULL-FIGHT

THE great hotel in Madrid overlooking the Puerta del Sol struck a luxurious note after the primitiveness of El Escorial. Sadie felt she had said good-bye to Spain — for the time being. This cosmopolitan palace offered no surprises. The dining-room was handsome, the people well dressed.

She glanced at the menu and realised she had returned to Civilisation. The fish course preceded the meat instead of following, as is the Spanish custom.

Sadie's mind travelled back to the unpretentious Fonda; she thought of the coarse tablecloth lattice-worked with holes; she saw again the courtly host uncovering the savoury puchero with the air of a monarch bestowing a favour on a loyal subject. This last recollection struck her as comical and she smiled.

"That girl's enjoying a good joke," said a young man to his friend at a neighbouring table.

His companion looked up, suddenly interested.

"Walter," he said, "don't you remember her?"

"I can't say that I do."

"D'ye mean to say you don't remember the girl who played the Good Samaritan on the *Invicta*?" Edward Masterton pursued the subject with enthusiasm. "That little incident showed she had character, and character is what so few women possess."



"It would never do for you to fall in love with a woman of character," said his friend, with brutal frankness.

"Why not?"

"Because you would come to grief. You're a theorist and you think you're a realist. There are a lot of people like you walking about in the world. You imagine you're a Liberal — in point of fact, you're a crusted Conservative."

"I voted Liberal last election."

"Of course you did," replied the other, laughing. "Voting is the theoretical part of the business."

Masterton was not offended at these remarks. He and Phibbs had been chums since they were ten years old — their friendship was built on a foundation strong enough to stand a few waves of disapproval. In reality he knew Phibbs admired him immensely — so he ate his dinner with enjoyment and listened with tolerance.

"You're a theorist," repeated Phibbs; "that's the trouble. If the theorists would only take the advice of the realists, this world would be a jollier place. But they won't. A theorist always goes his own way and blames somebody else. His disordered imagination constructs an idol, and for a time he's insanely happy. One day you find him changed and gloomy; you ask the reason. He tells you he's discovered his idol has feet of clay."

"I expect that's true."

"Of course it isn't true. The idol has the same feet, but the theorist has different eyes. You take my advice, old fellow, and remain a bachelor. Be content with a harem of theoretical wives."

Sadie always enjoyed the first day in a fresh place. She had the same pleasurable sensation as when cutting









A SPANISH STREET



the leaves of a new volume. All book-lovers know that peculiar thrill — the delicious foretaste of pleasures to come. As the knife meets the resisting paper, one has a glimpse of the hero and heroine. Only a glimpse — wherein lies the fascination. Later on both hero and heroine may prove disappointing. But that first peep suggests untold possibilities. Sadie felt the untold possibilities of Madrid as she and her father stepped into the sunshine and hurly-burly of the Puerta del Sol. Her first impression was that every one was shouting at the top of his voice so as to be heard above his neighbours. Hawkers of all kinds obstructed the pavements, crying their wares with a hoarse persistence.

"*La Correspondencia, La Correspondencia*," chanted a vendor, darting in and out of the people with his flimsy sheets.

"Bombita El Chico, Bombita El Chico," roared a man, displaying some gaily coloured postcards representing a favourite toreador.

The dark, saucy face of the bull-fighter made Sadie shiver with disgust.

"What a fuss they make of these people!" she said. "I dare say Bombita's portraits sell better than King Alfonso's."

After awhile they were glad to exchange the noise and dust for the leafy shade of the Buen Retiro Gardens. Van Putten sat there contentedly, with that happy capacity for doing nothing which had characterised him the past fortnight. He was almost ashamed to admit that loafing is not without attractions. The mind has room to stretch itself. In the sunshine it basks and rolls and enjoys being tickled by little things. For the moment Van Putten was interested in a woman playing ball with a small Spaniard. She was evidently



his nurse, for she wore a large white cap and wide black ribbons which came down to the hem of her dark stuff dress. But she was maternity personified with her ample form and compassionate brown eyes. Once the child failed in a catch, and, with the Divine instinct of consolation, she gathered him up in her arms and kissed him over and over again.

"You were right about Spain," said Van Putten. "This rest-cure is doing me a power of good."

On the way back to the hotel they noted a change in the aspect of the Puerta del Sol. The business element had disappeared and the place wore a beaming holiday look. It brimmed over with laughter and gaiety — a gaiety so infectious that Sadie found herself smiling in sympathy. Hundreds of people rallied round the trams. Those who were fortunate secured places; those who were not waited patiently with a look of expectancy on their faces.

"There must be a Royal procession," said Sadie; "I wish I knew enough Spanish to ask about it."

"D'ye know the English for 'toro'?"

"Why, yes. 'Toro' is bull."

"That's the explanation," said Van Putten, indicating the signboard on the tram.

She looked. There it was, in staring black letters on a chalk-white ground — Plaza del Toros. So a Spanish bull-fight was trumpeted from the housetops. Sadie was surprised. She had thought that such performances were discreetly hidden and that, although many people attended, they did not talk openly about it. But how different was the reality! These good-tempered souls did not look in the least bloodthirsty, but laughing and eager. The general excitement began to tell on her. Was it so very cruel after all?



"You don't want to go, do you, Sadie?" asked Van Putten.

She hesitated. "I don't suppose we could get a ticket now."

"D'ye see that man there? He's selling tickets — look what a crowd he's got round him."

"Take a ticket for Leo — we shall never find our way without him."

It was done in a second. Van Putten counted out the required pesetas, and Sadie woke to the fact that she was clutching three slips of paper.

In the hotel the same undercurrent of excitement was noticeable. The waiters were alert. They were anxious to serve luncheon quickly so that they could rush away to the Plaza. They joked amongst themselves, and every now and then some one would walk to the open window attracted by the laughter and noise without. An hour later Van Putten, Sadie, and Leo drove away. The streets became more and more crowded. There were groups of merry girls — their hair covered with the strip of veiling which serves the modern Spanish woman as mantilla. There were young men with dark mobile faces and hideous round felt hats. Here a soldier — there a priest — everywhere sunshine. As they neared the Plaza del Toros the scene became more animated. Hundreds were gathered outside who, alas! had not the money to pass the gateway. But there was an excellent entertainment provided free. Not only could they catch their more fortunate brethren, but they could see the procession of the Alguaziles, and if they were lucky they might have a glimpse of Bombita himself. He was, indeed, a prince amongst men. Some one stated boldly that the previous season had enriched him by fifteen thousand gold pieces.



Ah! he was a hero, this Bombita Chico! So they chattered and laughed and pushed in good-tempered fashion. As Sadie followed her father, there was an admiring murmur of "l'Inglesia." A little boy darted forward, fluttering some cheap little fans in front of her, but she shook her head.

"Mademoiselle," said Leo, "I think you'd better 'ave a fan."

"No, thanks, Leo; I never feel the heat."

"It is not for that, Mademoiselle; but the Señoritas use them that they may not see too much."

The bull-fight was about to commence; the long narrow passage that led to the ring was almost empty; but the arena was a moving mass of people. Very soon the sound of drums and trumpets proclaimed the entrance of the Alguaziles. For a moment Old Spain and Modern Spain mingled in picturesque confusion; then Modern Spain was swept from the arena. The band struck up a military march to herald the entrance of the fighters. On they came — mounted men with pikes, unmounted men carrying banderillas, and at the head of all, with a look of dignity on his saucy face, the favourite toreador, Bombita El Chico. In front of the president's box the procession halted and saluted, while the crowd cheered. The sun blazed down, accentuating the vivid trappings of the mules and the gaily coloured cloaks of the footmen. The paper streamers of the cruel little darts and the scarlet cloths held by the espadas contributed to the orgy of colour. It was now time for the supers of the drama to retire, and they did so with old-world formality. There was a hushed pause. Then the president leaned forward. A shout went up. He raised his arm and threw into the arena the magic key that would open



the door of the den. An Alguazil picked it up, but was not privileged to use it. With becoming gravity he handed the key to another of more importance. A death-like stillness suddenly descended on the place. Fourteen thousand people were anxiously waiting. Sadie trembled with suppressed excitement; her eyes were fixed on the open door. She wanted to look yet she dreaded what she should see. Fourteen thousand people waited breathlessly, and then the air resounded with cheers and snarls and hisses. The victim of this outbreak stood half in, half out of the doorway. Once he made a movement forward and then, alarmed at his strange surroundings, backed timidly. Instantly he was hustled into the RING, and, recognising that he was in the midst of enemies, he plunged desperately and charged the nearest of the miserable-looking horses. Sadie shivered. The man was down. Was he hurt? Swiftly the footmen surrounded the fallen rider. They pirouetted in front of the bull, distracting his attention by waving their cloaks, whose ample folds parted now and again, revealing brocaded breeches and silk stockings. Like courtiers they bowed and bent, backing gracefully as if in the presence of royalty. Once the bull marked one particular enemy. No wiles diverted him; he deliberately followed the bending, bowing courtier. There was an instant's suspense. The barrier was in front of the man. Could he reach it in time? A false step and he would pay with his life. He waited until he was within a few feet of the wooden railing. Then came the dangerous moment. He must turn his back on his pursuer. Sadie watched — immovable — horror-struck. A second later the bull crashed into the wooden partition, over which his tormenter had vaulted just in time. But the banderilleros were await-



ing their opportunity. With cruel precision they planted their darts, and soon the bull's magnificent head was decorated with multi-coloured paper ribbons. Sadie watched no longer. Every heart beat was a throb of rage. She felt angry with everybody, and especially angry with herself.

"Look, Sadie," said Van Putten, "here comes the toreador." But, utterly ashamed, she looked down at the folds of her white dress. She was glad they were going to deliver the poor animal, but she could not trust herself to look up.

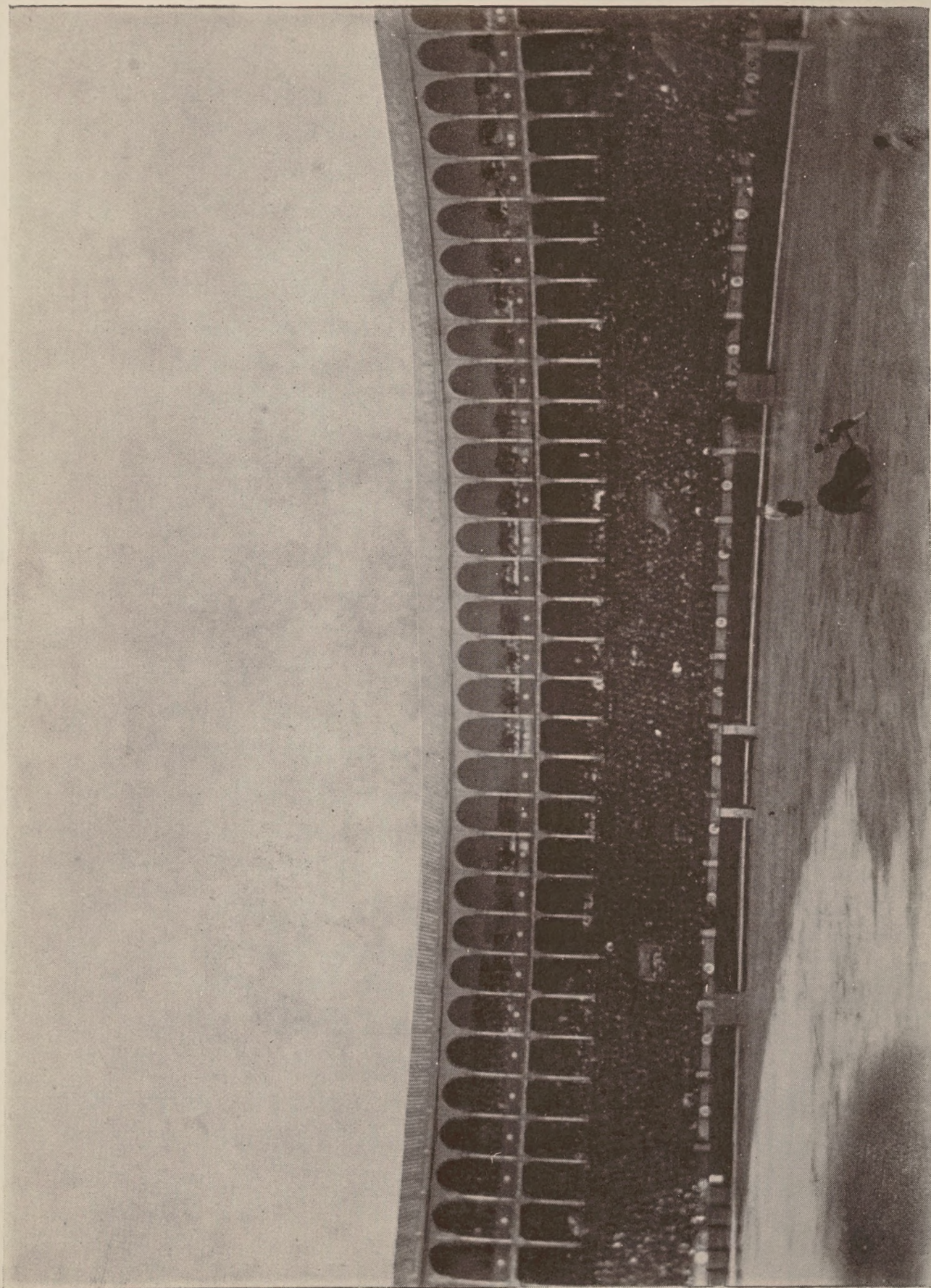
"He's bungled it," cried her father. She trembled violently. Why, oh, why was the espada not quicker. Then they would be able to get out of this terrible place.

"Missed again," said Van Putten excitedly. There was a sudden uproar. People rose from their seats. They abused Bombita; they discussed him angrily with each other; they groaned with indignation. Once again the toreador had missed his chance. The rumble of dissatisfaction lessened — died away. It was succeeded by a tense silence.

"He's done it this time," called out Van Putten.

At last Bombita had killed his victim. He stood over the quivering mass. His handsome face looked white and anxious. He seemed doubtful of his reception. Only for one moment. Gratified shouts of "Bravo, Bombita!" gladdened his ears, and he drew himself up and smiled triumphantly. Still Sadie did not look up. She knew that thousands were applauding Bombita; she knew the toreador had commenced his victorious march round the ring; she knew the gaily trapped mules were bearing away the dead bull. But she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on her white dress. When





THE BULL RING







her father asked her if she would like to go, she got up quickly without saying a word. A gentleman sitting near lifted his hat and said something to her in Spanish. He wished her to understand that another bull would shortly make his appearance. Outside the people eyed them with interest. They thought it remarkable that these happy possessors of tickets should leave when the entertainment had scarcely begun.

Reaction followed the afternoon's excitement. In the evening Sadie sat in the hotel lounge, an open Tauchnitz in her hand. Three times her eyes travelled the same page without her brain comprehending a word — then she closed the book.

"You look tired, Miss Van Putten," said a voice near her; and, raising her eyes, she recognised the wife of an English clergyman whose acquaintance she had made that morning. "I thought Americans were never tired," she went on, taking the vacant place on the sofa.

Sadie laughed. She was accustomed to hear people generalise on the American character.

"Americans are pretty tough generally," she agreed, "but, of course, they get tired sometimes."

"They never stay anywhere more than a few hours, do they?" continued the little woman, pursuing her subject. "Now, I don't think you can see a place properly in a few hours. Tom and I make a point of never staying less than three days. Tom says you carry away a more lasting impression."

"My father came abroad for his health," said Sadie, "so we're travelling comparatively slowly. We've recently come from the Escorial; we stayed there more than a week. The Escorial is grand; don't you think so?"



"Magnificent!" said Mrs. Mills, "and it interested me to know it had formerly been a mosque."

"I don't think the Escorial was ever a mosque," said Sadie gently. "Perhaps you're thinking of Cordova. You remember the Escorial Church, don't you? It contains the Pantheon and all those wonderful tombs of the kings and queens."

"Of course I remember! It has the famous Tower la Giralda. I knew it had some connection with a mosque. La Giralda was the ancient prayer tower — it impressed me more than anything."

"But La Giralda is not at the Escorial," said Sadie. "La Giralda is at Seville."

"I'm afraid I'm a little muddled," said Mrs. Mills placidly; "but I shall know as soon as I look at my picture postcards. I'm making a collection for the children, and I intend to explain all the famous places. It will be quite an education for them. Foreign travel is an education. Don't you think so?"

When Mrs. Mills talked of her children, her memory became much more accurate. She detailed the veriest trifle. She recalled the dress she was wearing the day her little girl was taken ill with scarlet fever. She indicated the corner of the room where she sat when the news was announced; she recited the exact words of the village doctor. Sadie was attracted by this insignificant woman; she was touched by her intense mother love. To the American she represented a new type — a type almost unknown in New York.

Mrs. Mills was narrating how she nursed her youngest child through the chicken-pox, when she saw the Rev. Thomas Mills approaching.

"Here comes my husband," she said, "and Mr.



Masterton with him. I must finish telling you another time. Don't forget to remind me."

Mrs. Mills was too good a Christian to show any annoyance, but she felt it was hard that the Rev. Thomas should choose to interrupt them at that precise moment. She had reached the climax of her story, and she was obliged to stop suddenly.

"Tom," said the little wife, "Miss Van Putten and I have been having such an interesting chat."

Mrs. Mills was diplomatic. She thought the Rev. Thomas might possibly see that he was not wanted. She had a high opinion of the intellectual qualities of men, but socially she always found them in the way.

"Perhaps we'd better not interrupt you," said her husband, taking the hint and turning to go.

But Masterton was determined not to follow. At last there was an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the girl he had admired on the *Invicta*. He asked Sadie how she liked Madrid, and she told him she had not seen much of it, as she had only come from the Escorial the day before.

"Ah!" said the Rev. Thomas, with a long-drawn-out sound, "what a marvellous church that is! One can only compare it to St. Peter's. You know Rome, of course, Miss Van Putten?"

Sadie said that she knew Rome and waited. She felt the Rev. Thomas was going to call it the Eternal City — he looked the sort of man who would use the phrase.

"Wonderful place!" he said, in his sonorous tones — "wonderful! the Eternal City! To my mind St. Peter's is even finer than the Escorial. Don't you agree with me?"

"I agree with you, Tom," said Mrs. Mills, who had



now given up all hope of being allowed to finish the chicken-pox story.

"Nonsense, my dear! You've never seen St. Peter's; you've never been to Rome."

"Haven't I, Tom?" she said, not in the least abashed. "Perhaps you're right—I must be confusing it with some other place."

"I don't wish to hurry you," said the Rev. Thomas, turning to Masterton, "but it's getting late. If you're going to show me those photographs, will you get them now?"

Masterton said he would fetch them, and the Rev. Thomas explained to Sadie that when he got home he intended to give a lecture on Spain, and that he was anxious to have some idea of a bull-fight.

"Mr. Masterton was at the bull-fight this afternoon," he said. "As a clergyman I could not, of course, be present; but I shall be extremely interested in the photographs."

Just then Masterton returned, and Mrs. Mills began a series of inept remarks.

"This is the procession entering the ring," said Masterton.

"What a wonderful sight! most picturesque! Tom, I really think for that evening we must make the front seats two shillings instead of a shilling. I suppose the Queen of Spain wasn't there, was she?"

Masterton replied that she was not.

"I'm glad to hear that. But I thought the Spanish people insisted. I'm glad she was not there. Of course she has been *so* differently brought up. Oh! look at the poor horses! I'm very fond of horses; aren't you, Mr. Masterton? I wish you would explain it all from the very beginning. It would be so interesting; wouldn't it, Tom?"



Accordingly Masterton began a graphic description of the bull-fight. Now and again he turned to Sadie to include her in the conversation. She felt very uncomfortable. After his eloquence she dared not say where she had been that afternoon. The man would feel such a fool, and she had often been told that an Englishman hated to appear ridiculous. She told herself that she was only considering the man's feelings, but all the time she knew that Masterton would be thoroughly disgusted if she admitted the truth. He was an utter stranger. What he thought could not really matter. Yet she realised that she had taken a sudden liking to this stiff Englishman, and she wanted him to think well of her.

Mrs. Mills' voice broke in on her thoughts. "I suppose the poor horses are killed outright?"

"Not always — sometimes. It's not very pleasant discussing the details before ladies."

"Yet some ladies actually go," said Mrs. Mills. "I can't understand it; can you? I think it's so unwomanly."

"I was glad to see there were not many present this afternoon. In the better seats there was a sprinkling, but the cheaper places were almost entirely filled with men."

"Thank you so much for showing us the photographs," said Mrs. Mills, rising to say good-night. "They're very interesting; aren't they, Miss Van Putten?"

"Most interesting," said Sadie; "good-night."

Sadie went slowly up the broad marble staircase and along the deserted corridors. Her room was on the left, and as she paused, with her hand on the door, she noticed that the boots ranged outside were unfamiliar.



She looked at the number of the room. It was 72, and her own was 24. Blaming herself for her carelessness, she went downstairs again and found No. 24. It was a warm evening. The French windows were open and she stepped out on to the balcony. The Puerta del Sol was strangely quiet. There was not a sign of the rabble gathered there earlier in the day. The vendors of the tickets for the bull-fight, the newspaper sellers bawling "*El Tiempo*," the hawkers of Bombita's portrait, the soldiers, the priests, the Sisters of Mercy had all disappeared. Of that gay midday crowd none remained. Everybody had gone home.

Sadie stood on the balcony for some time, quiet and thoughtful. How well Shakespeare understood Juliet in making her seek the quiet night after the excitement of meeting Romeo! This twentieth-century Juliet felt the same need of the starlit skies and solitude. Romeo, in this instance, was a very ordinary Englishman. People who did not like him had been known to dub him a prig. But it does not matter who Romeo is or what Romeo is, so long as he *is* Romeo to Juliet.

Masterton was not particularly handsome or particularly fascinating, yet, by some curious natural law which it is always difficult to explain, he managed to occupy the American girl's thoughts.

Madrid vanished. Sadie was back again in New York, walking through Broadway with Mrs. Dobson. She saw once more the strong, sensible face; she heard once more the kindly, characteristic voice. "Mark my words, Sadie. When a woman's struck by lightning, she knows it!"



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE RAG FAIR

EARLY the next morning Sadie ran down the wide staircase and asked the sleepy porter to call her a carriage. "Tell the coachman I want to go to the Rag Fair," she said; and the porter went back to his bureau, meditating on the madness of people who need not breakfast until eleven and who chose to rise at six. Aristocratic Madrid was asleep, but the toilers had already begun the day's work. A small incident reminded Sadie that she was in a foreign country. At the corner of one of the narrowest streets she noticed about a dozen soldiers. They were walking aimlessly, and looked anything but soldierly with their baggy trousers and slouching gait. Crack went the whip — away went the horse, scattering the little army. There was an ominous muttering. Gone was the slackness of a few moments before — instantly the men became men of action. The driver urged his horse forward, but it was too late. One of the soldiers had leapt into the carriage and into Sadie's lap. The situation was ridiculous, but she did not laugh. Stories of the hot-headed Spaniard flooded her mind. Had the intruder a knife concealed in his tunic?

"Go away," she cried indignantly. "Oh, whatever's the Spanish for 'go away.' I learnt it only last night too."



Both men were furious and voluble. People when angry are often said to hiss their words. The lisping Spanish language is peculiarly suited for this purpose. Two quarrelling Spaniards hiss like steam escaping from a kettle of boiling water. Suddenly the soldier dealt the driver a blow with the butt end of his rifle. As he did so, a smile played about his melancholy face. Honour was satisfied, and, with a low bow to Sadie for having caused her inconvenience, he jumped from the vehicle with the same alacrity with which he had entered it.

The Rag Fair was a mixture of poverty and gaiety. Sadie revelled in the noise and the sunshine and in that characteristic Spanish odour which is a compound of coffee and roast chestnuts with a dash of garlic to enliven it.

"Señorita, Señorita," mumbled a toothless old woman, dangling an ancient swinging lamp before her eyes. "Señorita," — she held up three fingers to make her understand — "Señorita, très pesetas."

With quiet persistence the hag followed, her demands becoming less and less exorbitant, and at last Sadie gave up the unequal struggle and took the lamp.

The dingy surroundings made an effective background for the variegated sashes and shawls. There was all the excitement of a gamble in this strange market. Who could tell what treasures might be unearthed? There were old pictures on glass and lace yellowed with age, and damascened blades from Toledo, and there were crude modern paintings representing Andalusian beauty, the inevitable smile on the face, the inevitable rose in the hair. A swarthy man, sheltered by an enormous striped umbrella, drew attention to his tray of flat cakes. They were large and they were two



## MADRID



THE RAG FAIR



CASTILIAN BROTHER AND SISTER







a penny, and they served to remind Sadie that it was breakfast-time. Turning to go, her eye fell on a mantilla swaying in the breeze. She stopped, irresolute. A haunting perfume crept from the meshes. She wondered what dead-and-gone beauty had peeped out of those yellow folds.

"Una bella mantilla, Señorita," said the owner of the booth, deftly throwing the lace over Sadie's broad-brimmed hat and draping it coquettishly about her. Sadie tried to disentangle herself from the folds and, looking up, was surprised to meet the astonished gaze of Edward Masterton. He lifted his hat, and after a momentary hesitation came towards her.

"Good morning," she said. "I wish you would explain that I can't possibly give more than twenty dollars. This Rag Fair is so fascinating that I've spent nearly all my money."

The woman made no effort to remove the mantilla when she received the news; on the contrary, she smoothed the ample cape and stepped back in an ecstasy of admiration.

"One hundred pesetas — no more," said Masterton firmly.

She protested that it was an heirloom, and that it would be impossible to match it in the whole of the peninsula; but when she saw the gold her eyes glistened.

Sadie took the mantilla with some qualms. "I'm sorry not to give her what she asks," she said; "but I've only a few cents left."

"You've probably paid her too much as it is. I'm rather afraid we've lost your father — I don't see him anywhere."

"No, you won't see him. He isn't here — I came alone."



"You came to this place alone?" he repeated.

"Why, yes. Is that very extraordinary?"

"No, of course not. But it's a rough crowd, and you might have been annoyed."

Although Masterton would not admit to Sadie that there was anything unusual in her going to the Rag Fair alone, he told Phibbs in private what he thought. Phibbs explained that Americans are noted for their free-and-easy ways.

"I know all about that, but you must agree with me that the Rastro's a very rough place. Every one was staring at Miss Van Putten, but she didn't seem to notice it. When I saw her standing there with that lace arrangement round her head and an armful of rubbish she had collected, I was quite taken aback. Naturally I thought her father was there. They've a courier travelling with them. Why on earth doesn't she make use of him?"

"Well, don't say I didn't warn you," said Phibbs. "You said she was a woman of character, and I said she wouldn't suit you. She's free and independent, and everything you dislike in a woman."

"She has a taking way; I don't know when I've enjoyed a talk so much."

"Here begins the eternal struggle between the real and the ideal," said Phibbs. "The Ideal was on the steamboat and played the Good Samaritan; the Real goes to the Rag Fair unattended. How are you going to reconcile the two?"

Friendships are quickly made when the sun shines. Sadie did not ask herself why she found Madrid so delightful. She imagined the real reason to be the improved health of her father. Van Putten was a different man. He was shedding his cares as a cat



sheds his last year's coat. He had begun to see that gold existed in a sunset — he had never before had time to observe the fact. Sixteen hours out of the twenty-four had been spent making money; it now dawned on him that perhaps he had been wasting his time. The American market was no longer the pivot on which everything turned; he realised that, even before the discovery of America, the world had been a place of some importance.

Masterton was shocked at the American's lack of artistic perception. When Van Putten was taken to the Prado, he stood in the middle of the Velasquez room and surveyed critically the surrender of Breda, which he was assured was a masterpiece.

"I've done the Prado," he observed. "I'll have a cigar outside until you and my daughter are ready."

"But you've seen nothing," argued Masterton.

"You said this was the best room."

"Undoubtedly."

"And this is Velasquez's best picture?"

"Most people think so."

"Very well. Why should I look at the second best when I can have the best?"

Masterton went in search of Sadie. He was such a genuine lover of pictures that he found himself stopping at every turn. Now it was to look at Titian's masterpiece, representing Charles the Fifth in full armour mounted on a black horse. Then his eye was caught by the rich splendid colouring of Raphael's portrait of the Cardinal of Pavia.

People stroll into a picture gallery and stand entranced before one of the world's masterpieces, and they never think of the long hours of sketching and rubbing out



and beginning again that have gone to make that picture what it is.

In the Uffizi they stand spellbound before a Raphael Madonna, and they speak with a voice hushed to a whisper of the magic of the painter.

Very few find their way to that other room in the Uffizi, which may well be called the workshop of the great.

Here may be seen fragments of arms, and fragments of legs and profiles (which have been the delight and despair of the artist) sketched again and again.

Thousands throng the galleries — only one or two penetrate to this Holy of Holies.

And it is the same with human lives, which are in reality nothing but human portraits. One looker-on exclaims, "That's a daub!" or, "That's unfinished!" or (very rarely), "That's a masterpiece!"

God is the only one who knows — who can know. He sees the half-hearted beginnings, the rubbing out, the fitful spurts of energy, the doubt, the discouragement, the despair. He sees and He knows; and, because He sees and because He knows, one day He will not judge us too harshly.

At last Masterton found Sadie. She was standing enraptured before St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and turned to greet him with a pleased little smile.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she said. "The picture is so real, too. Look at that beggar with his dreadful sore. You can almost see the plaster sticking to the flesh."

"You know what I told you," said Masterton.

"That I mustn't admire Murillo so much. But I do. I admire him for walking all the way from Seville to Madrid just to see the great Velasquez."



Masterton smiled. "The fact that Murillo walked from Seville to Madrid does not make him a great painter."

"No, but it makes me love him."

"I see I must give you up. You're determined to prefer Murillo to Velasquez."

"Velasquez is too grand — I can't forget he's a Court painter. There's something homely about Murillo — he reminds me of our New England folk."

"Like so many people," said Masterton, "you're more interested in the man than the artist. To my mind, the details of an artist's life are of no importance. It's his business to paint pictures. It doesn't matter to me if he wears a shabby hat or gets into debt or quarrels with his wife."

"All those things make me glad or sorry," said Sadie. "You've heard of Abraham Lincoln, haven't you?"

Masterton said he had an idea that Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States. Sadie seemed gratified that he knew so much American history.

"He was one of our most famous Presidents," she said, with pride, "but when I read about Abe Lincoln I often skip the story of his political struggles and the accounts of the grand receptions he held at the White House. I like to follow him right home — sometimes he was too scared to go back at all. His wife used to laugh at his funny clothes and his clumsy ways. In the eyes of the world Abe Lincoln was a very great man; in the eyes of his wife Abe Lincoln was nobody at all. That little fact interests me. Well, Mr. Masterton," she continued, after a pause, "you're very silent. What are you thinking about?"



"I was thinking you're unlike the girls I usually meet at dances and tennis parties."

"Am I? Why?"

"Well, for one thing, you're so unexpected. I never know what you're going to say next."

"Of course you don't. Why, I never know myself."









A STREET IN TOLEDO



THE MARKET-PLACE



## CHAPTER IX

### A DAY IN TOLEDO

PHIBBS disliked getting up early, but as the carriage jolted up the steep streets of Toledo he agreed with Sadie that the early morning is the time to make the acquaintance of a fresh place.

"Don't these queer old streets look mysterious?" she said. "If we arrived later in the day we should find people laughing and talking and buying and selling. Now, everything is so still."

Silence hung like a canopy over the city. Did life exist behind those iron grilles, or was Toledo a city of the dead? Under the Gate of the Sun they passed, but there was no stirring — only the measured lap of the Tagus below.

Some cities open wide their arms to welcome the newcomer, but Toledo is not one of them. To get to know her, you must climb many hills and go through many gates, and all the while the grim buildings frown on you.

"It's the most forbidding town I was ever in," said Sadie. "Even the Alcazar perched up there seems to be standing sentinel and challenging one to give the password."

Slowly the carriage mounted; the lean, miserable mules had to be urged up the pebbled roadway. Their pitiful condition drew from Phibbs the remark that they did not look as if they had enough to eat.



“Si, Señor,” said the driver seriously. “We give the mules plenty, but it is the high season now, and they have no time to eat.”

Shouted at by their driver, the poor animals plodded along bravely, and in a few moments the grey gloom of the mysterious streets was exchanged for the wide sunny expanse of the Plaza de Zocodóv. With the rapidity with which a scene is shifted on the stage of a theatre, the romantic background rolled away, disclosing a picturesque chorus. In the centre of the market-place was a stone circle. Evidently this was the favourite squatting-ground. Those who had wares spread them out on the broad stones, sunning themselves contentedly the while — those who had not looked on seemingly equally happy. It was a busy scene. In one corner a heap of emerald lettuces and flaming carrots and golden oranges struck a chord of colour. The produce was watched over by a man in the queer dress of the Spanish countryman. He had tramped many miles to sell the fruit of his labours. Sadie, struck by his odd appearance wanted to take his photograph, but when he saw her intention he turned on her a look of such dignified disgust that she pretended she was focusing a Moorish gateway.

The Spaniard does not court publicity — he will run the length of the street to avoid the camera. This may be due to that Eastern influence which, like a golden thread, runs through the warp and woof of Spain.

Sadie was enjoying the Market immensely, but after awhile she remarked that a day was not long to give to Toledo, and therefore it would be as well to go and look for the Cathedral. In Spain cathedral squares are unknown. You catch a tantalising gleam of a spire and plunge into the surrounding streets, only to find the









LION GATEWAY



church door eluding you at every turn. You are convinced you have lost your way, and are preparing to turn back when you stumble against a mean doorway. It flies open, giving a glimpse of a rich interior, and suddenly you step from a poverty-stricken alley into mediæval splendour.

Van Putten cited this as another example of Spanish humour. "They build a church and block it up with streets," he said, "and then they laff at the stranger because he can't find the entrance. That's the sort of trick you may expect from a people who send a car to meet you without informing you that a beam has been laid across the floor." He had never forgotten his inhospitable introduction to Spanish soil, and frequently alluded to it.

"Father pretends to abuse Spain, but he loves it," said Sadie.

"The beef is tough, the express trains walk, and the climate is so arranged that you always feel either too hot or too cold," said Van Putten. "Nevertheless, there's something mighty attractive about Spain."

"If the country had nothing to recommend it but its architecture, the traveller would always want to go back," said Masterton. They were standing in front of the famous Lion Gateway, and he immediately began to explain its beauties to Van Putten.

"You're wasting your time, Mr. Masterton," said Sadie. "Father doesn't care a rap if a building is early Gothic or Renaissance, but if you know any little anecdotes about this Cathedral, he'll just love to hear them."

"My daughter escorted me around the Escorial," said Van Putten, "and very well she explained everything too. What do you think I liked best? You'll never guess, so I'll tell you. It was Philip's gout-rest. You



might wade through a dozen books on Philip and you wouldn't understand his character one haff as well as if you stood stockstill with your eye fixed on that gout-rest."

"Father had gout once," said Sadie. "He says Philip the Second's gout is the key to the Inquisition."

They entered the Cathedral, and Sadie tried to listen while Masterton explained the difference between the Renaissance and the Baroque, but all the while one thought occupied her mind. What did it matter if men called one period Renaissance and another Baroque? The marvel lay, not in the difference of architecture, but in the unity of purpose. Humanity had worked with a single idea — to glorify God. She looked at the red and white mosaic flooring, at the rose windows, at the statues crowding every niche. Before the gilded splendour of the High Altar she paused. She did not notice the bronzes or the carvings — she saw only one object. Before the High Altar an old man was kneeling. He was poor and shrunken and shabby, and his hands were folded in silent prayer. He, too, was carrying on the work — he, too, was glorifying God to the best of his ability.

Suddenly she was startled by Masterton's voice.

"Look at that Reja!" he said; "isn't it horribly in-artistic? It's what's known as Plateresque. Don't you think it spoils the place?"

Sadie glanced at the gate he indicated, then back again at the kneeling figure.

"Nothing could spoil the place," she said warmly. And Masterton, knowing she took but little interest in architecture, was surprised and gratified at her enthusiasm.

They left the Cathedral and walked back to the Market Place, where they lunched. The hotel had a



chilly appearance; it was got up in cheap imitation of the Alhambra. But the candied fruits and quince jellies were so excellent that nobody troubled about the sham decorations. Over a cup of coffee they discussed their plans for the afternoon.

"What does the Red Fairy Book say?" asked Phibbs, turning to Sadie, who was occupied with Professor de Castro's notes.

She looked up. "We must go first to the Church of El Cristo de la Luz."

"Of course, there's a legend connected with it." Sadie's love of legend always amused Phibbs.

"Oh yes! there's a legend; I'll read it to you."

Masterton was busy talking to Van Putten; he broke off suddenly. Nothing Sadie did escaped him; he, too, wanted to hear the legend.

She began —

"When Toledo was conquered from the Moors, King Alfonso entered the city at the head of his army. As he was passing the little mosque he was surprised to see the horse of the Cid suddenly kneel down. The Cid tried to make his horse get up, but he obstinately refused to move. Then Alfonso gave orders that the wall should be opened, and they opened it, and in the niche they found a lighted lamp and a crucifix. And the King commanded Mass to be said. So Mass was said on the spot, and ever since that day the mosque has been known as the Church of El Cristo de la Luz."

"Wasn't the Cid a sort of thirteenth-century Raisuli?" asked Phibbs.

"Yes," replied Masterton. "Both men may be described as brigands with religious tendencies."

"If you propose to make a tour of all the churches, I'll remain here and have a cigar," said Van Putten.



So they left him in the chilly museum-like chamber and drove to the mosque. The outside of the tiny building looked mean; they entered and found themselves in Old Moorish Spain. The horseshoe arches delighted Sadie; she had not seen them before. Even horseshoe arches lose their novelty. Later on, the monotony of Moorish Art was to come home to her, but she never forgot the thrill of pleasure that ran through her when she stood in the toy mosque. She whispered to Masterton —

“What a box of a place! Churchgoing must have been about as unfashionable with the Mohammedans as it is with us to-day.”

They went out, and a woman showed them into a garden, also small, where the roses were growing like weeds out of the crumbling stones.

“Now we must climb to the top of the Gate of the Sun,” said Sadie.

So they clambered up the rough steps to the wide, flat roof, and looked down on the City of Gates. The rocky background stood out defiantly; underneath the houses huddled for protection. Toledo looked what it has always been — a fighting city. Massive Arab gates were everywhere to bar out the enemy. But against the siege of Time those strong gates had been powerless. Decay had crept in very gently, yellowing buildings once white, turning others the colour of iron rust.

The noonday sun was scorching. As they drove through the quiet streets Phibbs railed against Sadie’s method of sightseeing.

“We call this doing a place American fashion,” he observed.

She laughed at the imputation. “The days of our life are threescore years and ten, and not three hundred



years and ten as you British imagine. There's something to be said for doing a place American fashion. A day will often leave a more lasting impression than a month."

"That's a novel idea."

"If you see a person every day, you don't notice that person particularly, do you? But if something happens and you have to say good-bye for years, you'll remember the most trifling detail. Well, it's just the same with places as with people."

They passed through the old Jewish quarter and went into the Synagogue. Phibbs and Sadie talked in whispers while Masterton's shortsighted eyes were busy examining the azulejos work. Sadie opened the Red Fairy Book, and read again the tragedy of Pedro the Cruel and Blanche of Bourbon. The unhappy Queen had taken refuge in the church, and was believed to have hidden behind one of the pillars that Masterton was examining so critically. She told the story to Phibbs while they waited.

"Spanish history is depressing," he said. "I'm glad I live in the twentieth century."

"I'm glad I live in the twentieth century," she replied, "and I'm sorry I shan't be alive in the twenty-first."

Masterton came slowly towards them. "The detail of the work is wonderful — you have not half seen it. Those horseshoe arches are magnificent, and so are the frieze and triforium."

"Masterton is mad on architecture," said Phibbs. "What he enjoys more than anything is to come across a patchwork building with a hundred different styles. All architectural maniacs have that failing. That's tenth-century work, one will say. That arabesque is later; that leaf does not really belong to that pome-



granate — it was added. Once I took an enthusiastic friend to Westminster Abbey. Naturally, I expected him to be enraptured, but he wasn't. He told me Westminster did not interest him — the style was too uniform."

They left the Synagogue and drove to San Juan de los Reyes, where the chains hang still on the granite walls — a gloomy reminder of the protracted struggle between Moslem and Christian.

It was getting late, so they decided not to go into the church, but to walk round the cloisters. Phibbs, thankful to have escaped the church, was in the mood to appreciate the cloisters. Sadie, too, was delighted.

"I never expected anything so dainty," she said. "Toledo is gaunt and has been built by giants, but these cloisters are the work of the fairies."

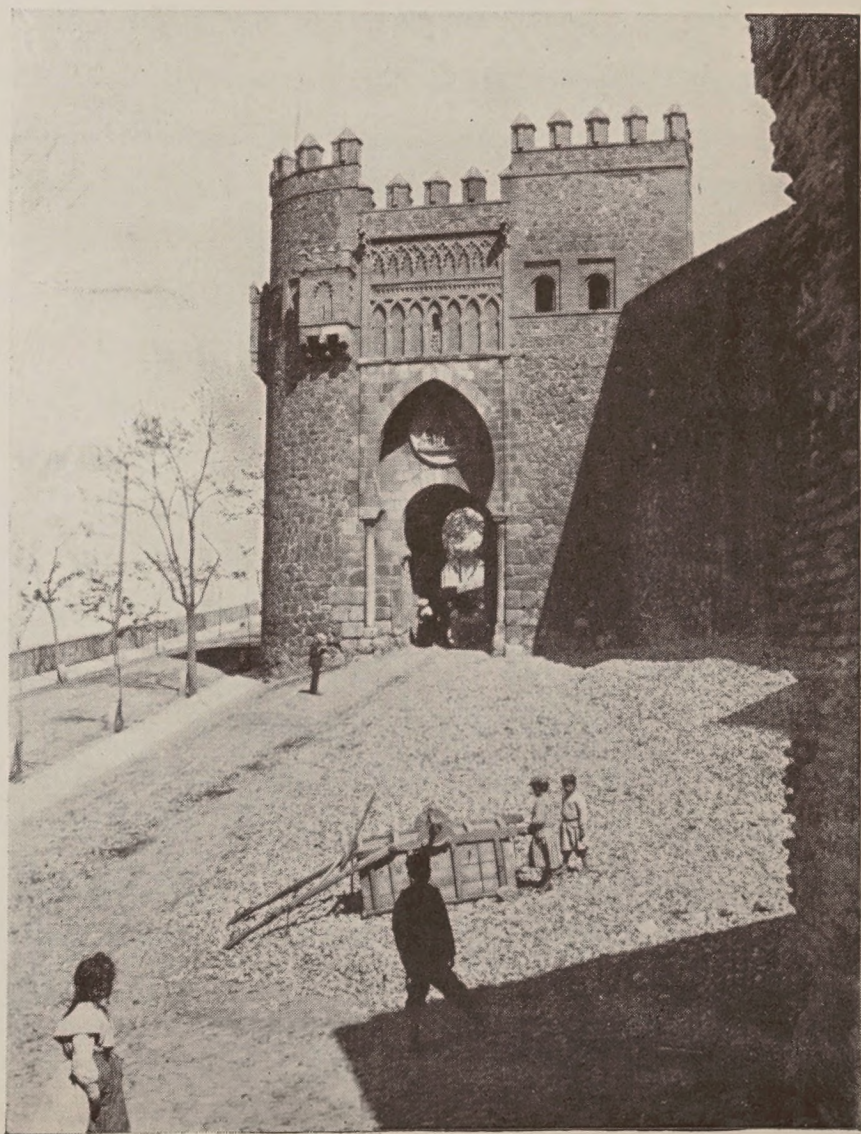
They drove back to the hotel for tea, and then they said good-bye to the City of Gates. The air of mystery which had hung over Toledo when they arrived, returned with approaching night. A ghostly stillness prevailed — a stillness that seemed to eat into everything. The setting sun lent a beam of light to a barred window and made the bars appear red-hot. Only for a moment! Then the flame went out, leaving blackness. The tired mules stopped to rest after the long descent, and Sadie turned her head for a last look. In the waning light Toledo stood out proud and unapproachable.



## TOLEDO



THE CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN



THE GATE OF THE SUN







## CHAPTER X

### THE MOUNTING OF THE GUARD

A STRANGER in Madrid is sure to find his way to the Palace Square to see the Mounting of the Guard. Like much that is Spanish, the ceremony is leisurely in the extreme. Sadie and Masterton arrived one morning before the clock struck ten. Half an hour went by — nothing happened. But the delay did not trouble Sadie. It was pleasant to idle amongst the idlers. It was pleasant to watch lazily an invisible hand open a window in the great Palace; it was pleasant to note the yellow light play about the glossy coat of a restive chestnut; it was pleasant to feel the April sun warm one through and through. The little crowd was not impatient. Characteristically Southern, it was content with little.

At intervals a momentary excitement occurred. A handful of soldiers would ride into the Square and, halting in front of the Palace, give the grand salute. On these occasions the fringe of people invariably surged forward. Sadie was amused at a lively dialogue between a small soldier in a large uniform and a very grubby, very ragged, very impudent little beggar boy. The imp was ordered to stand back, but he squared his ragged shoulders defiantly and pushed forward, his wicked little brown face shining with delight at his boldness. The military made a pitiful bid for authority,



but eventually the soldier shuffled off, leaving the boy triumphant.

Masterton was amazed.

"What a lack of discipline!" he exclaimed. "Such an incident would be impossible in England! I can't imagine a London street arab cheeking a Life-guardsmen."

"The clothes are at fault," said Sadie. "Look at that soldier. How can you expect a man to be obeyed when he wears baggy trousers?"

The sweet, plaintive strains of the Spanish National Anthem were wafted through the air. Masterton asked Sadie if she liked the melody.

"It's pretty enough, but it lacks fire. 'Yankee Doodle' and the 'Stars and Stripes' make me feel I want to be up and doing, and the 'Marseillaise' would rouse me if I was dying. But this music's enervating and melancholy."

Half-past eleven struck. She turned to Masterton.

"This ceremony is very long. There's no beginning and no end."

A noonday weariness was beginning to infect the soldiers; they went through the manœuvres listlessly. One man leant heavily on his rifle; his head fell forward on his breast; he nodded. Sadie looked at him sympathetically.

"Poor fellow! he's very sleepy," she said.

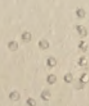
"No wonder! The Mounting of the Guard is a tedious business."

Twelve o'clock struck.

"The Armoury closes at half-past," said Masterton; "we'd better go."

They crossed the Square; the brooding, melancholy music followed them into the Armoury.

Sadie was not impressed with the glittering array.

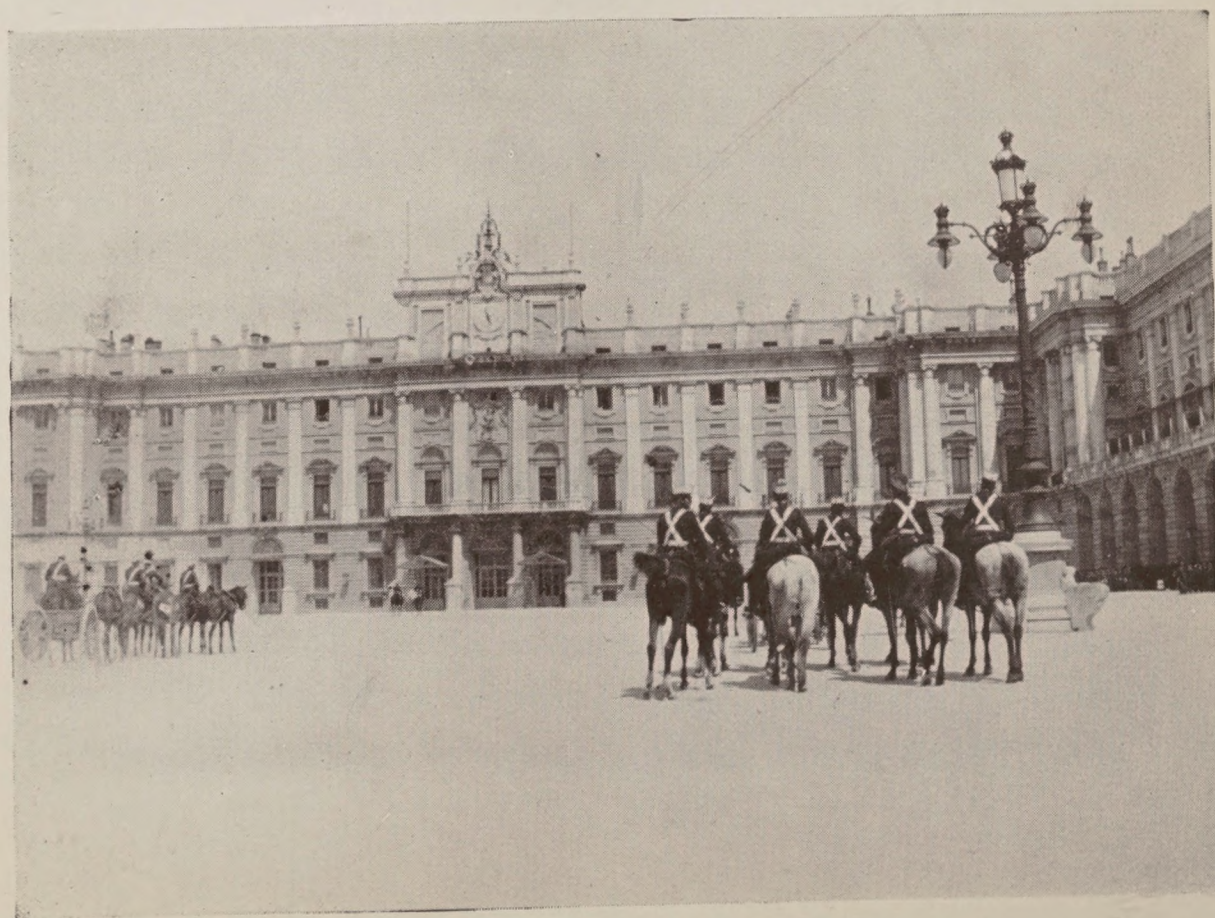




## MADRID



THE PALACE SQUARE



THE MOUNTING OF THE GUARD







“Armour is too impersonal,” she said. “There’s a ticket on that suit saying it once belonged to Philip II. Can you imagine him wearing it? I can’t. He’s associated in my mind with long prayers and that uncomfortable little cell in the Escorial.”

They walked round the cases in the customary aimless fashion. Before the magnificence of Charles V. they stopped.

“I said just now that armour was impersonal,” said Sadie, “but I was wrong. Any one can see that Charles V. was intensely vain. A plain serviceable suit wouldn’t content him. He must have dozens — each one more elaborate than the last. Isn’t it characteristic of the man?”

“You remember Titian’s picture in the Prado?”

“You mean the one where the Emperor is painted very large and the Almighty very small? Yes; that’s characteristic too.”

The strong April wind blew in through the open window, fluttering the tattered remnant of a Moorish banner. The surroundings were warlike. There was every conceivable weapon for killing, from a thirteenth-century sword to an eighteenth-century breech-loader. A grim collection! Javelins and muskets and daggers and battle-axes and deadly blades from Toledo. Yet, oddly enough, the atmosphere was peaceful. The official in charge was awaiting the moment when he would be able to tell the remaining stragglers it was closing time. In the meanwhile he was agreeably occupied tickling a huge tortoise-shell tabby. His thoughts were pleasant. They were chiefly concerned with the puchero his wife was preparing for the midday meal. The cat, by a species of feline telepathy, entered thoroughly into his feelings and rolled on the dusty floor,



loudly purring her sympathy. The half-hour struck. He promptly ceased stroking the cat and moved toward Masterton and Sadie, who were the only visitors left.

He shook the bunch of keys significantly. Sadie turned to Masterton.

"I know it's closing time; but I can't go until I find Gonzalo's sword."

"You've seen enough swords this morning to last you a lifetime."

"Yes, but not Gonzalo's."

"Probably it looks exactly like all the others. We really ought to go; the man is waiting to lock up."

But Sadie was not to be put off so easily. She plunged into Spanish, and tried to convey what she wanted. Immediately the official was transformed into the knight. What matter the frizzling puchero. The lady was anxious to see the sword of the great Gonzalo. He understood very little English, but he understood enough for that. Straight up to the glass case he marched and pointed to the weapon with pride.

"'E belong to Gonzalo di Cordova—El Gran Capitan."

Sadie thanked him and followed Masterton out. He immediately asked why Gonzalo's sword was so attractive.

"It isn't the sword — it's the man."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about him."

"He was a famous general who fought for Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors. In a single battle he lost so heavily he was urged to retreat. And d'ye know what he said?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"He said, 'I would rather take two steps forward into my grave than one backward to win a hundred years of life.' I think Gonzalo was just fine—he always puts me in mind of Teddy Roosevelt."



## CHAPTER XI

### THROUGH CORDOVA TO SEVILLE

THE train jolted slowly into Cordova station. It was early in the morning — so early that the air still held the chilliness of night. A sweet smell came stealing in at the open window. Very gently, very insidiously the fragrance crept into the compartment. Van Putten woke up and yawned. Then he sniffed. "Vurry pleasant!" he said, and sniffed again. "What is it?"

Sadie told him it was the smell of the orange flower. The perfume was everywhere. It greeted them at the railway station; it hung about the pathway that led to the town; it enveloped Cordova. In a corner of the Court of Oranges they sat down and watched the sun gradually gain in power until it pierced the short, bushy trees where the golden fruit gleamed. Loungers from the town stood about the fountain, and women passed to and fro carrying their brown water-pots to be filled. The sky was a vivid blue, and everything stood out with the hard brilliance of the South.

The Oriental repose of the Court of Oranges enchains the senses with something of the potency of a narcotic.

The warmth, the colour, the sweet heavy odour of the orange flower affected even the active brain of Van Putten.

Now and again there was the sound of a light splash, which told that another water-jar had been filled at one



of the five fountains. Afterwards the woman would steal away, slowly, deliberately, with stately step, the jar poised lightly on her shoulder.

"She doesn't hustle much," said Van Putten, watching with interest the leisurely movements of a raven-haired goddess. "I reckon life doesn't move very fähst in these parts."

Masterton looked up with a slight irritation. He was becoming sincerely attached to Sadie, he was prepared thankfully to accept Van Putten as his father-in-law, but it annoyed him to hear fast pronounced "fähst." It was a small thing, but it jarred on his critical sense.

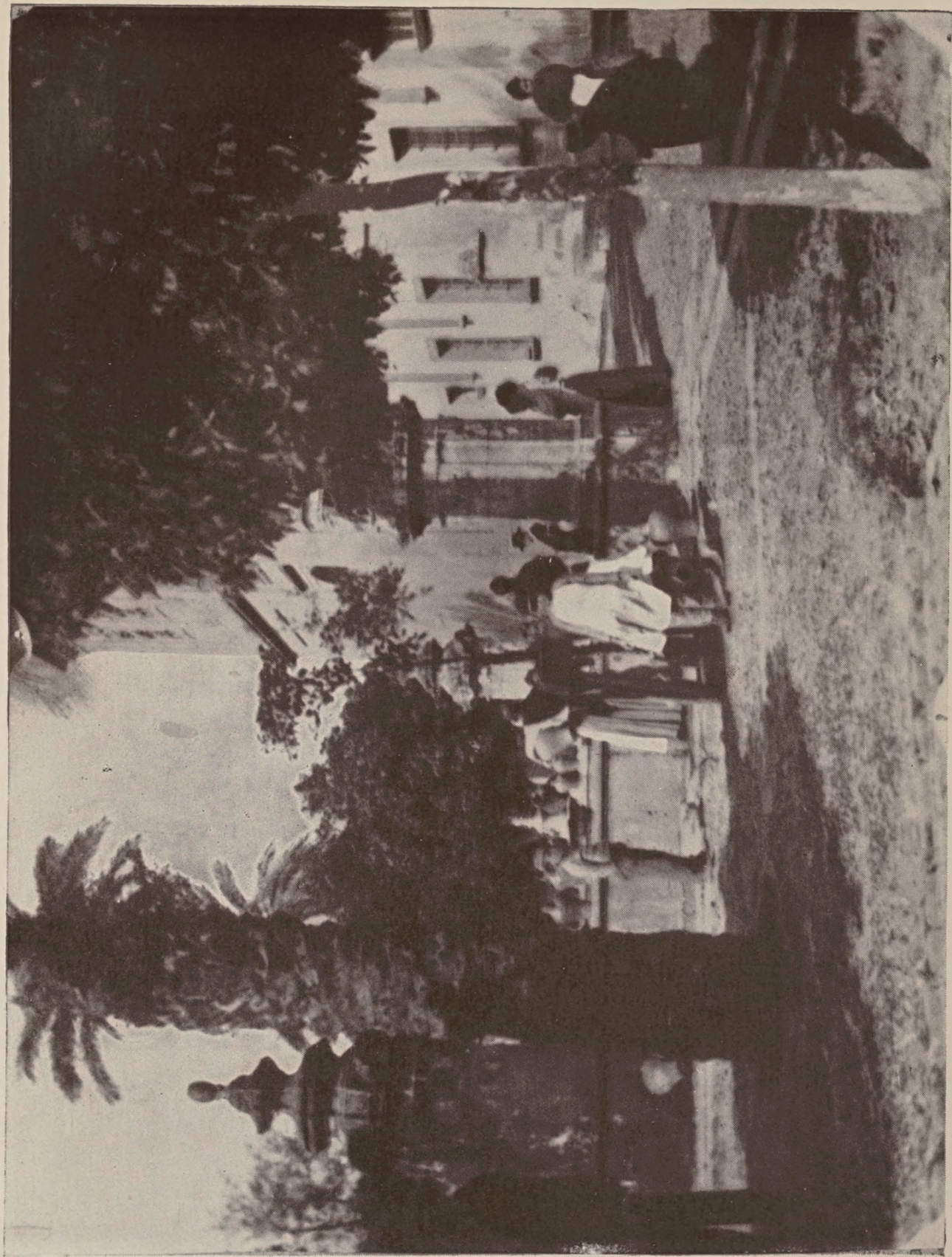
"It's cu-rious to think," went on Van Putten, "that Spain was a great country before the U-nited States were thought of. And now look at the States and look at Spain! A hundred years ago New York City was a small Dutch town with a population under 25,000. About that time Jacob Astor landed with his stock of violins. My great-grandfather went ashore by the same boat. The population of the United States was two and a haff millions. Now we've eighty millions of inhabitants. That's progress."

He turned to Masterton for information. "Was Cordova ever what one might term a flourishing city?"

Masterton told him that formerly there were universities open to all the civilised world, and that the palaces and buildings had stretched for miles along the banks of the Guadalquivir.

"You don't say so," replied Van Putten. "And now the city's de-generated into a fifth-rate township. Wal, the history of nations is pre-cisely the same as the history of individuals. You know what we Yankees say. It's only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves."











Phibbs lay back contentedly — his straw hat pulled well over his eyes. He did not join in the conversation of the others. At that moment, merely to breathe and to stretch out his long limbs and to feel the hot sun scorching the back of his light flannel coat was pleasure enough.

But Van Putten could not be still very long. He got up.

“I guess we’d better do the Mosque,” he said.

They waked round to the North Entrance and entered by the Gate of Pardon.

No Romantic has ever done justice to Cordova Mosque. Many have tried, many in the course of years will probably try again, but all must fail.

One may describe the hundreds of columns of marble and porphyry and jasper, but will that convey any idea of the spirit of the place? In this centre of prayer Islam breathes and lives and reigns. When one of the Faithful unrolls his prayer-mat and humbly kneels, no limit is set to his imagination.

These magnificent columns, stretching away and away until they appear to lose themselves in an infinity of space, suggest Eternity as no Christian place of worship has ever been able to do. In that columned silence the little party became suddenly silent. Instinctively Van Putten lowered his voice, and for once Masterton forgot to comment on the architecture.

Outside the Mosque a crowd of people thronged the cobble-stone alleys. Cordova might be a dying city, but it was dying hard. It was a fête day and the place was alive with young girls. With arms linked, they patrolled the narrow roadway, chattering and laughing and casting shy, inquiring looks at the strangers. Almost every one wore the inevitable rose



tucked in the bodice or pinned in the hair. This coquetry said plainly, "Cordova is old — it has had its day. It was once rich — it is now poor. But look at us! We are full of life! We are young!"

The same afternoon they continued the journey to Seville. Originally Masterton had intended staying in Cordova to study the architecture of the Mosque, but he told Phibbs that as they had come across such pleasant travelling companions they might as well go on together.

The journey was long and hot. The flimsy green blind was powerless to keep the sun out, and the burning rays poured into the compartment, blistering the paint of the woodwork. The train crawled on its way, while Van Putten abused the snail's pace and discussed American railroads with Phibbs, who was trying hard to keep awake. After creeping for many miles along the right bank of the Guadalquivir the train suddenly came to a standstill.

"La Posadas! La Posadas!" called out a porter, running up and down the deserted platform. No one appeared to be stirring. Most Spaniards prefer to take even short journeys by night.

"Have we got there?" inquired Van Putten, suddenly breaking off in his eulogy on American railroads.

"We shan't be there for two hours at least," said Sadie.

After a delay of twenty minutes the train moved slowly on. The district they were passing through was very fertile. Gleaming orange groves contrasted vividly with woods of sad-coloured olive trees, and the sun blazed down on fruitful grain fields.

Now and again Van Putten would look at his watch and exclaim —



## CORDOVA



THE BELLE OF CORDOVA



THE MARKET-PLACE







"The railroad system in Spain is a disgrace to any country that calls itself civilised!"

More than two hours had passed, yet Seville was not in sight. Once more the train came to a standstill.

"We'd better collect our hand-baggage," said Van Putten, starting up.

"Tocina! Tocina!" chanted a musical voice, and Van Putten with grim determination sat down again.

Another half-hour dragged on. Every one was dozing except Sadie. She was looking out of the window. In the distance lay Seville, the Cathedral towering above the other buildings.

The train jolted to a standstill. A welcome sound fell on Sadie's ear.

"Sevilla! Sevilla! Sevilla!"

They had arrived at last.

A two-horse omnibus upholstered in red velvet awaited them at the station.

"I'm always careful of these cars," said Van Putten, as he got in cautiously.

Leo asked for everybody's keys, and with a troubled countenance went off to look after the baggage. Apparently there was no one else for the Hotel Madrid. People were already beginning to say it was too hot for Seville. The Annual Fair was over, and after the Annual Fair the town usually empties.

Seville struck Sadie as a place of blinding sunshine. Coming as they did, straight from Madrid, the change was startling. The bleakness, the newness, the ugliness of Madrid had vanished as if by magic. There was an alluring softness, and stillness, and sweetness in the air. Not much of the town can be seen from the railway station, but the little that was visible made Sadie long to see more.



A series of thumps overhead told them that Leo had secured the luggage. After a further delay the courier appeared with the worn, weary expression which told of spirited encounters with dilatory Spanish officials.

The last piece of hand-luggage was stowed inside the omnibus, the last trunk was thumped on to the roof, the last porter was left staring with a melancholy countenance at his tip, the driver cracked his whip, and the omnibus started.

The first sight of the patio of the Hotel Madrid was refreshing to the dusty travellers. The heat was intense, but the fountain in the centre gave a semblance of coolness. It was delicious to sit in a basket-chair and listen to the cool splash-splash of the water. For the first time Sadie felt she was really in Spain — the Spain of the Romantics — the Spain of her imagination. Here were the deep blue skies she had read about, the waving palms, the Moorish patio, the climbing roses, the glorious sunshine.

A waiter brought out tea. Ever since Van Putten and his daughter had become intimate with the two Englishmen they had fallen in with the national custom.

"I feel I'm going to like Seville very much," said Sadie, as she handed Masterton a cup.

"I hope you'll restrain your passion for sightseeing," said Phibbs. "I haven't seen much of Seville, but it strikes me as a place to laze in. What do you say, Mr. Van Putten?"

"Wal, to my mind, if a man's obliged to loaf, Seville appears to me to be about as good as any other place."

Sadie was busy crumbling the remains of her roll for the goldfish in the fountain. She turned round to join in the conversation.



"Loafing is a delightful amusement," she said. "And it grows on one. You should have seen father when Dr. Waldo Smith ordered him abroad. He was in a state of collapse. And look at him now!"

"I'm making the best of it," said Van Putten. "If a thing's got to be done, it's no use grumbling about it. You'll never win through that way."

They lingered over tea in the pleasant, sociable fashion of people who get on perfectly together and are content to talk when they feel inclined and not because they have to.

After all there is much to be said for the Quakers' meeting. To talk when the spirit moves us is ideal, but in this twentieth century it is an impossible ideal. If people talked only when the spirit moved them, there would be, alas! many a painful pause. Instead of the sound of many voices at a Savoy supper-party, we should see the guests sitting in silence waiting for the spirit to move them. In these circumstances not many of us would be asked out. A certain ancient nursery rhyme recounts that little Tommy Tucker was obliged to sing for his supper. The twentieth-century Tommy Tuckers are expected to talk for their suppers.

People who meet casually while travelling are under no such obligation one to the other. And for this reason the chance intercourse of travel is often very delicate and delightful with a flavour peculiarly its own. The friendship engendered by travel is like a frail filigree chain that may snap at any moment. And in this lies part of the charm.

The man you found such a capital fellow when you met him at a mountain hut, half-way up Mont Blanc, may strike you as remarkably dull when you meet him in different surroundings. The woman who, on a pour-



ing wet day in the Highlands, enlivened an interminable hour before luncheon, may seem a very ordinary specimen of her sex when you renew her acquaintance. In the holiday spirit there is a streak of magic. But, alas! one is bound sooner or later to come back to a workaday world.

"What does every one say to a stroll?" said Masterton, when they had finished tea.

Van Putten looked up from the *New York Herald* and said that his anxiety to see Seville was not sufficient to take him out just then.

Masterton turned to Phibbs.

"What do you say?"

Phibbs said he had letters to write. Masterton could not help wondering if he really had letters to write, or if he was merely offering burnt-sacrifice on the sacred altar of friendship.

He turned to Sadie.

"What do you say, Miss Van Putten?"

"Just what I was going to suggest," replied Sadie.

They left the hotel and found their way to Seville's most famous street, which is known as the *Callé de las Sierpes*, or Street of the Serpents.

"Well!" exclaimed Sadie, "I'm very disappointed."

"Are you? Why? What did you expect?"

"I expected something very different. Just before I left the States I read a book called *Through Spain with a Camera*. The man who wrote that book said the *Callé de las Sierpes* was just the most beautiful street in existence. Now, Mr. Masterton, I ask you, do you call this the most beautiful street in existence?"

"I've seen finer thoroughfares."

"Why, it's just like one of the side streets in Venice! People who write travel books ought not to deceive one. Now, ought they, Mr. Masterton?"







SEVILLE



LA GIRALDA



"I expect the writer saw it as he described it. Don't you remember Turner's rejoinder to the lady who told him she had never seen a sunset like those he was so fond of painting? He said, 'Don't you wish you could, madame?'"

Sadie laughed.

"You'll never convince me that the writer of that travel book really thought this narrow passage a fine thoroughfare. Look at these small shops! He said there were such lovely cafés that the people of Seville never cared for the cafés anywhere else. I should like to show some of them Delmonico's."

"Ah," said Masterton teasingly, "no one can hope to compete with Delmonico. You have everything on such a big scale in America."

They walked up one side of the *Callé de las Sierpes*, and down the other, gazing idly at the shops. Most of the windows were decked out to catch the eye of the tourist. There were paper fans with crude representations of bull-fights, there were white mantillas and black mantillas, and high tortoise-shell combs. One window was full of sketches of the Alcazar. They were badly done (Masterton dismissed them as beneath notice), but they delighted Sadie. The arabesque arches, the high ornamental gates, the *azulejos* work proclaimed with a loud voice Moorish Spain.

"If there's time," said Sadie, "I should just like to have a peep at the Cathedral."

They caught the first glimpse of La Giralda as the sun was going down. The ancient Moorish Prayer Tower stood out proudly. For centuries she has been the delight of countless people. The Moors prized her so much that when Ferdinand the Saint captured the city they determined to destroy this wonderful tower.



But Ferdinand threatened speedy vengeance if this were done and La Giralda was spared.

The bronze female figure seems to be always turning to welcome the stranger. If you lose yourself (as you well may) in the labyrinth of streets encircling Pilate's House, La Giralda turns and mocks you. If in any quarter of the town you elude her, it is only for a moment. She has cast a spell over Seville, and when, on the day of departure, you find yourself being driven to the station, you will probably lean far out of the hotel omnibus for a last glimpse of this fascinating landmark.

The usual crowd of beggars surrounded the principal entrance and clamoured for 'cinco cento.' Masterton held back the heavy leather door, and Sadie passed in.

There are many wonderful cathedrals in Spain. People visit them for various reasons. Some travellers reach Seville so sated with the glories of Burgos and Toledo that they give a little gasp of relief when they have 'done' Seville.

The architectural maniac does not so much want to 'do' a cathedral as to find out how it is done. He is like a child for whom some kind grown-up has built up a house of cards. He is not content with looking at it; he wants to dissect it.

One gets to distinguish such people with a glance of the eye. They are nearly all determined-looking and they invariably wear pince-nez. If they do not dispense with the services of a guide altogether, they look on him with suspicion, and weigh every word that falls from his lips.

They pass hurriedly through magnificent aisles to stand in rapture before some unimportant masonry.



Long and lucidly will they argue about that unpromising stonework. The terms Visigothic and Plateresque roll glibly from their tongues, and the date of each brick seems to be of momentous importance.

After all it is the average person who enjoys a cathedral best. He has picked up odds and ends of knowledge, and is equally ready to be stirred to patriotism by the handsome tomb of Columbus, or reverently to bow his head before Murillo's wonderful 'Vision of St. Anthony.'

And perhaps it is the average person more than any other who appreciates the sense of space and the deep peace inseparable from a great cathedral. It would be possible to ignore every side chapel in Seville Cathedral and still to carry away an abiding sense of the power of God as interpreted by the power of man.



## CHAPTER XII

### A VISIT TO THE CARIDAD

IN one of his novels Turgenev says, 'There is a special sweetness in wandering alone with one you love in a strange city among strangers.' Sadie enjoyed this sweetness to the full in the days that followed. She and Masterton revelled in the sunshine of Seville. Together they visited the handsome cafés in the narrow *Callé de las Sierpes*, and Sadie ate ice-creams at the *Café America* and compared them with those procurable at *Delmonico's*. Together they explored the maze of poverty-stricken streets in *Triana* and watched the sun dip into the water from *Pedro's* golden tower. Sometimes *Phibbs* or *Van Putten* accompanied them, but more often they were alone. In theory Masterton did not approve of this intimacy, but he excused it on the ground that Sadie was American. He had not spoken to her of his affection. They had reached that delightful stage when nothing is said and everything is implied. Masterton, who was one of the most critical of men, had begun to see everything with Sadie's eyes. When this happens the end is not far off.

*Phibbs* was secretly amused at the change. His friend had previously held strong prejudices with regard to Americans. His ideas were based on sensational newspaper articles, describing at length various freak entertainments. When Sadie told Masterton she had



never had dinner on horseback, or supper in a swimming-bath, he expressed surprise.

"What extraordinary ideas you have of Americans!" she said dryly.

One morning Masterton realised with a sudden shock that things could not go on much longer as they were. He had come down to breakfast a little late, and glanced as usual at the corner where Sadie and her father were in the habit of sitting. Van Putten looked up.

"Good morning!" he said. "My daughter's finished breakfast and she's gone to see some church or other."

Masterton mechanically ordered coffee and took up a letter from his mother, which was lying on his plate. As he looked at the pointed Italian writing, peculiar to the early sixties, he wondered what she would think of an American daughter-in-law. He recalled her dignified manners and strong prejudices. Would she be very much shocked at hearing a concert called a rehearsal, and a blouse referred to as a "shirt waist"? He let his coffee cool while he thought over these trifles.

Suddenly he met the frank, smiling gaze of Sadie, and immediately he felt guilty.

"Your father told me you had gone to visit some church or other," he stammered.

"I had to come back because I forgot what Mr. Phibbs calls the Red Fairy Book." She took up Professor de Castro's notes and turned to go.

"Wait five minutes," said Masterton. "Then we can go together." The letter lay there — an invisible barrier between the two. Masterton could feel his mother's presence. He hastily picked up the envelope and put it in his pocket. Then he felt more comfortable.



"Which church is it to be?" he asked, as they left the hotel.

"The Caridad," answered Sadie, as they crossed the sunny piazza.

There is no more restful spot than the Caridad in all Seville. Its cool grey quiet invites the sightseer to pause on his way. 'I have stood still,' it seems to say, 'for two hundred and eighty years. For two and a half centuries I have sheltered Life's Failures. After their futile battles with the world, I say to them, "Creep in here and Death shall come to you so gently that you shall not feel his approach."' "

"Shall we see the Murillos first?" said Sadie. "Afterwards we can go over the Almshouse and talk to the old men."

"Baroque!" was Masterton's scornful comment, as they entered the church.

"That's a term of reproach, isn't it?"

"It is. As the early Victorian represents bad art in the nineteenth century, so the Baroque stands for bad art in the seventeenth century. Don't you think it hideous?"

"It's certainly ugly," agreed Sadie, "but it pleases me because Murillo used to paint here."

Masterton laughed.

"I never knew any one take such a personal view as you. To me, if a thing's ugly it is ugly, and no amount of association makes any difference."

"With me, association is everything. It can even make ugly things beautiful. A friend of mine at home, a Mrs. Dobson, has a large marble vase which resembles a funeral urn. If you were to see that vase, Mr. Masterton, you would want to break it on the spot. It once belonged to Mrs. Dobson's mother. She admired it very



much, but she and her husband were poor. One day Mr. Dobson said to the storekeeper, 'I want that vase, but I can't afford to purchase it outright. If you'll put it aside, every Saturday I'll bring you as much money as I can afford to lay by.' The man promised, and six months later Mr. Dobson walked out of that store with the vase under his arm. That night he smoked the first pipe he'd had for six months. Little incidents like that make things dear to one, don't they?"

They had paused in front of Murillo's 'San Juan de Dios,' and Masterton watched her as she stood there, quiet and intent. He was not surprised that the picture of the Saint staggering under the weight of the fainting beggar had made a powerful appeal. So well was he getting to know Sadie that he could have named off-hand the pictures most likely to attract her.

"Murillo must have known what it was like to feel tired," she observed. "If he hadn't had that long tramp from Seville to Madrid, I don't suppose he could ever have painted that."

"Of course you can't compare Murillo with Velasquez," began Masterton.

"I don't want to compare them. Velasquez's grand and Murillo's homely. One can't appreciate him in the Prado — he's lost in a crowd. Haven't you often met people like that? They don't shine in society, but when you see them at home they're altogether delightful. In the Prado Murillo's overshadowed by Velasquez. Here, in the Caridad, he's at home."

A Sister of Mercy came up and asked if they would like to see the Hospital. They followed her through the doorway and she pointed to the quaint lettering: 'This house will stand as long as God is feared in it, and Jesus Christ is served in the persons of His poor.'



Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride.'

Entering, they found themselves in a bare, white-washed room filled with old men. Some were stretched out in narrow beds, and lay there almost motionless under the white sheets. Others, not so ill or so old, but with the pathetic vacant look that always comes with decaying powers, sat there patiently waiting. Triumphant in youth and health, Sadie felt it almost sinful to be so strong and so happy. She turned to the Sister and asked how the old men amused themselves. Did they read? No. There was not much education in Spain, and only one or two knew how to read.

"How do they pass the time?" said Sadie. "It must seem very long."

"They sleep, *Señorita*. Old people sleep much."

Many were dozing. The head of one poor old fellow bobbed convulsively. As the Sister passed, she put him in a more comfortable position and gently replaced on his head the faded lilac cotton handkerchief which had tumbled to the ground. He was in the sunniest corner of the ward. The light was fierce and his eyes were getting dim. All at once there was a stir of expectation. Some of the automatons moved. One or two began to talk cheerily. There was the sound of a feeble laugh.

"Dinner-time," said the Sister, in explanation. The smell was good; it penetrated to every corner.

The old man who slept with the handkerchief shielding his dim eyes woke up suddenly. He spread the handkerchief over his shrunken knees and sat up. He watched the others being served and gave a gulp of satisfaction when his turn came.



"It's a pity one can't be always young," said Sadie, as they lingered in the courtyard gay with roses. And Masterton agreed with her.

The Sister watched them disappear through the wrought-iron gateway. She was interested in the two strangers — they made her think of her own life long ago. Twenty years before, on just such a morning, she had stood in her father's courtyard and listened while her lover pleaded. At that time her one desire had been to enter a nunnery. The disappointed suitor had promptly married somebody else. He was now a prosperous merchant in Madrid. She had never regretted her decision — she did not regret it now. But, as she looked after Sadie, the tears pushed their way into her calm blue eyes. Ashamed of such worldly thoughts, her hand instinctively sought the cross that hung from her rosary. Her fingers closed over it and she was comforted. With a smile she left the sunny garden and went back to her poor old men.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR

ONE morning Sadie crossed the patio of the hotel with the Red Fairy Book in her hand. Masterton, who was talking to Phibbs, broke off and said —

“Where are you off so early?”

“I’m going first to the Alcazar and afterwards to the Cathedral.”

“May I come too?”

“You won’t enjoy it; you know you laugh at Professor de Castro.”

“I think he’s a wonderfully clever man and that he says some illuminating things. Now, are you satisfied?”

“I’m going to study Ferdinand the Saint and Pedro the Cruel,” said Sadie.

“A saint and a sinner! But why mix them?”

“Well, they’re both buried together in the Cathedral and I thought I’d better not separate them.”

Together they crossed the Plaza de Pacifico with the honest intention of studying Spanish history. Sadie was engrossed in the story of Pedro the Cruel; every minute she referred to Professor de Castro’s notes. But Masterton’s mind showed an inclination to wander. He began to realise that history in the making is more interesting than history that is already made.

“I must find the Doll’s Court,” said Sadie, wishing she could get him to take more interest in the subject.



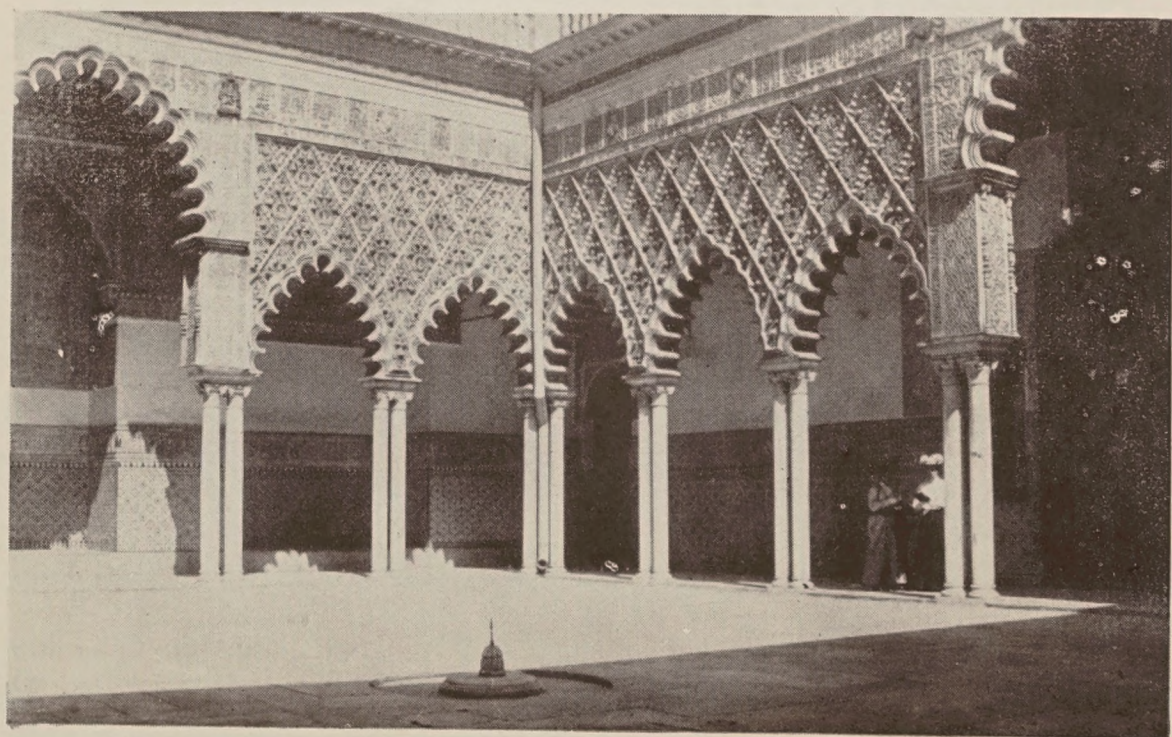




# SEVILLE



THE ALCAZAR



THE DOLL'S COURT



She gave a little "Oh!" of pleasure when they stepped into the patio with its quaint moral decoration of tiny figures. A needy artist, who usually sold his pictures to a shop in the *Callé de las Sierpes*, was sitting there sketching. To relieve the photographic detail of the arabesque panelling, he had placed in the centre of the mosaic floor a flowering crimson rambler — the fallen petals marked a trail of rich colour.

"Isn't that beautiful?" said Sadie, with enthusiasm. "And so appropriate, too."

"It's very effective," agreed Masterton. "But why appropriate?"

"Because poor Don Fadrique was murdered here by Pedro the Cruel."

"Don't spoil this lovely morning by any horrors," said Masterton. "You know it all happened a very long time ago."

But Sadie would not acquiesce in his lazy indifference and approached the artist. He explained the tragedy to her, with many gestures of his left arm. His eye roamed over the spots he indicated, and all the while his working arm painted steadily. For five years he had earned a precarious existence painting the Doll's Court. With his eyes shut, he would have had no difficulty in filling in the minute flutings and patterned squares. Sadie's vivid mind was busy piecing together the scene.

"King Pedro must have been playing backgammon in that room," she said. "And, I suppose, Don Fadrique stayed there talking to him and never suspected that anything was wrong. And then he must have strolled into this Court and here he found little groups of people talking."

She broke off abruptly and turned to the artist.



"Where do you say King Pedro stood?"

"There, Madame," replied the artist, gesticulating with his eyes and painting all the while. "He stood there and he called out, 'Kill the Master of Santiago! Kill Don Fadrique!'"

"Poor boy!" said Sadie tenderly — "poor, brave boy! He must have run between those pillars when they stabbed him."

She turned to the artist again.

"Where do you say he fell?"

"There, Madame, by that pillar."

Masterton was smiling to himself. Sadie's intense personal interest in everything always entertained him.

"Wasn't he a brute," she went on, "to murder his brother. I wonder if he went back afterwards and finished that game of backgammon."

"I expect so," replied Masterton. "You see, one murder more or less in those days did not count. What do you want to see next? Are there any more haunts of murder to visit?"

Sadie opened the Red Fairy Book, and stood a few moments attentively regarding it.

"I want to see the room where Pedro murdered Abu Said. I took a lot of notes on that murder. The King of Granada had come to do homage, and he brought two hundred footmen with him and all his fine jewels. And when Pedro saw those jewels, he just felt he wanted them. So he sent armed men and they killed the King. And amongst the jewels was a vurry fine ruby. Some time after Pedro wanted to give a present to your Black Prince, who had been helping him in some war or other, and he thought of that ruby and presented it to him, and the Black Prince took it away back to England. When I was in London last, I went to the







# SEVILLE



THE GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR



Tower and saw it amongst the Crown Jewels. Have you seen it, Mr. Masterton?"

"I haven't been to the Tower for years," he replied.

They strolled through the elaborate Court of the Maidens, and then wandered about the quiet gardens.

"It is very peaceful here," said Sadie. "I wonder if Pedro planned many of his wicked deeds in this beautiful garden. I expect he used to sit out, on just such a morning as this, with the birds singing and the sun shining, and all he could find to think about was robbery and bloodshed."

"No, not all," said Masterton. "You forget Marie of Padilla; he was in love with her."

There was a pause. Sadie did not answer or look up. There had never been any sentiment between her and Masterton. She had always felt that the Englishman regarded her merely in the light of a pleasant travelling companion. But in the Alcazar Gardens she was quick to detect a difference in his manner. It was as if he had ceased to say "I" and had begun to say "we."

Suddenly she brushed off the fly of sentiment which had momentarily been allowed to settle.

"If we want to go into the Cathedral, we mustn't waste any more time here," she said.

"You're a most insatiable sightseer," replied Masterton. "Why not give up the Cathedral and sit in this beautiful garden?"

"It's very pleasant," said Sadie, "but one can sit in a garden any time. I came out with the intention of spending the morning with Pedro."

"Of course, I, as a commoner, have no chance against royalty. You democratic Americans are so very keen on titles, aren't you?"



"We are," said Sadie frankly. "It's natural to over-value what you don't possess."

"But this particular royalty is not engaging. I should have thought you'd seen quite enough of him."

"I want to visit his tomb. He's buried in the Cathedral with Marie of Padilla."

"Come into that nice little shop in the Callé de las Sierpes and eat fresh strawberry tarts."

"No," said Sadie firmly, "I would rather see Pedro's tomb."

Entering the Cathedral was like stepping from the blazing sunshine into the magical freshness of a moonlit evening. Like so many stars, tiny lamps scintillated from the various altars, and where the light did not penetrate, the corners were black with the blackness of night. Here and there a coloured kerchief marked the spot where some worshipper prayed. A group of children preceded them up the aisle. Sadie was amused at the womanly gravity of the eldest, who could not have been more than seven. With a quaint precision she took from the pocket of her ragged skirt three white cotton handkerchiefs. With one she adorned her own head. The other two she folded carefully and placed crosswise on the tiny black heads of the two youngsters. Then, with the same seriousness, she dipped her hand in the holy water and gravely crossed herself, while the two babies, with eyes big with wonder, followed her example.

A one-armed man stepped forward.

"Laty and chentleman," he said, "I am a guide which is permitted by the Cathedral. I will show you the side shapels — I will show you everything."

It was useless for them to explain that they had already visited the Cathedral many times. The one-



armed man was convinced they had not seen one-half the treasures it contained. He had not shown them, and no other guide knew the Cathedral as he did. His English was not easily understood, but his energy was inexhaustible. From chapel to chapel he hurried them. He greeted every picture, every carving, every stained-glass window with the same wild burst of admiration. There were no degrees; everything was superlative. He had no sooner reached one aisle than he bounded off in the opposite direction to show them something he had forgotten. Sadie would have dismissed him sooner but for the fact of that empty jacket sleeve. But at last, when they came to the Capilla Real, she refused to allow him to accompany them farther.

"Never talk to me again about American energy," she said to Masterton; "we can't produce anything like that man in the States. I can get on better with my notebook which you make such fun of. He talked so fast, and his accent was very peculiar; I'm sure we shall enjoy the royal tombs better without him."

Masterton asked what Professor de Castro had to say about the silver shrine before which they were standing.

Sadie opened the book and began to read —

"The shrine contains the body of Ferdinand the Saint, King of Spain. The King was first buried in an ordinary wooden coffin, which may be seen in the Pantheon. Later he was canonised and his body placed in a silver casket." She paused. "D'ye want to know anything more of Ferdinand, or have I read enough?"

"I don't know very much about him, except that he objected to the Moors blowing up La Giralda. That bit of information greets you in every guide-book. Ferdinand must have been a man of good sense. He



knew towers like La Giralda are not built every day."

"If I read too much you must tell me to stop," said Sadie.

But Masterton had no inclination to do that. The American accent, which formerly had irritated him, now dropped on his ear with a pleasant sense of familiarity. He did not exactly admire it, but it was fast becoming necessary to him.

They moved to the High Altar and stood looking at the thirteenth-century doll which St. Louis of France gave to Ferdinand. Sadie was very amused at the virgin's removable golden hair.

"Isn't that quaint?" she said. "She's just like a woman wearing a transformation. And look at her shoes, too. Aren't they cunning with all that beautiful embroidery?"

"They're embroidered with the word 'Amor,'" said Masterton; and the silence that had attacked them in the Alcazar Gardens fell between them again.

It was unlike Sadie, however, to be silent for very long. On this occasion she soon found her voice.

"Aren't you reminded of the Parable of the Wheat and the Tares?" she whispered, as they groped their way down the steps leading to the Pantheon.

"How do you mean?" asked Masterton. His brain worked far more slowly than Sadie's; her mental agility was rather disturbing at times.

"Not very far from the Saint lies the body of the Sinner," she said, deciphering, with some difficulty, the worn lettering on the coffins. "How a sobriquet sticks to one!" she continued. "D'ye know, I somehow expected to read on that coffin 'Pedro the Cruel'! I'm glad they buried Marie of Padilla beside him. Pedro was certainly a monster, but he seems to have been kind to Marie."



## CHAPTER XIV

### A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT

THE sun in Seville grew hotter each day, yet no one suggested leaving. Van Putten did not care for the literary associations of the city, but he would sit for hours in the patio of the hotel, contentedly smoking a pipe and busy planning improvements.

"A great city," he was fond of saying, "but Seville needs pulling together."

One afternoon they had driven, as they often did, to Las Delicias. It was between six and seven in the evening, and the fashionable promenade was crowded. Van Putten watched the carriages pass and repass. He commented on the handsome faces under towering Parisian millinery, and, true to his Dutch ancestry, expressed disapproval of the powder which lay thick on those handsome faces. At last he turned to Phibbs.

"I think you gave me to understand that you're not acquainted with New York City?"

"That is so."

"Then you don't know Central Park. We spend a power of money on it, but you should see the way we keep it up." He pointed to a tuft of green sprouting from the gravel. "Look at those weeds; we don't allow weeds in Central Park. It seems to me the Spanish Government not only allows weeds in the parks, but in the cities as well. I'm informed that



this country contains considerably more than one hundred thousand professional beggars — one hundred thousand humans brought up to do nothing. It's terrible! Now, I wonder the Government doesn't find these loafers some useful employment. They might set them to mend the roads. I assure you, Mr. Phibbs, that I suffer whenever I take a drive."

At this moment Sadie and Masterton came up.

"What are you two discussing so earnestly?" said Sadie.

"Your father has been thinking how he can improve Spain."

"That's a pet weakness of his! I suppose every nation is always trying to improve every other nation. Mr. Masterton has just been saying some very hard things about Trusts."

Van Putten's national sensitiveness was at once aroused.

"No one outside the States understands Trusts," he said; "they've helped to make America. It's difficult for a General to take a city without losing some of his soldiers, and it's impossible to capture a national financial position without treading down the little men."

It was past seven, and fashionable Seville was going home to dinner. Masterton beckoned a passing carriage and they got in. Along the banks of the Guadalquivir they drove. The river was dotted with vessels whose sails hung slackly in the hot, still air. In the distance Pedro's Golden Tower stood out, reflecting the concentrated rays of the setting sun.

Late that same evening Masterton and Phibbs sat in the courtyard of the hotel smoking. They were the only people left, and a solitary waiter was furtively



watching their every movement. The air was heavy with orange blossom, and the moon lay full on the fountain, turning the gold fish to silver fish. They shimmered in the strong white light, making a cool plashing sound as they swished through the water. The two men sat there enjoying the companionship of silence. At last Phibbs knocked the ashes of his cigar into his coffee-cup.

"Ripping night!" he remarked.

Masterton agreed with him.

"We've been in Seville a month to-morrow."

Again Masterton agreed with him.

"Don't you think we ought to leave soon?"

"That depends."

"You mean it depends on the Van Puttens. Have you spoken to the girl yet?"

"No, not yet."

"What on earth are you waiting for?"

Thus challenged, Masterton was at a loss for an answer. What was he waiting for? He hardly knew. After a pause he said he was sorry that Sadie was American, and Phibbs laughed.

"She doesn't fit in with your theories — she doesn't square with your ideas. You've heard that the American woman's extravagant, that she leaves her husband for months while she travels abroad, and so you funk her. This is all theoretical — merely what you've heard. Now, be practical for once. Does Miss Van Putten strike you as that sort of woman?"

"Certainly not."

"Why hesitate then?"

"For one thing, I'm not sure she cares for me."

"Any one can see that she does."

"You think so? American women are so free



and easy that it's difficult to tell the state of their feelings."

"She's free and easy with me, but I'm not under any delusion."

"You think she cares?"

"I'm positive."

The solitary waiter was still eyeing them. He was tired, and the conversation was becoming more animated. It was provoking.

"Of course, I have my mother to consider."

"Don't you think she will approve of Miss Van Putten?"

"I hardly know. My mother is distinctly old-fashioned, and Miss Van Putten belongs to a modern type."

"Have you told her anything?"

"Not at present."

The waiter smothered a yawn, and Phibbs took compassion on him.

"Every one seems to have turned in," he said. "What time breakfast?"

"I shall be rather early. Miss Van Putten and I are going to see Pilate's House. Of course we shall be delighted if you'll join us."

Phibbs laughed. "No, thanks; but take my advice. Settle the matter quickly — as soon as possible."

Their footsteps echoed along the uncarpeted staircase; the sleepy waiter watched them disappear, and then switched off the light in the deserted courtyard.



## CHAPTER XV

### PILATE'S HOUSE

THE next morning Sadie disentangled herself from the white net mosquito curtains, and, springing out of bed, drew back the bright green shutters. The Plaza was curiously still; the sky was a clear, pallid blue, and a light breeze was ruffling the feathery fronds of the date palms. The insistent smell of the orange flower blew in at the open window. Sadie took several deep breaths. The smell put her in mind of bridal bouquets and set her thinking. Why was the orange flower a symbol of marriage? Was it because of the white purity of the tiny blossom, or because of its haunting sweetness? In the midst of her thoughts she became conscious that the hard, polished floor was cold for her bare feet, and she turned away from the window and began to dress. On the staircase she met Leo, who was smiling. There had been no packing up, no anxieties for a month. The well-known crease had left his forehead.

"Good morning, Leo," she said gaily. "What are you going to do this glorious morning?"

"You will not require me, Mademoiselle? No. Very good. And when does Mademoiselle propose to leave Seville?"

"Leave Seville!" The words took some of the sunshine out of the morning. "Leave Seville!" Sadie had not thought about it.



"Seville's a lovely place; isn't it, Leo?"

"But charming, Mademoiselle. I 'ave 'ere a packet of postcards for my little Beppo. I go to put them in the post now."

Van Putten was sitting in the courtyard awaiting his daughter; they were soon joined by Masterton.

"Leo has just asked me when we intend to leave Seville," she said.

Masterton paused in the opening of a letter.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know; I said we were not in a hurry. Who would be in a hurry to leave Seville?"

He looked at her to see how much she meant by the trifling words. She had got up from the table to throw the crumbs of her roll to the goldfish in the fountain. He could not see her face, but his eye noted with pleasure the moving light on the brown hair.

"Who would be in a hurry to leave Seville?" he echoed. And then, "Don't you think it's rather hot for Pilate's House? Wouldn't it be nicer to laze in the Alcazar Gardens?"

"No," said Sadie, in her quick, decisive way, "I should like to do what we first arranged."

They jumped into a passing tram, which was crammed with women who were carrying market-baskets and babies. The cool, earthy smell of the fresh vegetables pierced the air. Sadie had a lively sense that the day was beginning for everybody. A pleasant busyness prevailed. But how different from the busyness of New York. She recalled numerous rides in the morning cars — the frantic rush of those wishing to be the first aboard, the excitable movements, tense, irritable faces, the general utilitarianism and hideousness.



Masterton gently touched her arm. "This is where we get down."

They stepped into a blaze of sunshine. Sadie's eye met the familiar whitewashed houses, and she rejoiced in the blue sky and waving palms. Who would be in a hurry to leave Seville?

Masterton paused at the corner of the street and drew a map out of his pocket. It was one of his foibles that he would never ask the way.

"Pilate's House can't be far from here," he said, "but these little narrow streets are rather confusing."

However, they were lucky on this occasion. Without much difficulty they found the entrance and passed through the ironwork door and into the patio beyond. Sadie examined the long row of busts with interest.

"People don't change much, do they, Mr. Masterton?"

"You mean in ideas?"

"In ideas — in everything. I can just imagine the owner of this property making the grand tour and purchasing these antiques. When he came back, of course, he was delighted to show them off to his friends. The Duke of Alcala is very human, isn't he? We all like travelling abroad and showing what we've bought to the people who've been obliged to stay at home. He must have been a splendid host, and it's a beautiful house for entertaining. No wonder all the great people wanted to come here."

"Yes," said Masterton, "they've all been here — Herrera, and Pacheco, and Cervantes, and Velasquez."

Sadie laughed.

"I wonder if they enjoyed themselves, or if they went home and said it had been rather slow. That happens sometimes at home. A hostess invites several nota-



bilities and thinks the evening is going to sparkle. And the evening doesn't sparkle, but is very dull."

They wandered through Pilate's House, talking in haphazard fashion — at one moment discussing their own plans, the next transported to the time of the Dukes of Alcala.

Masterton was glad to find that Sadie appreciated *Don Quixote*. She was not one of those who refer glibly to "the immortal author of *Don Quixote*" without having read a line.

"It's a long book," she said, "but I didn't find it too long. If I had I should have stopped right in the middle. Life's too short to read books one doesn't care about."

This remark led to a discussion on books and authors. Sadie said she thought authors were unduly petted, especially in America. In consequence they took themselves too seriously and their work suffered.

"I was at a big Club in Boston one afternoon," she said, "and I was introduced to a lady who looked very shocked when I told her I was not acquainted with her name. It turned out that three years before she had written the words of a song — not a very well-known song either."

"There you have the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament," said Masterton.

"There's a lot of nonsense talked about the artistic temperament," said Sadie. "Other people are sensitive too, but no allowance is made for them. I have a cousin who is obliged to earn her own living, so she took up typewriting. One afternoon she went to a Ladies' Club and she was introduced to a well-known authoress. 'And what is your work?' asked the authoress. My cousin said she was working for a Boston





PILATE'S HOUSE







publisher, and she mentioned the name. 'That's exceedingly interesting,' said the authoress, 'because I work for him too.' Now, my cousin didn't want her to be under any misapprehension, so she said, 'I don't write books — I just do the typewriting.' The authoress gave her a crushing look. '*That's not quite the same thing, is it?*' she said, and she walked away, leaving the poor girl standing in the middle of the room. Anything like that makes one loathe the artistic temperament. I admire Cervantes very much, but of course he didn't possess the artistic temperament."

"Didn't he?" said Masterton, amused at America's frank criticism of the Immortals.

"Why, no. I've just finished reading his life; he seems to have been a most sensible, ordinary sort of man. One little incident amused me very much — it was so characteristic. He'd been made a tax-collector and was so delighted that he wrote to a friend saying he had found something better to do than writing comedies. Now, didn't that show he had no nonsense about him? I suppose," she added reflectively, "that when a man has lost an arm and been kept in prison for five years, it doesn't very much matter to him if his books are appreciated or not."

"And yet," said Masterton, "being appreciated is essential to happiness, isn't it?"

He was wondering if he would ask Sadie to be his wife then and there. True, nothing had led up to the subject. They had been discussing Spanish literary society with all the warmth necessary to the occasion, but beneath the surface-talk each was plumbing the depths of the other's personality. Masterton's theories regarding Americans were fast vanishing. He had always been fond of generalising — he was now beginning



to particularise. The so-called bright American woman, with a judgment at once sweeping and superficial, he had always disliked. But Sadie was different, he told himself. When a man says, "This woman is different from every other woman," one thing is certain — he is in love.

When they entered the dining-room for lunch Sadie exclaimed —

"That's odd!"

"What's odd?"

"You see that young girl sitting there — the far side of the room?"

Masterton directed his gaze and said "Yes."

"She was on the Folkestone-Boulogne boat, and I made her acquaintance. I'll speak to her as soon as lunch is over."

The young girl looked round shyly once or twice during the meal. She recognised Sadie, and was so excited that she forgot to eat her cutlet. Miss Hetherington looked at her disapprovingly.

"Do get on, May. You're keeping us waiting."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Hetherington, but I've just seen somebody I know."

"Really. Who?"

"Some one who crossed with us on the Folkestone-Boulogne boat."

"How very remarkable!" said Miss Hetherington sarcastically.

May was momentarily checked. Then she said —

"I remember this girl particularly, because she was so kind to me."

"Well, if she was kind to you, there's no need to stare. It's such bad form."

Thus reproved, May finished her cutlet in silence. She often sat through a meal without saying a word. Her



small sprouts of conversation were usually ruthlessly nipped by one or other of the Miss Hetheringtons. When she was eating the final course, consisting of small dried-up raisins and sweet biscuits, Miss Hetherington turned to her.

"I'm not quite sure I know the girl you mean. Don't look now. But, when you've a chance, tell me if it's the girl near the door."

Gratified at having the conversation reopened, May turned and looked.

"Yes, Miss Hetherington, that's the one. I think she's American."

"The men sitting at her table look rather decent. Don't you agree with me, Carrie?"

Carrie Hetherington always agreed with Barbara. It saved time.

"I think," she went on, "that the dark one with the pince-nez looks clever."

Carrie Hetherington always regarded pince-nez as the outward and visible sign of intellect.

"We shall not be going out for an hour," said Miss Hetherington. "If you like, May, you can renew acquaintance with your friend of the boat."

May coloured and hesitated.

"I — I don't like to go up to her. Perhaps she won't remember me."

"Do as you please, of course, but you really are most trying. A few minutes ago you were quite excited at meeting this girl, and now you don't care to say how-d'ye-do. "

"I'd love to speak to her, Miss Hetherington, but —"

"As I said before, you must do as you please. The subject is not worth discussing."

They went into the courtyard and sat down at a little



bamboo table. Miss Hetherington took up a Spanish newspaper and tried to find out how many words she could translate. Miss Carrie studied the fashions in an old number of the *Queen*, and May sat there staring straight in front of her. The courtyard was bright with flowers, and the sun was streaming down, but she was feeling terribly home-sick. She thought of the shabby house in an obscure road in Bayswater, remembering the morning that the advertisement had caught her eye: "Travelling companion. Must be of good education, fond of travelling, skilful in hairdressing, and able to get up lace" — so the advertisement had run. She had read it out to her mother and Letty. How excited they had both been! Letty had lent her new hat, so that she might not appear shabby when she called in South Kensington. With the consciousness that the borrowed hat was exceedingly becoming she had set off, full of hope, Letty watching her departure from the top of the well-worn flight of steps. The parting words had been characteristic of her sister. "Don't be disappointed if you don't get the place. There will be dozens of applications. So many girls jump at a chance of travelling." And she had been chosen. She had been as surprised as anybody, for she had conscientiously told Miss Hetherington that she did not speak French and that she was without experience. But her skill in hairdressing and her dexterity with a spirit-iron had outweighed other objections. Up to the last May had not been able to believe in her good fortune. Something would happen to prevent the journey; she had been sure of it. She would be ill, or Miss Hetherington would be ill, or, most terrible thought of all, her mother would be ill. But nothing had happened. Her wish had been granted. She had come to the glorious South, and had



been miserable ever since. Oh, the long, long days made up of pin pricks! The pin pricks had made more impression on her than all the masterpieces in the Prado. During the month preceding her departure she and Letty had saturated themselves with Spain. It had been a particularly foggy, unpleasant month, and she had sat in the little back dining-room stitching away at the clothes for her journey. While she worked, Letty had read aloud a book borrowed from the Free Library. It had been heavenly to read of blue skies and waving palms while the rain trickled noisily down the gutter pipe. Every now and then Letty had stopped in her reading to exclaim, "Oh, May, what a lucky girl you are!" She had found the blue skies and waving palms, but they had not made up for the raw edge of unkindness which she had felt for the first time in her life. At the recollection of the various pin pricks the tears rushed into her eyes. Then, becoming aware of Miss Hetherington's critical gaze, she blinked the tears away, saying innocently —

"Isn't the sun scorching? It makes my eyes water."

Miss Hetherington returned to her newspaper and May lay back in her chair, inert and dreamy.

"I wonder if you remember me?"

May started to her feet. She had been far away in the company of her mother and Letty. The decisive American accent pulled her together. She stretched out her hand to Sadie with the grateful look of one who never forgets a kindness.

"I recognised you at once," she said, "but I was afraid to come up and speak to you."

The two girls moved a few steps away from the bamboo table. Sadie asked May if she might take her across the courtyard and introduce her to her



father. May gave a glance in the direction of Miss Hetherington. She wondered if she might venture. Apparently Miss Hetherington was still deep in her translation; it would be delightful to get away for a few moments.

"I mustn't stay long," she whispered, as she followed Sadie.

Meanwhile, Masterton and Phibbs had been watching Sadie's movements. Phibbs liked the look of the young girl with the freckled, childish face. His friend had been so occupied the past fortnight that he had seen little of him. Van Putten was very agreeable, but a change of society would be pleasant.

"My father," said Sadie, indicating Van Putten. "And these are our two friends, Mr. Masterton and Mr. Phibbs."

Both men hastened to welcome the newcomer, and asked the usual questions and received the usual answers. After a few minutes there was a pause, which May filled by saying she was afraid she must not stop any longer. "We're about to have an ice-cream soda," said Van Putten. "Why not ask your two friends to join us?"

May was so delighted at the suggestion that her face flushed into prettiness. "I — I wonder if they will," she said; "I'll go and ask them."

She was quite excited at this unexpected pleasure, and waited eagerly for Miss Hetherington's verdict. It was favourable. Introductions were made, and the party split into fragments. Masterton discussed Seville Cathedral with Miss Hetherington, Phibbs joked with May, Van Putten devoted himself to Miss Carrie, while Sadie acted as chorus. But it seemed as if no one wanted to listen to the chorus, and suddenly she felt out of it. She was far too sensible to want to be always first, but she



resented being ousted by people she disliked. She had taken an unaccountable antipathy to the two Miss Hetheringtons. Quick to divine insincerity, she felt that both ladies were insincere, and for that reason she could take no interest in their conversation. What they said mattered little to her, because she knew that what they said was not necessarily what they thought.

Miss Hetherington and Masterton, after exhausting the conversational possibilities of Seville Cathedral, had plunged head foremost into Early Italian Art.

Now and again one or other politely included Sadie in the conversation, but, as Sadie knew very little about Early Italian Art and the other knew a great deal, she was obliged to play a super's part. The names of Cimabue and Giotto were tossed lightly backwards and forwards.

Masterton was a true lover of art. He was no hypocrite talking merely for the pleasure of impressing Sadie. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Early Italian, and Miss Hetherington drew him out very cleverly. She knew exactly what to admire, and what to condemn, and why. From Italian Art they glided into Spanish Art. Suddenly the name of El Greco fell on Sadie's ear. She looked up. Miss Hetherington appeared to be waiting for an answer to a question. Unfortunately, she had not heard the question.

"Miss Hetherington wants to know if you are an admirer of El Greco," said Masterton.

"El Greco! El Greco!" repeated Sadie. "If that's the man who draws his people lengthways, I certainly am not. He's altogether too e-longated for my taste."

"What an immense advantage for you to have had Mr. Masterton with you!" said Miss Hetherington.



"It does help to have some one who really understands pictures."

Masterton was only human; his vanity was tickled. He was glad Miss Hetherington was placing him in such a favourable light.

Sadie got up.

"I mustn't stop any longer," she said. "I have a letter to get off by this mail."

She went up to her bedroom. The heat in Seville was so intense that it was necessary to keep the green shutters tightly closed during the middle of the day; the room seemed very dark after the sunny courtyard below.

Sadie slid back the shutters and sat down at the open window. She put her writing-pad on her knee and drew out a sheet of paper. Usually she was not at a loss for words, but she did not quite know how to begin. The blank sheet seemed to stare vacantly at her. She was forced to come to the conclusion that she was not in the mood for letter-writing. Still, Mrs. Dobson would be expecting to hear from her, and she did not want to lose the mail. Mrs. Dobson's last letter was lying between the thick folds of blotting-paper. She took it up. It ran as follows —

"MY DEAR SADIE, — I was delighted to get your long letter from Madrid, and to know that your father is so much better. I hope this will reach you all right. I am addressing Poste Restante, Seville — as you advised. Mr. Dobson was very entertained with your account of the Royal Palace and the Royal Stables. Fancy your seeing the poor horse who was injured by the bomb on the wedding day! I had an idea that all the horses were killed outright. How I should enjoy all the wonderful sights! — especially seeing them with you.



Mr. Dobson says that if everything goes on well at the Works we may be able to visit Europe together next Fall. He's as anxious as I am to see Spain, so please take note of the most comfortable hotels and anything else that may strike you. Professor de Castro's three last lectures were very badly attended; people have got tired of him. I hear that he has not been engaged for the lectures next Fall. A high-caste Hindu is taking the course. The subject is to be 'Psychic Force and Yoga Philosophy.' The Hindu has been a great success in Boston. Jenny Walters heard him there, and she says the lectures were so crammed it was very difficult to find a place. He wears ordinary European clothing and a pink striped turban. The other day, while I was waiting for a Brooklyn car, I met Tom Vincent. He asked most particularly after you. The Masons have invited him to join their party at Atlantic City next August. He wanted to know if there was any chance of your being there at the same time.

'You seem to have come across very pleasant people. It would be odd if you married an Englishman after all. But please don't, Sadie. We can't spare you. Remember me very kindly to your father, and, believe me, ever your affectionate friend,

"HANNAH DOBSON."

Sadie read the letter through twice. Then she took up her pen and wrote —

"MY DEAR MRS. DOBSON, — This letter must be short and sweet as I want to catch the mail. Therefore you must 'expect any long descriptions of the Alcazar or Seville Cathedral. The people of Spain are not half as gay as I expected to find them. I imagined them sitting in their patios playing their guitars all day long. We've only heard one guitar since I came, and that was



after dinner the other night when a man dressed up in toreador costume played for an hour and took a collection afterwards, so it wasn't quite like a genuine performance. Yesterday we went over the great Tobacco Factory. Do you remember the lecture we went to, given by that Swedish Professor who said that fresh air was so necessary to everybody? Well, I don't know what he would have said if he could have spent half an hour in the Tobacco Factory. The women are allowed to bring their babies with them, and they sit in a perfectly stifling atmosphere all day long. The funny part is that the babies are as fat and jolly as anything, and seem to get on quite well without fresh air. The Spaniards are dreadful beggars. As we passed through the central room where the women were busy rolling cigarettes, they all called out, 'Cinco cento, cinco cento!' Cinco cento is about equal in value to one cent. 'Cinco cento' is the national cry of Spain. Remember me to Tom Vincent when you see him. Before I left home the Masons asked me to join them at Atlantic City in August. I told them I would, if father kept well. How can you write such nonsense about my marrying an Englishman? Mr. Masterton is very pleasant, but he is merely a passing travelling acquaintance — nothing more. — Ever your loving friend, SADIE."

Sadie read the last sentence three times over. She had denied the fact in black and white and felt easier in her mind. Then she placed the letter in an envelope, sealed it up, and addressed it.

Meanwhile, down in the courtyard, Masterton was still engaged in animated conversation with Miss Hetherington.

At last she said —

"Carrie, if we intend driving to Las Delicias before dinner, we must be making a move."



"One minute, Barbara. Mr. Van Putten is telling me all about the bull-fight he saw in Madrid; it's so exciting. And was your daughter there?"

"She was. At first she didn't much care about it, but when she saw all the excitement in the street she was just as keen as anybody."

Masterton had broken off in the middle of a monologue on Velasquez, and was listening intently.

"Do you approve of women going to bull-fights?" Miss Hetherington asked him.

"Approve! how can you ask me?"

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. To my mind, a woman who sits through a bull-fight unsexes herself."

Masterton dwelt on this remark after the Miss Hetheringtons had left the tea-table. It was true. The bull-ring was no place for a woman. Any woman who went did unsex herself. He agreed with Miss Hetherington. And to think that Sadie had gone and deliberately concealed the fact. Curiosity had evidently led her there, and she had been ashamed to confess as much. He had always looked on Sadie as the embodiment of frankness, and he felt he had been duped. He recalled the evening in Madrid when they had first met. He had explained the photographs to the Rev. Thomas Mills and his wife, and Sadie had stood by and not said a word. Yet that very afternoon she had seen the bull-fight. He was annoyed and indignant. Very likely this American girl had been laughing at him all the while. This thought served to make him all the more bitter. He had been perilously near proposing to Sadie; he was glad he had not done so. For, after all, marriage is a serious affair. A man must be certain of himself, and Masterton was by no means certain of himself.



## CHAPTER XVI

### GOOD-BYE TO SEVILLE

MISS HETHERINGTON and Miss Carrie Hetherington were usually referred to collectively as the two Miss Hetheringtons.

In reality there was only one Miss Hetherington — Miss Carrie being merely a second edition of her sister.

Outwardly they were two averagely good-looking intelligent Englishwomen. Masterton thought them both very agreeable, and he could not understand Sadie's pronounced dislike.

The two Miss Hetheringtons were the daughters of a wealthy banker in the provinces. In their native town they were accustomed to receive much homage. They went out a great deal, they were well educated, and when it suited them they were agreeable, so, naturally, they had had several opportunities of marrying. But they had never cared to settle down permanently because secretly they despised the provinces.

In the Midland town in which they lived most of the families were self-made. Very few possessed a grandfather. The two Miss Hetheringtons despised the men they had been brought up with. They pitied them because they were without culture. Now and again a wife fired with ambition would drag an unwilling husband off to Florence or Rome. But the experiment was not often repeated. Very often the wife (although



she would not admit it) had not enjoyed the tour any more than the husband. And she returned with zest to her shopping and her afternoon calls and her afternoon bridge parties.

Many of the two Miss Hetheringtons' acquaintances (they had no real friends) thought that two ladies so travelled and so well-read were wasted in the provinces — that they ought to adorn London. But Miss Carrie often repeated a remark of her sister's: "One is lost in London among the crowd."

The two Miss Hetheringtons had wintered in Algiers and in Egypt; they knew Italy a good deal better than England; once they had ventured as far as the West Indies. But none of these things avail in London. You must have nearly lost your life while scaling some unpronounceable peak before you are deemed worthy of notice. You must have crossed some unknown tract of land and been given up for dead, and then perhaps, and not till then, you may be asked to read a paper before the Geographical Society. Whereas the two Miss Hetheringtons' travelling experiences, ordinary as they might appear to the mind of the initiated, made a very real impression in their own town.

If any one contemplated a fortnight in Switzerland a hostess would say immediately —

"You must ask the two Miss Hetheringtons all about it — they've been everywhere."

The reputation thus acquired was enjoyed to the full by both ladies. And though they often talked of seeking a more congenial atmosphere, the years slid by and still they remained in the handsome, well-furnished house at the corner of the High Street where they had been born and brought up and where their father and mother had lived, and loved, and died.



With the advent of the two Miss Hetheringtons, Seville suddenly changed as far as Sadie was concerned. The change was connected with that sunny afternoon when she had walked across the courtyard and introduced herself to May. It was a change so subtle and so gradual that no ordinary observer would have noticed it. Phibbs did not. As far as he could see, Masterton still spent a good deal of his time in Sadie's society. True, they did not go on pilgrimages together quite so often. But, seeing that the party now consisted of seven people, that was easily understood. The opportunities for a *tête-à-tête* were naturally fewer.

But if Phibbs did not notice any difference, Sadie did. If she had been asked how she knew there was a difference, she would have been at a loss to explain. She felt there was a change. That was all she could have told anybody.

Formerly Masterton had been active in planning; latterly he had become passive. Sadie saw the distance widen between them day by day. She did not try to bridge the gap. Unlike many women, she did not make the smallest attempt to draw him back again. American independence rebelled against that. And so a certain stiffness, a something that was not quite natural to her, crept into her manner. She was not so attractive as she had been before the arrival of the two Miss Hetheringtons. Her nationality became more pronounced; she seemed to glory in being a free-born American. Her independence of thought and independence of manner made themselves felt, and irritated Masterton more and more.

All the time, had they but known it, each was struggling for freedom, and becoming hot and cross and tired in the struggle. Sadie was certainly not at



her best during the latter part of her stay at Seville. Miss Hetherington told Masterton that, although in some ways she admired American women immensely, she considered them singularly lacking in charm. And Masterton was inclined to agree with her.

Van Putten did not notice the comedy (or the tragedy) that was being enacted before his eyes. Sadie was not one of those people who make their nearest and dearest suffer for their own misfortunes, and so her father had no idea that war had broken out between Great Britain and America. In this case history had not repeated itself. The victory seemed to lie with Great Britain. Great Britain had captured the heart of America and then, having no further use for it, had politely returned the gift. And it was at this juncture of affairs that America read out publicly the Declaration of Independence.

Every one was present. Miss Hetherington was discussing architecture with Masterton; Van Putten was amusing Miss Carrie with a graphic description of the Bowery; Phibbs and Sadie and May were all laughing together as if they had not a care in the world. Suddenly the silence that often attacks a group of people simultaneously fell.

Miss Hetherington was the first to break it.

"Seville is the most enchanting town I have ever stayed in," she said. "Don't you agree with me, Miss Van Putten?"

If she had asked Sadie her opinion a week before, Sadie would have been able to reply with a stricter regard to truth than at that moment. Miss Hetherington turned to Masterton. She was looking really handsome. The heavily jetted net dress she wore suited her admirably; the transparent lace sleeve displayed



to the fullest advantage the statuesque beauty of a perfectly shaped arm.

"I've enjoyed Seville more than ever this last week," she said. "It is such an advantage to go about with some one who really understands architecture."

"Now, don't commence to flatter," said Masterton, who could not help feeling a little pleased all the same.

"I never flatter. I always say exactly what I think. You know that, Mr. Masterton. In France and Italy one can usually pick up a fairly reliable guide. But the Spanish guides are impossible."

"We shall have to say good-bye to Seville soon," said Miss Carrie.

"Where's your next stopping-place?" asked Phibbs.

"Cadiz."

"We're going to Cadiz too," said Masterton. "And are you going on to Cadiz, Mr. Van Putten?" inquired Miss Carrie.

"You must ask my daughter," said Van Putten. "I always leave everything to her."

Miss Carrie turned to Sadie. "You'll come on to Cadiz with all of us, won't you?"

"No," said Sadie very decisively.

"You'll regret it if you don't," said Phibbs. "If there's one place you haven't seen, people pounce on that place and bombard you with questions. You'd much better come on with all of us."

Masterton said nothing. Apparently the conversation did not interest him.

"Well?" said Phibbs, after a little pause. "Have you decided in favour of Cadiz?"

And it was at this moment that America read out the Declaration of Independence.



"No," said Sadie, "I'm afraid we can't alter our plans. We're leaving for Gibraltar by the first train in the morning."

. . . . .  
In travelling no half-hour is more uncomfortable than the half-hour that precedes departure. The foreign hotel proprietor always makes a point of speeding the parting guest. He insists on the omnibus being at the door and the luggage stacked in the hall long before there is any real necessity. The general air of unrest is usually most disturbing to those visitors who do not happen to be leaving, and if they are wise they keep out of the way.

On this occasion the two Miss Hetheringtons and May and Phibbs discreetly kept out of the way. Sadie was standing in the hall waiting for the last piece of luggage to be brought down; Leo, furrowed with anxiety, was giving directions to everybody in turn.

"Always plenty of coming and going in these places," said an English lady to Sadie.

Faithfully obeying her husband's express commands, she had been standing with her hat and jacket on for three-quarters of an hour, and therefore she had had ample time to watch the general movement.

Just then the two Miss Hetheringtons came up, followed by May and Phibbs and (a little way behind) Masterton.

"We've come to see the last of you," said Miss Carrie.

"If only you weren't going," whispered May; "you don't know how I shall miss you."

"Most likely we shall meet again," said Miss Hetherington cheerfully; "one travels in a circle."



Masterton stepped forward and wished Sadie a pleasant journey. Sadie answered the conventionality in the same tone. The hotel porters hoisted the last piece of luggage and were duly tipped by Leo. There was nothing more to wait for.

"Well, good-bye," said Miss Carrie. "I hope we may meet again."

"Good-bye," said Phibbs. "I'm awfully sorry our party is breaking up. I've got your address all right — Hotel Cecil, Waterport Street."

The stout, pleasant proprietor was waiting for an opportunity to speak. He hoped that they had been comfortable and that he would have the great pleasure of seeing them again.

Sadie found herself in the omnibus, nodding and waving her hand to the group at the door.

The English lady who had been ready in such good time took the seat next her and repeated the remark she had previously made.

"There's always plenty of coming and going in these places."

"Yes," said Sadie.

Somehow she had not anticipated that it would be so hard to leave Seville. They were passing the Plaza del Triunfo. Earlier in the day rain had fallen; the drops still hung on the palms and glistened in the sunshine. She leaned her head far out of the window to catch a last glimpse of La Giralda. The bronze female figure on the top of the tower was motionless this morning; there was no wind to turn her. Sadie smiled to herself — a cynical little smile. Why had the weathercock been made in the shape of a woman? Was not a man every bit as changeable as a woman?



## CHAPTER XVII

### GIBRALTAR

It was a week later, and the ferry plying between Algeciras and Gibraltar was about to start. May Viner, hemmed in by a well-dressed crowd, was trying to keep the two Miss Hetheringtons in sight; at her side strode Phibbs, carrying Miss Barbara's dressing-bag. He had insisted on taking it, saying it was much too heavy for her.

"I should like to know what's inside," he said, shifting the bag from one hand to the other. "If I didn't know I should say it was loaded with lead."

"Cut-glass bottles with gold tops are heavy," admitted May, looking admiringly at him.

"And if I wasn't here, you'd have to carry it?"

"Yes. You see, all the jewellery is packed in that bag, so Miss Hetherington is afraid to let a porter have it."

"I'll fetch you a chair," said Phibbs, depositing the bag beside May.

There was a confused sound of many tongues on the steamer, but the dominant note was English. The English seemed naturally to take possession of the boat. They were not aggressive; they were perfectly well-mannered, but the least observant could see he was coming into the English zone. Masterton felt it with a little touch of pride. With a pleased air of pro-

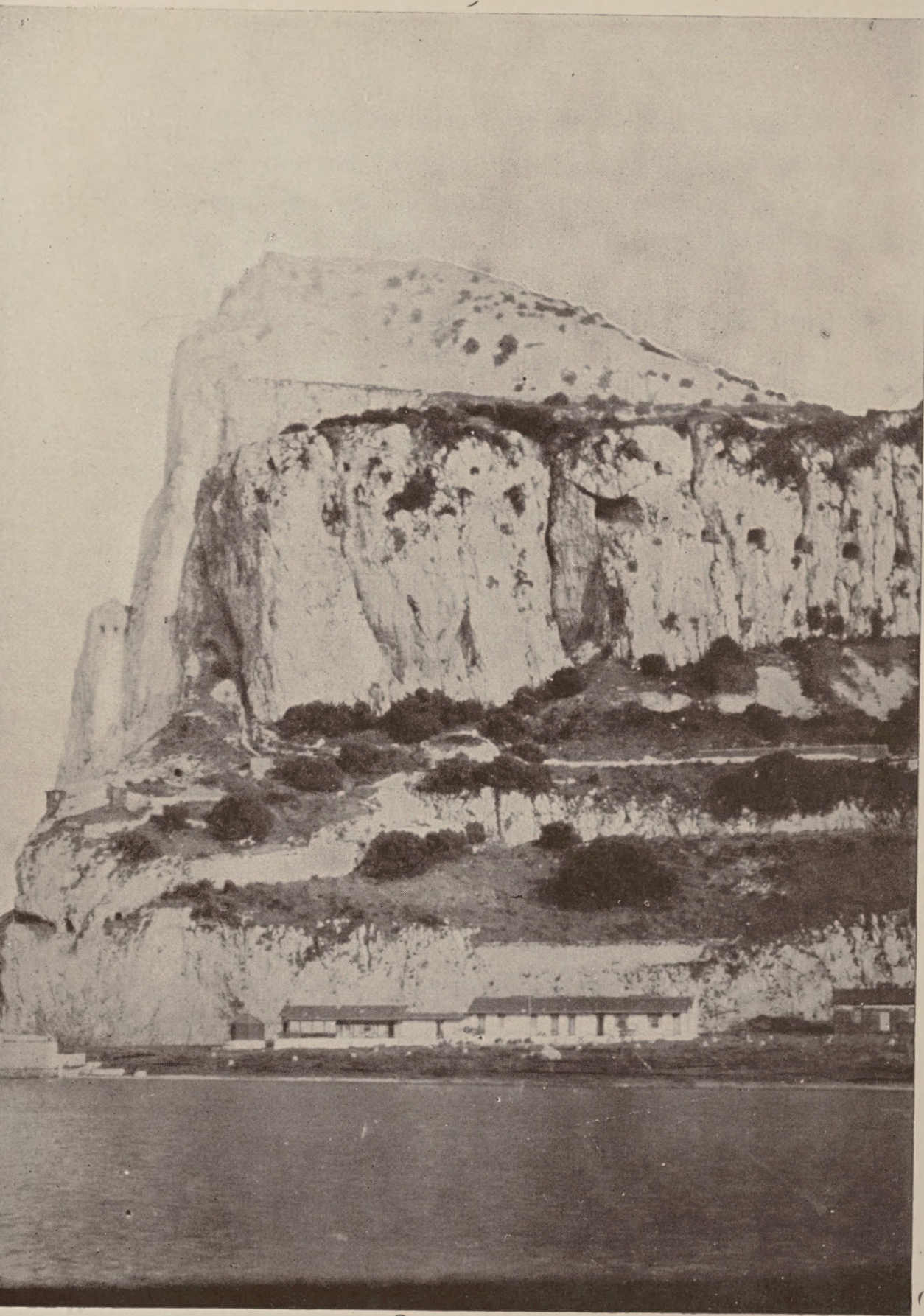


prietorship he surveyed a merry group standing by the paddle-box. Two officers were laughing and talking with three girls, typically fair-skinned and blue-eyed, whose fresh cambric frocks and shady straw hats recalled visions of vicarage tennis-parties. A grey-haired mamma now and again looked up from the *Lady's Pictorial* to join in the conversation. When a stout seafaring man came up and said, "Tickets please, sir," Masterton felt more delighted than ever. A bit of England had been dumped into Spain. The effect was incongruous, but pleasing. He walked up and down, thinking over the events of the past week. He was obliged to admit to himself that he had missed Sadie very much. At first it had been soothing to find himself in such complete accord with Miss Barbara on the subject of architecture, but after a few days his favourite hobby had somehow ceased to interest him. He had missed Sadie terribly. He had missed her odd turns of speech, her inordinate love of anecdote, her quick sense of humour, and her unexpectedness. With her he had never felt dull. She had been like a fresh salt breeze, ruffling his prejudices and quickening him altogether. He dwelt with pleasant anticipation on the coming meeting. Phibbs had received a card from Gibraltar two days before; Sadie had made no mention of leaving. In reply, Phibbs had sent a card saying that after a week in Cadiz they intended crossing to Gibraltar shortly. Masterton himself had posted the card; he had therefore no doubt he would find the Van Puttens at the Hotel Cecil.

The steamer suddenly gave a shrill whistle; they were entering the Bay. Masterton looked upon the rock with an odd thrill of kinship; he was Imperialist through and through. His eye travelled with satisfac-



# GIBRALTAR



THE ROCK







tion from the signal-station to the lighthouse at Europa Point. As they passed through the Old Mole Gate, they were stopped by a Customs officer. But here again Great Britain favoured her children. "British subject? thank you, sir."

Masterton, Phibbs, the two Miss Hetheringtons, and May were passed, while a French family immediately behind was held up. There were no cabs to be seen, so they walked on, each one mentally flying the Union Jack.

Waterport Street was a moving mass of people on business and people on pleasure. It was almost impossible to walk along the crowded, narrow pavement. As there was very little traffic, many preferred to walk in the road.

There is something very friendly and homelike about Waterport Street. The shops are unpretentious. They remind one of the shops in an English seaside town. The red-coated soldiers, the men in khaki, and the Highlanders aid this illusion. Gibraltar is delightfully free and easy on the surface — underneath one feels the strong hand of discipline. As Masterton entered the hall of the Hotel Cecil, he felt pleased with himself and proud of England. He watched the two Miss Hetheringtons and May disappear in the lift, and then marched to the tiny office and asked for the visitors' book. He soon found the names he was looking for, written in Sadie's characteristic handwriting —

JONAS VAN PUTTEN, Esq.

MISS VAN PUTTEN, New York City.

LEO ROSELLI (Courier).

"Mr. Van Putten has been staying here about a week, hasn't he?"



The clerk thought a moment.

"Just a week, sir. Mr. Van Putten and party left this morning."

"Did he leave any address?" asked Masterton, as carelessly as he could.

"He left no address, sir."

"Then you don't know where he's gone?"

"One minute, sir. I'll call George; he went down with the luggage."

Masterton waited impatiently. After a few minutes George appeared; he said the luggage had been booked for Algeciras. Masterton was surprised and disappointed. Apparently he had missed Sadie by a few hours only. While dressing for dinner an unwelcome idea obtruded itself. Was it possible that Sadie had left before his arrival intentionally?

It was eleven o'clock the same evening. The lights in the corridor were out; most of the hotel visitors had gone to bed. In No. 27, however, a bright light was still burning. May, her arms plunged in a basin of hot water, was busy soaping Miss Barbara's doeskin gloves. When she had rinsed them she pinned them on to the long lace curtains by the open French window. Again she dived into the soapy water and brought up Miss Carrie's lace cravat; once more and she secured three tiny embroidered handkerchiefs. That was really all. One more rinsing water and she would have finished. Half-past eleven struck. It was late to be working, but May did not mind; she did not want to remain at home on the morrow. Phibbs had spoken of visiting the Galleries. If the Miss Hetheringtons had their laces freshly starched and ironed, there was no reason why she should not go too. She cleared a space on the round table. Her shabby Bible and her mother's photograph



found a temporary resting-place on the floor; the umbrellas and rugs which had been hastily put down on arriving she deposited in the fireplace. Then she folded a clean towel, ran to the window to satisfy herself that Miss Barbara's doeskin gloves were not drying hard and stiff, and returned to her ironing. Twelve o'clock struck. May had nearly finished now. The various feiminne fripperies were sorted carefully, and as the clock struck one she tumbled into bed very tired, but happy in the thought that there was no reason why she should not visit the Galleries next day.

But next day Miss Hetherington decided otherwise. Before coming down to breakfast she told her sister she was afraid they were taking May out of her proper place.

"She's a lady," said Miss Carrie. "She's been well brought up; she could go anywhere."

"That is so," replied Miss Hetherington. "All the same, I don't think we're wise in throwing her so much into the society of those two young men. You know what silly fancies girls of her age take."

So it was decided that May should not accompany them on the excursion. May, knowing nothing of the disappointment in store, was particularly lively at breakfast. Afterwards Masterton and Phibbs came up to know at what time the two Miss Hetheringtons would be ready to start.

"I'll order the carriage at once," said Phibbs. "It must be a roomy one to take five."

"Only four, I think," said Miss Hetherington. "May is not coming with us."

"Not coming!" said Phibbs. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"We've had so much travelling lately and May has



got a little behindhand. I want her to do one or two things for me this morning."

"Miss Hetherington," whispered May, "I've finished everything — the lace cravats and all."

She spoke so softly that nobody but Miss Hetherington heard what she said.

"We may not be able to get a carriage for five," said Miss Carrie, with a happy inspiration.

"In that case, I won't go," said Masterton. "I'll run across to Algeciras instead."

"Algeciras!" said Phibbs. "Why, we only left yesterday. What on earth do you want to go there for?"

"Nothing particular. Only, it's rather a good morning for a sea-trip."

"But, of course, you want to see the Galleries?"

"Of course I do," replied Masterton, "and, after all, I can run across to Algeciras any time."

"Are you coming, Miss Viner?" asked Phibbs.

May looked from one Miss Hetherington to the other. Her youth and inexperience made her hide her disappointment badly.

"I'm afraid I can't spare May," said Miss Hetherington decisively.

May went upstairs, and from her bedroom window watched the carriage drive off. Then she threw herself down by the table and, leaning her head on the pile of dainty laces, began to cry quietly. After a few seconds she stopped, as suddenly as she had begun, for she realised that her tears were wetting Miss Carrie's lace cravats. They were quite limp and would certainly need ironing again. May took out her wet handkerchief, gave her eyes a final rub with it, and commenced to heat the spirit iron.



The two Miss Hetheringtons talked gaily during the long drive, and both Masterton and Phibbs schooled themselves to appear interested. In reality both men were occupied with their own affairs; but no one would have suspected this from their manner.

Phibbs was disappointed that May was not allowed to be of the party. In consequence, his opinion of the two Miss Hetheringtons went down with a run.

Formerly he had agreed with Masterton that they were sensible, agreeable women. Now he felt inclined to reconsider that verdict. It seemed to him that there had been no call for such an exhibition of petty tyranny. He recalled May's disappointed face when the decision was given — the decision from which there had been no appeal. Poor little thing! How disappointed she had looked!

During the walk through the Galleries Phibbs found himself thinking more and more of the little travelling companion. The soldier-guide's explanation of the defences of the Empire fell on inattentive ears.

And Masterton was in even worse plight. His conscious mind discussed universal military service with Miss Hetherington; his conscious mind insisted on relieving Miss Carrie of her grey alpaca dust-cloak. And all the while his sub-conscious mind was filled with thoughts of Sadie; all the while his sub-conscious mind was telling him that after lunch he would take the first boat to Algeciras, and he would go straight to the principal hotel, and he would find Sadie, and he would tell her what a dull week he had gone through without her.

He suddenly became alive to the fact that Miss Hetherington was speaking to him.



"We've seen as much as they'll show us. Hasn't it been interesting?"

"Exceedingly interesting," replied Masterton, prompted by his conscious mind. "I've enjoyed the Galleries immensely."

"So have I!" echoed Miss Hetherington. "Immensely!" And then she turned to him with a little air of mystery. "Mr. Masterton," she said, "I've something I want to say to you."

For a second Masterton had the awful feeling that his secret was about to be dragged out of its hiding-place. Perhaps his conscious mind had not been sufficiently on the alert. Perhaps he had said something stupid — done something stupid. In a state of acute nervous suspense he waited.

"I hope you won't be cross with me."

"I don't think that's very likely, Miss Hetherington."

"You know in these little matters women often have an extraordinary intuition."

When Masterton heard these words he determined there and then on a policy of boldness. He would deny that Sadie had ever been anything more to him than the merest passing acquaintance. He refused to make a confidant of Miss Hetherington. Why should he?

Masterton was a self-contained man. For the shallow person who babbles out his private affairs to the first stranger he chances to meet he always felt nothing but contempt. Miss Hetherington might pump him as much as she pleased. He was resolved that she should draw nothing out of him.

"At first I thought I would say nothing about it. Don't you think it's often the wisest plan to say nothing?"



"I do," replied Masterton, hoping by the fervour of his tones to check further speech.

"I thought so at first; but this morning finally decided me."

Masterton's mind ran rapidly over the events of the morning; he could not remember Sadie's name having been mentioned. More and more puzzled, he waited anxiously.

"May is only a child! And, of course, I feel more or less responsible for her."

Full of relief that Phibbs' affairs and not his own were to be discussed, Masterton bent forward and prepared to listen and give his advice.

"Girls of her age are so foolish," said Miss Hetherington, with a serene air of wisdom.

"That is so," replied Masterton.

"They magnify the most trifling attention. I'm sure you understand, don't you, why I thought it better that May should remain at home this morning?"

"Perhaps you are right. I never looked at it in that light before."

"Of course, May was disappointed. But then life is full of disappointments; isn't it, Mr. Masterton?"

Just then they were interrupted by Phibbs, who, unaware that he was the topic of conversation, came up and asked for Miss Carrie's dust-cloak.

When the cloak had been given up and Phibbs was once more out of earshot, Miss Hetherington said —

"I like Mr. Phibbs immensely; he's so breezy. Have you known him long?"

"Ever since our schooldays."

"Perhaps, if you get an opportunity, you wouldn't mind mentioning the little matter we were talking about just now."



Masterton felt uncertain how his friend would put up with interference and said so.

"But if you're such friends," argued Miss Hetherington.

"We are friends, but I don't know that friendship justifies interference. You see, Phibbs has hardly mentioned Miss Viner's name to me. Still, I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you so much. Then you don't think that Mr. Phibbs is serious?"

"He's probably never given the matter a thought. As far as I know, Phibbs is not a marrying man."

After lunch, without saying anything to Phibbs, Masterton slipped away quietly. In the hall he encountered Miss Hetherington. She was reading. He passed by quickly, hoping she had not noticed him.

"Mr. Masterton!"

He stopped.

"Oh, is that you, Miss Hetherington?"

Turning, he went back. Not for the world would he have had Miss Hetherington guess where he was going. After all, the boats to Algeciras were very frequent. There was no need to catch the first one. Miss Hetherington indicated an empty basket-chair. He thanked her and sat down.

"Have you made any plans for this afternoon?"

"Phibbs said something about walking to the lighthouse."

Masterton hoped by saying this to avoid further questions. He was rewarded by Miss Hetherington immediately falling in with the plan.

"We can have tea first then; the lighthouse isn't very far."

Masterton decided that, as he had missed the first



boat, he might as well make himself agreeable until it was time for the next one.

Unfortunately, however, Miss Hetherington, feeling he was not quite in his usual mood, searched diligently for a subject that would interest him. Like a well-meaning person who is trying to tempt the appetite of an invalid with some special dainty, she sought to tickle the intellectual palate of Masterton with a succulent morsel. And she decided in favour of Byzantine Art.

Many people think that a bore is a person who talks badly about a subject in which his listener is not interested. But this is a very narrow definition. A person is a bore when you do not want him or her at a given moment. You may be intensely interested in the subject under discussion — it may even be your pet subject — your intellectual Benjamin. That is not the point. The point is that you are not interested at a given moment.

For instance, try and imagine a veteran General deep in conversation with a young Lieutenant. The Lieutenant is fully aware of the honour paid him. He is keen on his profession; he knows the General's reminiscences are well worth listening to. But the distant strains of a military band tell him he is missing a delightful waltz with a favourite partner, and he unhesitatingly places the General in the category of bores.

This was so with Masterton at the present moment. In the ordinary way he considered Miss Hetherington a capital talker. She knew more about architecture than any woman he had ever met. She had even told him one or two things he did not know himself. And he had more than dipped into the subject. Byzantine Art had a peculiar attraction for him; but he had



already lost one boat and was likely to lose the next, and therefore (most unfairly) he decided that Miss Hetherington was a bore.

At last there was a pause; Masterton got up.

"I think I'll just stroll down to the harbour," he said.

Miss Hetherington was essentially a woman of the world. She never detained a man against his will. Therefore, when Masterton signalled that the conversation was to stop, she replied to the signal at once.

"You men always find ships and harbours fascinating, don't you? I mustn't waste any more time either; I've half a dozen letters to write."

Masterton hurried down to the harbour; the Algeciras steamer was lying alongside the pier. As he drew near he saw the men preparing to cast off. He ran as hard as he could and had the satisfaction of catching the ferry by the fraction of a second. When he had recovered his breath, he sat down near the paddle-box and mapped out the afternoon. If he were fortunate enough to find Sadie, there would not be much difficulty in passing the time. It was barely a week since he had last seen her, but it was astonishing what a number of things he wanted to tell her. If Sadie was out, he would amuse himself in Algeciras and return to the hotel later. In that case, he decided to dine with the Van Puttens and catch the last boat back.

He walked up the steps of the hotel and into the entrance hall, which was empty. There were no uniformed porters about to interrogate — not even a lift boy. He selected the most comfortable rocking-chair with the satisfied air of one who has reached the end of the journey. No one came to him. At last he went to the bureau, and, finding that empty also, returned to the hall. After another five minutes had passed, he



returned once more to the bureau; a good-looking Swiss confronted him.

“You require rooms, sir?”

“No, thanks. I just called to inquire about a friend of mine — a Mr. Van Putten. He’s staying here, I believe.”

“Van Putten—Van Putten,” echoed the Swiss, turning the leaves of the visitor’s book. “Ah yes! Van Putten — here it is!”

“Are they in?”

“No, sir. They are out.”

“Of course, I hardly expected to find them in such a beautiful afternoon. Will you tell Mr. Van Putten when he comes in that Mr. Masterton has called?”

“Very good, sir.”

“And will you also tell him that I’ll look back about dinner-time, if I can manage it?”

Masterton killed time for the next three hours. There was just a chance that he would come across Van Putten and his daughter in the town, but he saw nothing of them. At four o’clock he whiled away half an hour over a cup of tea, and afterwards he wandered down to the quay and watched the boats coming in and going out.

At a quarter past six he decided that it would not be too soon to return to the hotel. By this time the entrance hall was crowded. The train from Seville had just arrived. Porters in green baize aprons were rushing hither and thither with kit-bags and hold-alls. The new arrivals were standing about in the dejected attitude peculiar to new arrivals. They were all a little dusty and a little cross; not a few of them were of the opinion that the pleasure of travel is overrated. Masterton withdrew to the quietest corner he could find and waited patiently.



Gradually the hall became clearer. The heavier luggage disappeared; only the travelling rugs and umbrellas and cameras remained. The lift, containing the last weary passenger, started on its last journey. Masterton felt that now it was possible for him to secure a little attention. Once more he sought the bureau.

The handsome Swiss was not there; a somewhat older man was busy sorting letters. Masterton tapped against the wood of the desk to attract his attention.

"Has Mr. Van Putten come in yet?"

The mail had just arrived. The man, who was carefully arranging the letters in alphabetical order, paused with his forefinger on a pile beginning with "J." Then, with a flash of recollection, he said —

"Are you the gentleman who came when I was out? Oh yes! I remember! You saw Fritz!"

Masterton began to get impatient. It did not seem to him of vital importance if he had seen Fritz, or Jean, or Baptiste, or Carlo. This man laid such stress on the fact that he had seen Fritz.

"Did Fritz give Mr. Van Putten my message?"

"Oh no! that was not possible."

"He promised to do so," said Masterton, getting angry.

"Fritz did not understand — he made a mistake — Mr. Van Putten is not staying here —"

"Not staying here?"

"He stay for one night only. He left this morning."

"Do you know where he's gone?"

"No, sir; he left no address. I asked him if I should forward his letters, but he told me he was not expecting any."

"When is there a boat back to Gibraltar?"

"Not until eight o'clock, sir."



Masterton turned away, feeling the afternoon had been most unprofitable. The eight-o'clock boat would get him in too late for dinner. There was nothing to be done but to stay and dine by himself.

He caught the nine-o'clock boat; very few people were crossing by it. He lighted a cigarette and walked up and down, counting his probable chances of meeting Sadie again. If only he knew where he would be most likely to find her! He remembered her saying one day that she would rather like to see Ronda. He wondered if it would be worth while going there on chance.

He could not help feeling aggrieved. Like many theorists, he was a man who invariably sighed for what was just out of his reach. The Sadie who had vanished without leaving a trace behind her seemed to him a more desirable Sadie than the frank, independent travelling companion who had been so ready to enjoy his society. He left the boat and walked dejectedly up Waterport Street. In the hotel lounge he found Phibbs, and he greeted him with forced gaiety, feeling ridiculously self-conscious all the time.

"Hello!" said Phibbs, "we wondered what had become of you."

"I've been over to Algeciras."

"Anything much to see there?"

"It isn't a bad little place. I should have been back before, but I missed the seven-o'clock boat."

Masterton took up a four-days-old *Telegraph* and tried to appear interested in it. Then it struck him that now would be a most opportune moment to speak to Phibbs on the subject Miss Hetherington had mentioned that morning.

Phibbs listened very quietly, and said nothing.

"Of course," wound up Masterton, "women are very



silly over such things. I told her that most probably you'd never given the matter a thought. I gave her to understand that you were not a marrying man."

A fatuous smile crossed Phibbs' good-tempered face.

"Well, what's the joke?" asked Masterton. "What are you laughing at?"

"Why, at what you've just said. I asked May Viner to marry me half an hour ago."

The time in Gibraltar passed very pleasantly for everybody except Masterton. He was the only one who was anxious to leave. They were going on to Granada; there was just a chance that at Granada he would find Sadie. Had it not been for the fear of missing the Van Puttens altogether, he would have settled down to enjoy himself.

The town is such a delightful mixture of English and Spanish, and Moorish, and Jewish. There is something incongruous in meeting a white-robed Moor one minute and a kilted Highlander the next. And such good feeling always seems to prevail everywhere; the casual visitor can see that the varying elements blend in a most harmonious whole.

The little party found plenty to do in the town. There were not many walks. They usually ended by going either to the Alameda or the lighthouse at Europa Point.

But there is the harbour with the ships continually going out and coming in. And for the people who want more amusement there are the Operas at the Theatre Royal and the Dramas at the Assembly Rooms. The two Miss Hetheringtons and May and Phibbs were enjoying themselves thoroughly, and were a little surprised to find that Masterton was



not equally enthusiastic. He was feeling strangely depressed. As often as not, he refused to accompany the others on their little excursions. One afternoon when they had all gone to the Alameda to hear the band play, he came out of the entrance of the Hotel Cecil wondering what on earth he should do with himself until dinner-time.

In spite of French and German and Spanish shops, in spite of graceful Moors who float about like so many white-winged birds, Waterport Street remains the most typically English street in existence.

What a contrast to some of the Spanish towns he had passed through! He thought of Toledo with its Oriental maze of main street; he recalled Seville swarming with beggars; he dwelt on Burgos, grim and cheerless, with its characteristic groups of loafers (swathed in blankets) which are to be met with at every street-corner. Here, life was in full swing, but it was orderly life — life under the sanction and control of the British Government. No other country in the world leaves its mark quite so distinctly as Great Britain — Masterton felt proud that this was so.

Up the street came the faint sounds of Chopin's "Funeral March."

What an odd thing for the band to play, he thought; and then he understood, for the knots of idlers in the roadway began to back on to the narrow pavement. Masterton followed suit and waited — hemmed in by a group of Tommies.

"It's 'ard luck being bowled over at twenty-three," said one.

"Gime for anything," eulogised another.

"Did I ever tell you what 'appened the day afore 'e took ill ——"



"Shut up!" said the first man; "can't you see 'e's coming."

The music, which before had merely tickled the ear now hammered out the solemn, haunting melody. In silence the gun-carriage passed on its way. Here, in English Gibraltar, the ugly national custom of remaining covered in the presence of death did not prevail. Every hat was lifted and every Tommy raised his hand in salute.

"Poor 'ole Bill," said one of his comrades. "Wot are you larfin' at?" he went on savagely to his companion. "Of course, it may be very funny, but blowed if I can see the joke."

Thus rebuked, the offender tried to regulate his countenance, the result being a most comical contortion.

"'Twas the sight of Pi Prim set me off," he said, in defence. "You remember the joke 'ole Bill played on him. Lord, 'ow I larfed that day!"

A grin again overspread his countenance, but this time his companion detected the break in his voice and did not rebuke him.

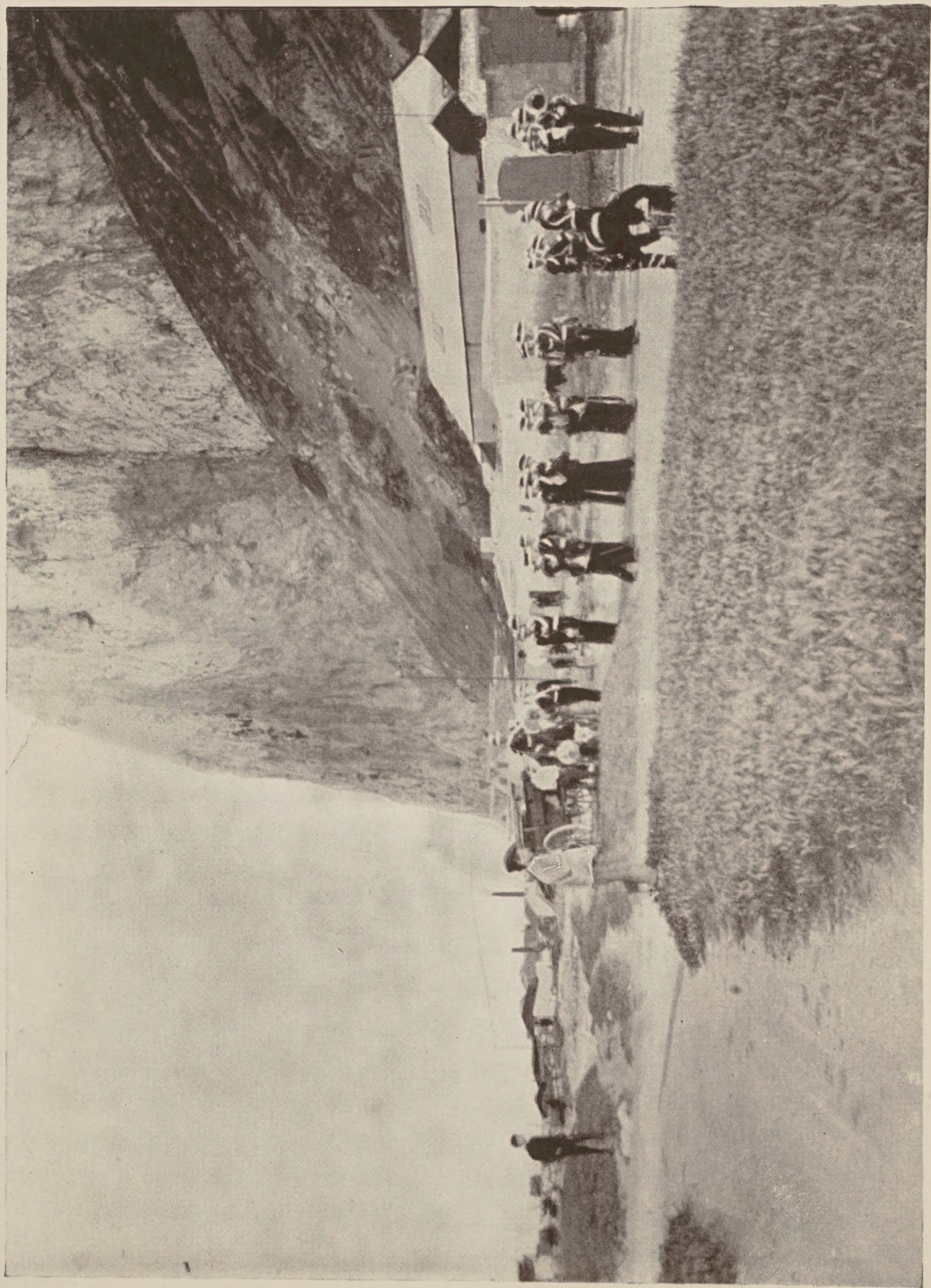
Hardly knowing why he did it, Masterton followed the procession until he came under the shadow of the Rock. He watched the long red line curve round it, but he himself went no farther. Not being one of the dead soldier's comrades, he did not want to intrude. But an indefinable sense of common kinship held him. The place where he was standing might have been English meadow land. Two or three cows were grazing quietly, and some children on a see-saw were laughing and shouting with shrill voices. And in the distance across the green fields a patch of scarlet marked the open grave. Masterton was not a religious man; he never went to church if he could possibly avoid it.







# GIBRALTAR



A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL



Yet almost unconsciously he found himself repeating the sublime words of the burial service: "We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection . . ."

The sense of almost personal injury which had struck him on hearing the dead man had been robbed of his three score years and ten left him. He glanced up at the Rock. How many generations of men had fought and died in the struggle to possess it! What, after all, were a few years more or a few years less?

Boom! boom! boom!

He started as the three volleys rent the air. The big scarlet patch was crumbling into several smaller patches. The soldiers were re-forming into line. Another minute and the word of command was shouted: "Attention — Stand at ease! Quick march!"



## CHAPTER XVIII

### TANGIER

A BLUE sea, and in the distance Tangier steeped in sunshine; and dazzling in its white purity. Near the paddle-box of a small steamer Van Putten and Sadie were standing. They were watching with keen interest the ineffectual struggles of a rowing boat. Tossed hither and thither, the small craft was approaching the steamer with great difficulty. At one moment she was carried forward on the crest of a huge wave, only to be driven back the next. The rowers kept steadily to their task, and at last the boat glided into the calm water lapping the lee-side of the vessel. Immediately a terrific clamour began. Every man started up and commenced bargaining, while Sadie looked on, amused at the commotion. There was something incongruous in these dignified Moors shrieking their demands in such public fashion. She did not understand a word; it was no use appealing to Leo, so she turned to Shahib. Decidedly, Shahib was an imposing figure. His face was handsome; his eyes could be soulful or saucy as occasion required, and his spotless white burnous and red fez set off his dark beauty. He was a recent acquisition, having been engaged by Leo as guide the previous day. As mark of his high office Shahib brandished a stick, which served many purposes. With it he could prod a refractory donkey or point out the



beauties of the Kashbah; he could clear a path through the Great Socco or lean on his staff when he was weary. Shahib and his staff were inseparable, and familiar to every brown baby in Tangier.

Amidst an indescribable din the Moor stood unmoved — a king among his subjects.

“Aw this delay is awful rot,” he drawled, “but it can’t be helped.”

Shahib was very fond of using slang; he had acquired the art some years before when in service with an English officer at Gibraltar.

At last the bargaining was completed and Shahib issued his commands.

“Aw . . . put your arm round the fellah’s neck . . .” he called out to Sadie, who was standing at the foot of the companion ladder.

She did as she was told, and the next moment was deposited safely in the lurching boat. Van Putten followed — then Leo. More squabbling — a dignified protest from Shahib — a flashing of brown arms, and the heavy oars swung forward in unison.

“Tangier looks beautiful,” said Sadie, as they neared the rough landing-stage.

“Yes,” replied Van Putten, “but it somehow puts me in mind of the Biblical outside of the platter. These folks don’t trouble about keeping the inside of the platter clean.”

“The view is very fine,” said Shahib.

“I don’t deny the view’s fine, but the place is re-markably dirty.”

“Yes,” replied Shahib, “in Tangier it is better to ride than to walk. I have ordered donkeys — they are heah.”

They mounted. Shahib sat his donkey proudly, his



spotless burnous almost sweeping the ground, his staff held in a slanting position in readiness to cut a way before him.

The procession started; the hoofs of the donkey clattered along the rough, narrow street. Such a screaming and chattering and mingling of many smells, many sounds, and many tongues! Sadie felt confused — deafened. Once their progress was barred. Two opposing donkeys had collided. One was laden with water-pots — the other with bricks. The man with the bricks tried to pass the right side — the man with the water-pots decided to take the left. Neither would budge. It would be beneath the dignity of either to change his course. The man with the water-pots hit the donkey with the bricks; the man with the bricks hit the donkey with the water-pots. Shahib, with his seeing eye, took in the situation. He lifted his staff and belaboured both donkeys indiscriminately. The men, bowing at once to authority, allowed him to pass on. At last they saw the hotel. Far removed from the noisy street, it lay back from the road, white and cool, with a plot of green turf stretching down to the edge of the blue water.

After the clamour outside, the hotel seemed strangely quiet. The large room on the ground floor was half shuttered because of the strong light; the table was laid for lunch. With a little gasp of relief, Sadie sank into a chair.

“I had a sort of idea that New York City was noisy,” she said, “but it’s silent compared with Tangier.”

Two Arab servants with bare feet glided noiselessly over the polished floor. Sadie watched them lazily. Already the subtle Eastern magic had begun to work in



# TANGIER



LANDING AT TANGIER



THE HOTEL CECIL







her veins. People who winter year after year in Egypt would probably have laughed at her enthusiasm. The sight of a burnous no longer throws them into an ecstasy; and they do not see in every veiled woman a beauty of the harem. But Tangier was Sadie's first peep into Eastern life. She was glad to be so entirely taken out of herself, for one impression often casts out another. She wanted to forget that month in Seville; she had left Gibraltar as soon as she heard that Masterton intended joining them there. He had shown plainly he did not care for her. She, in her turn, must not attempt to delude herself. Sadie did not consciously follow the Christian Scientist's dictum. But unconsciously, because the brain is so important a part in the organism of every American woman, she kept her mind occupied. As if in sympathy with her thoughts, Van Putten looked up suddenly and said —

"We're having a 'bully' time, aren't we, Sadie?"

"We are," said Sadie.

"I'm not sorry we're alone again. One feels free somehow. I'm not saying anything against those young men — I liked them extremely. But to my mind the average Englishman spoils himself by wearing a fourteen-and-a-half-inch collar with a fifteen-inch neck. The collar digs into him horribly, but your true Briton won't take it off. And why? Be-cause it happens to be the correct wear."

From outside came the sound of sparring; Shahib was arranging with the donkey-men for the afternoon's excursion. Judging from the angry voices, it was difficult to settle matters amicably. At last he came in calm and dignified. His black eyes had the far-away soulful look that might have been expected from a study of the Koran.



"I'm afraid I've been rather long," he began, "but these aw — beggars need careful management."

They went out. The donkeys were ranged in a line; leaning against the white wall were the donkey-men in coffee-brown caftans. When the Van Puttens appeared, squabbling began afresh. But Shahib silenced everybody by pointing to the animals he had been pleased to select.

The procession started. Shahib led the way on his white donkey. Sadie followed, then Van Putten and Leo. In the full blaze of the afternoon sun they descended into the town. There was not a breath of air. The breeze, which had been blowing earlier in the day, had suddenly died down. The somnolent air had the heavy leathery smell of the East — a characteristic smell which is like the distilled essence of millions of morocco slippers.

Apparently the inhabitants of Tangier did not take a siesta; the Great Socco was thronged. In the middle Shahib pulled up with the air of a showman commencing an exhibition. He always stopped at this particular point to watch the effect produced. Experience had taught him that the Anglo-Saxon is chary of expression. Sometimes he conducted parties of French tourists, and their exclamations always filled him with delight. He planned his excursions carefully with an Oriental eye to dramatic effect. When the audience was unresponsive his mobile face darkened with displeasure. He glanced at Sadie. She was looking about her with eyes quick to seize every impression. Shahib was satisfied.

He began to point out the various groups. Did they see the women in the corner shrouded in white? They were the divorced women and were penalised in a droll fashion. It was their business to bake bread for the



## TANGIER



SHAHIB ON HIS WHITE DONKEY



A STREET IN TANGIER







city. "Do your divorced women bake bread?" asked Shahib. The Moor never lost an opportunity of asking questions. He was always anxious to study the methods of other countries.

Van Putten raised his eyebrows and a smile slanted the length of his face.

"My dear sir," he said, "if all the divorced women in the States were employed making bread, I guess the supply would exceed the demand."

At that moment a young girl came up and asked for money. Full of grace, she peeped from the shelter of her veil. For a second there was a glimpse of flashing tawny eyes — for a second only. Then, as if ashamed, she drew the folds more closely about her and, mysterious being that she was, floated away. Sadie was fascinated with this busy life of buying and selling. It brought back to her mind the favourite game of her childhood — playing at shops. In many cases the stock in trade was equally small — a pyramid of moist dates, a dozen oranges, a few pairs of bright yellow slippers. And for such trifles these noisy children battered and squabbled and lived and died.

"To-morrow is Mahomet's birthday," said Shahib. "Do you see those boys leading that young bullock? They are taking it to the Mosque to be sacrificed."

Sadie caught a glimpse of a white minaret in the distance, and felt reproved. Even this rabble recognised something beyond. To-morrow they were going to sacrifice to Mahomet.

Shahib's big white donkey halted; the other animals followed suit. This part of the Great Socco was quieter. The faint discordant tootling of bagpipes could be distinguished.

The player was sitting cross-legged on the ground;



for the moment his lithe brown body was in repose. Beside him were several bulging bags. Sadie had a horror of reptiles; she knew those bulging bags contained snakes, which by and by would coil and uncoil themselves round the brown body of the cross-legged man. She longed to turn away. But Shahib was watching her, so she composed herself to look, saying she had never seen an exhibition of the kind before.

The bagpipes went on playing, but apparently the snakes were not attracted by the musician's plaintive notes. At last there was a movement from one of the bulging bags. Through the tiny aperture a snake cautiously protruded his head, and then, slowly, deliberately fastened himself on to the body of the cross-legged man. Sinuously the reptile curled and uncurled, spiralling the flashing brown arm of the performer, serpentining about his neck. There he hung motionless — head downwards.

"Aw — don't you think it's a clevah performance?" asked Shahib.

There was a pause. The snake charmer struck an attitude. Act I. was over. More bagpipes — the music this time of a somewhat wilder description.

"Watch carefully," said Shahib; "in a minute you will see the snake bite the man."

The reptile's movements became a shade quicker — the hideous music was having an awakening effect. The snake was being goaded into activity; the cross-legged man sat expectant. There was a sudden flash of red gum and white teeth. Then, full of pride, he displayed his tongue bitten through. Act II. was over. Act III. was more rapid. The piping ceased suddenly. The snake charmer hastily tumbled the snakes into the bag while the musician began to collect money.





THE GREAT SOCCO



THE SNAKE CHARMER







"Very interesting," said Van Putten to Shahib. "And what do you propose to show us next?"

Shahib thought that perhaps they might like to listen to the Story-tellers. A tall, grey-haired man was busy declaiming. Judging by the interested faces of his hearers, he was apt at his art. The Story-teller's expression varied every instant. First he was indignant, then calm, then persuasive. And the audience waited eagerly for every word. On their faces was the intent look often seen on the faces of children when a grown-up is telling a favourite tale—the look that says plainly, "Don't stop; do go on."

"If I could only understand what he's talking about!" exclaimed Sadie regretfully.

"I suppose," said Shahib, "that you also have Story-tellers in your country?"

"We have," said Van Putten, "but I like your system best."

"It's certainly picturesque," said Sadie, fixing her eyes on the eager group.

"Picturesque and cheap," answered Van Putten; "a saving of time and money. No publishers—no combines—no Times Book Clubs. America might very well import the idea."

They left the Great Socco and passed into the overcrowded Jewish quarter. The heat was stifling; the donkeys ambled leisurely. Shahib stopped in front of a dark uninviting house. A nondescript crowd was gathered outside; on the ground squatted three tattered musicians playing a dismal air on the bagpipes.

"Evidently this is a very favourite form of music with you," said Van Putten.

"Aw — yrs," replied Shahib, "especially on days of rejoicing. This is a wedding party."



Van Putten gave a glance at the gloomy shuttered house.

"If you hadn't informed me I should have said there was a funeral pro-ceeding. In fact, I've seen many funerals with more go about them. Can we see the bride and bridegroom? Are they on view?"

"Not until to-morrow," replied Shahib. "The musicians are serenading the bride. It's the custom here — aw — a curious custom. They will keep on playing all through the night."

"I'm glad I'm not going to get married," said Van Putten, in heartfelt tones, as he followed Shahib's white donkey. They were leaving the crowded town and were making straight for the Marshan. As they climbed the air blew across from the sea. The breeze was refreshing after the stuffiness of the town below. For some time they continued along the cliff side, then Shahib branched off abruptly to the left. They found themselves in a narrow lane with a thick hedge of cactus and pink geranium on either side.

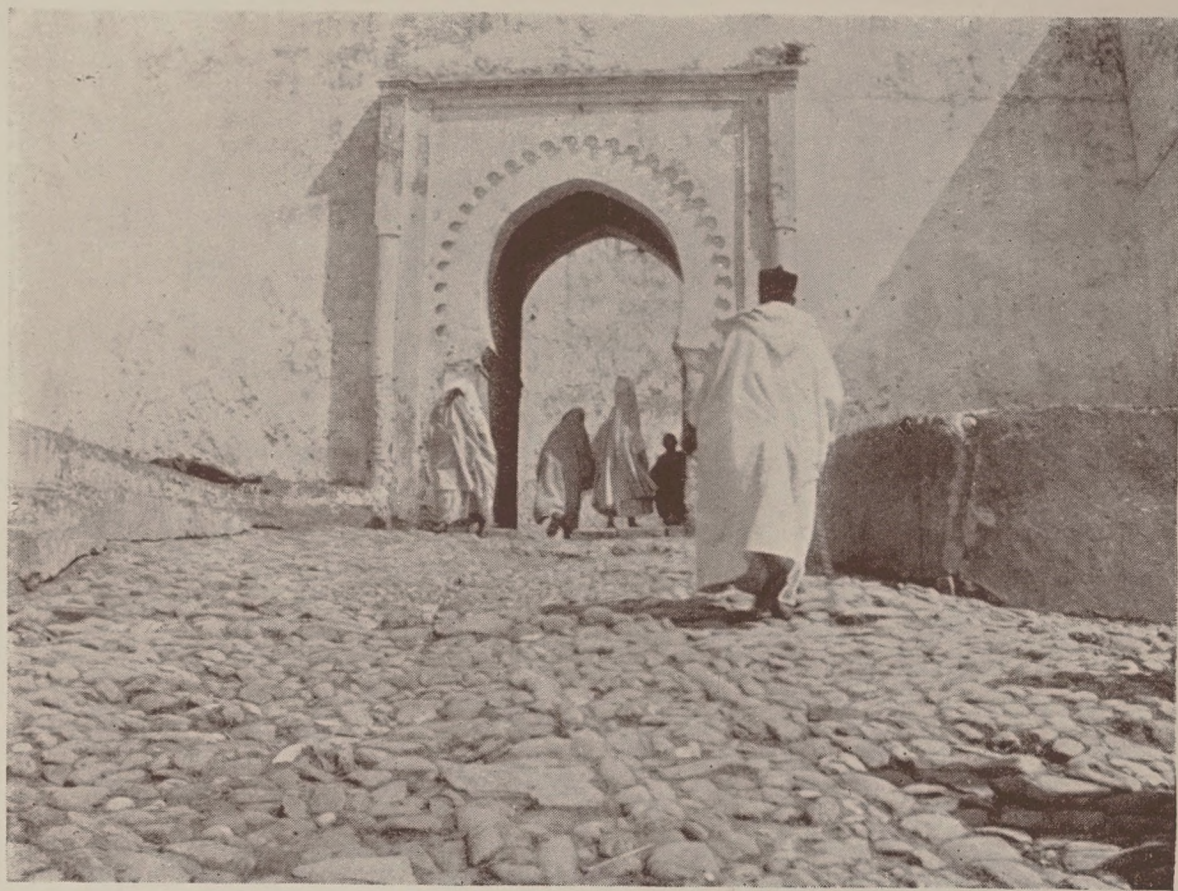
They were nearing a Berber village. Some children bound for one of the mud-huts walked alongside the donkeys, their black eyes fixed on the strangers. Sadie's donkey-man seized one toddler and hoisted him on to his shoulder. The brat sat there, his little brown legs dangling, his tiny head shaven and shorn in monkish fashion. Sadie wanted to remark on the imp's odd appearance, but, not knowing a word of Arabic, was obliged to be silent.

The man, interpreting her thoughts, smiled, showing his beautiful white teeth.

"Baby Moor! yes, missy," he said. The Baby Moor was deposited at the first of the mud-huts and the way was continued — a way that led circuitously back to the Great Socco.



## TANGIER



TOWARDS THE MARSHAN



A BERBER HUT







There is a pause in the general activity — a hint of approaching evening. The cries are less raucous, the vendors less quarrelsome, the atmosphere less hard. Here the waning sun lights a saffron-coloured slipper, there it deepens the brown of a burnous. Half in half out of shadow stand a string of camels from Fez, laden with dates. A vaporous golden haze hangs over the Socco. Tangier, like an Eastern woman, is veiling herself.

On the way back to the hotel Shahib stopped to speak to a Moor who was handsomely dressed in a red suit embroidered with gold.

"Ali Khassan!" said Shahib, introducing him.

Ali Khassan, who was holding by the hand a little girl of about ten years of age, salaamed gravely.

"This gentleman and his daughter come from America," said Shahib; "I have been showing them Tangier."

"And have you been pleased?" said Ali Khassan politely.

"De-lighted," replied Van Putten. "Of course, our country is so up-to-date that much that goes on here strikes us as very cu-rious."

Ali Khassan's little girl interested Sadie. Her childish face was so appealing; her attitude charmingly graceful and clinging. Some one else was interested in Ali Khassan's little girl. Shahib's bold eyes never moved from the pale, innocent face.

After a few minutes Ali Khassan salaamed again, more profoundly than before, and continued his walk, his little girl clinging to him as if for protection.

"Aw — pretty little girl, isn't she?" said Shahib jauntily; "her father is very proud of her."

"How is it she is not veiled?" inquired Sadie.



"Aw — that will be latah — next year perhaps. If in three or four years' time I desire to marry Suleika ——"

"You marry Suleika!" exclaimed Sadie. "But she's only a child — a baby."

"She will grow older," said Shahib. "For the sake of argument, say that I wish to marry Suleika. I have not seen her face for two years, but I remembah that she is very pretty. I go to her father — it is all arranged. I am very good friends with Ali Khassan; sometimes I lend him money."

A sudden loathing of the Oriental took possession of Sadie. This traffic in human life shocked her American sense of freedom. Poor little Suleika! poor, helpless lamb powerless between two wolves. The trifling incident made her understand better than a volume of argument the position of the woman in the East.

With the setting sun had come a chilliness in the air. When they reached the hotel Sadie went into the drawing-room, where she was glad to find a wood fire burning. A lady was sitting there knitting.

"Do come near the fire and get warm," said she; "the nights are very chilly just now."

Sadie knelt down on the hearth-rug. The room was plainly furnished, but the crackling fire and the motherly lady gave a delightful touch of homeliness.

"I think I saw you arrive. Are you making a long stay?"

"Only a few days," replied Sadie. "And you?"

"One — two — three — four," said the lady, counting her stitches aloud. "I live here; my boy is at the German Bank; there are only the two of us and I couldn't bear to be parted from him, so I sold my house and came out to him." She spoke as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a middle-aged



## TANGIER



TANGIER IN THE DISTANCE



CAMELS FROM FEZ







woman to be uprooted. "Five — six — seven — eight." The ball of grey yarn rolled on to the ground.

"And do you like Tangier?" asked Sadie, as she picked it up.

"Nine — ten — eleven — twelve. I don't know much of Tangier; I scarcely ever go into the town."

"But the town is so interesting; we've been in the Socco all the afternoon."

"One — two — three — four. Yes, strangers are always amused with the Socco. But I never go there if I can help it; I prefer to keep away from the noise."

"Do you have many visitors here?" inquired Sadie.

"Sometimes the hotel is very full and then, again, it remains empty for weeks."

Sadie would like to have asked if the days were not very long. Evidently the lady was not fond of studying Oriental life. What did she find to do?

"Isn't it dull for you away from all your friends?"

"Oh no! I keep myself busy. I have a large correspondence, and then I do a good deal of work for the deep-sea fishermen."

"Are these for the deep-sea fishermen?" asked Sadie, fingering the shapeless mass of knitting.

"Yes; these are gauntlets. They keep the cold out beautifully."

"And you're never dull?" Sadie asked the question doubtfully. To an American the life did not sound exhilarating.

"Dull! Oh no! You see, I have my son."

The son came into the room at that moment.

"Well, mater," he said breezily, "busy as usual?"

The mother smiled at him tenderly. He invariably made the same remark; she invariably smiled the same acknowledgment. It was as much a part of her daily



life as saying her prayers morning and evening. But to Sadie the smile was a revelation. She had long recognised the gulf dividing the English woman from the American. Many people thought that the American had better brains. Sadie did not think so. She used her brains more, perhaps; but in so doing she often starved her heart. She recalled Professor de Castro's last lecture and his dictum that the American woman has millions of theories, but no ideal. Was it true? She thought of her own married friends, who were proud of their children and who denied them nothing. Then she looked at the mother placidly knitting — at the son contentedly toasting his brown boots in front of the blazing fire. It was easy to see that this stout, middle-aged woman had an ideal. Sadie had never seen quite the same look on an American woman's face as she had surprised between this mother and son.

"This lady only arrived this morning," said the mother, fixing a fresh skein of yarn on to the young man's large, well-shaped hands and preparing to wind the wool into a ball.

"Yes," said Sadie, "we only arrived this morning, but we've seen a great deal in the time. Isn't the Socco wonderful?"

"Strangers always rave about the Socco," said young Maxwell, with the tolerant air of an old inhabitant.

"We were very lucky," said Sadie. "We saw the dervishes and the snake charmer and ——"

"And an Eastern wedding," put in the young man.

"How did you know there was a wedding this afternoon?"

"There's always a wedding when the boat comes in from Gibraltar or Algeciras. It is turned on for the benefit of the tourist."



"Now, I call that a shame," said Sadie. "I thought we'd been remarkably fortunate — Shahib told us so."

"Have you got Shahib towing you round? Isn't he entertaining? He's known here as Piccadilly Billy."

"His accent is just lovely," said Sadie.

"Yes; he picked that up in Gibraltar. He valeted an officer for some time. Is he taking you anywhere to-night?"

"I don't know," said Sadie; "I'll ask my father."

"If your father hasn't arranged anything, I shall be very pleased to show you a Moorish coffee-house. If you've never seen one, you'll enjoy it."

"Isn't the Moorish coffee-house run for the benefit of the tourist?"

"No; this particular one is not dependent on the boat from Gib."

Just then Van Putten came in and Sadie hastened to introduce him to the Maxwells.

"Happy to meet you!" said the American genially.

As they crossed the hall they encountered Leo, and Sadie could not refrain from telling him that the Eastern wedding had been arranged for their especial benefit. Leo listened in silence; the travelling frown appeared on his forehead.

"Mademoiselle, I do my best; eet ees not all cut and dried." He glanced at young Maxwell with disapproval and added, "There are some people who will peek 'oles in everything."

Sadie, sorry for the little man's sensitiveness, felt reproved. As she passed into the dining-room she said to Maxwell —

"Leo is right. It doesn't do to be one of those who peek 'oles in everything."

It was arranged that they should visit the Moorish



coffee-house at nine o'clock. A few minutes before the hour young Maxwell appeared in the drawing-room; Sadie was sitting there with his mother.

"Good-night, mother," he said, kissing her; "I suppose you'll be gone to bed before we return."

"I'm going to finish this cuff, and then I shall play a game of patience. Good-night, my boy. Mind you take care of Miss Van Putten."

"Mother distrusts the inhabitants of Tangier," said Maxwell to Sadie as they joined Van Putten, who was smoking a cigar outside.

The young man paused to light the lantern he was carrying.

"I could find my way blindfold," he explained, "but I'm taking a lantern in case there's no moon later."

They passed through several deserted streets; there was no sign of life either within doors or without. Maxwell apparently was acquainted with every turning.

"Isn't that the place where the wedding festivities were going on?" he asked, pointing to a gloomy-looking corner house.

"I don't remember," said Sadie. "These little streets all look exactly alike."

"That's the house," said Van Putten. "I took particular notice of the curious carving on the door."

"The musicians are supposed to play all night," said Maxwell; "but, as you see, they are sensible men and have gone home to bed."

They passed through a narrow doorway and emerged on a piece of waste ground.

"There's the coffee-house. You mustn't be disappointed if it isn't equal to your best restaurants."

The coffee-house looked uninviting; Maxwell led the way up a steep ladder.



## TANGIER



A STREET IN TANGIER



A MOORISH COFFEE-HOUSE







"I'll open the door," he called out, "and then you'll be able to see your way up."

At the top Van Putten stumbled over a stack of yellow slippers, and turned to warn Sadie.

"A . cu-rious custom," he remarked. "It must be a case of 'hunt the slipper' when the guests depart."

"No one bothers," said Maxwell. "Morocco slippers are usually made in one size, so it doesn't matter if you get your own or another man's."

They passed through a curtained archway into a large square room. On the floor were several gaily coloured rugs, and on the rugs squatted half a dozen men. They were playing cards. All were very much in earnest over their game and hardly raised their eyes when the strangers entered.

"Do you recognise the wedding musicians?" whispered Maxwell. "That's old Muley — the head of the band. He's about to strike up." The melancholy wailing of bagpipes was beginning.

"How can they sit there so calmly with that noise going on?" said Sadie. "I'm afraid I should revoke and give hearts on a spade declaration."

The air was warm and soft with a strong odour of mint and haschish. Sadie began to feel sleepy. They sat down at a small inlaid table, and Maxwell ordered Turkish coffee. The proprietor waited on them himself. He seemed very friendly with the young Englishman and chatted to him in Arabic. When he had gone off to fetch a couple of pipes, Maxwell turned to Sadie and recounted their conversation.

"I was obliged to ask if he minded my bringing you, because, in the ordinary way, he won't have strangers here."



"Why not? I should have thought it would be good for trade."

"Boabdil doesn't find it profitable; you see, the strangers drive the regular customers away. Shahib is not allowed to come here; he has to conduct his parties elsewhere."

"Was Boabdil cross with you for bringing us?"

"Cross! he was delighted. Shall I tell you what he said? In bald English, of course, it doesn't sound so well. He said that you had converted a mud hut into a palace by the beauty and majesty of your presence."

"That man would do well in the States," said Van Putten. "He'd make a pile as a writer of advertisements."

"I must tell him so," replied Maxwell. "As a matter of fact, he's doing very well in this business. I happen to know, because he banks with our firm."

Young Maxwell was a pleasant companion; he talked without restraint of the bank and his prospects. He admitted that at first he had disliked the life; now, he was very happy. Unlike his mother, he took a keen interest in the Oriental and had taught himself Arabic the better to understand him.

"At bottom, people are all very much alike," he said, taking a pull at his long Moorish pipe. "I'll just give you an instance. Did you happen to notice the Painted Rock when you landed this morning?"

"Yes," said Sadie, "some one pointed it out to me."

"The Painted Rock is very popular in these parts. When a Moorish girl wants a husband, she goes there and prays for one. Of course, Mahomet's followers are allowed several wives, but in spite of that there seems to be a shortage. When you show English people the Painted Rock, they look upon it as a curiosity and think



how differently everything is managed in England. But it isn't really. Last summer I went home and stayed two months with an old aunt of mine. She had a treasure of a servant called Mary. During my visit Mary suddenly gave notice. I happened to go into the room at the psychological moment. Aunt was very cross. 'I thought you were so happy here,' she said.

"'Yes, ma'am,' said Mary, 'I'm very happy.'

"'Then why do you want to leave?' said my aunt.

"'Well,' replied Mary, 'it's like this. The *Daily Mail* says there are fewer marriages in Berkshire than in any other county in England, so, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, *I'd like to try another* district.' The English Marys take another situation — the Tangier Marys make a pilgrimage to the Painted Rock. There's not much difference really. I'll give you another example. Insomnia is supposed to be a modern malady, and is associated in our minds with an advanced civilisation; but do you know that in Tangier we have a temple dedicated to sleep? The patient goes to the temple to pray, and the suggestion is supposed to act on the nerves and cure him. That's the whole secret of much-advertised patent medicines, isn't it?"

"It is," said Van Putten. "A friend of mine has made a pile out of Poppyland Pills. He's cornered sleep. A good many people can't close their eyes without swallowing two Poppyland Pills."

Maxwell laughed.

"In America they take Poppyland Pills — in Tangier they go to the temple. In each case it's the same idea, isn't it? I don't think you'll have to pray for sleep to-night," he continued, turning to Sadie. "You look as if you find it hard to keep awake."



"I'm not really so tired," said Sadie, "but this atmosphere stupefies me."

"I'll avoid the small streets going back and take you along the cliff walk; it will be much fresher there."

Maxwell lighted the lantern and went down the ladder staircase; he turned round to give his hand to Sadie.

"Well! how do you like your experience of a Moorish coffee-house?"

The sharp salt air revived Sadie; she drew it in with delight.

"I'm glad to have seen one; but isn't it just lovely to be outside again?"



## CHAPTER XIX

### GRANADA

MASTERTON was not enjoying himself; he was obliged to admit that he missed Sadie terribly. During the few weeks he had known her, she had become necessary to him. It was odd, but he had never recognised the fact until they parted. He wanted her. He wanted to hear again the upward, characteristic swing of her voice. He wanted to hear her say that something or other put her in mind of a little incident. He wanted to listen and laugh at her extraordinary criticisms of the Old Masters. He wanted her badly. And as the days went by he found that he wanted her just as she was, and not a new and revised edition as he had once imagined. He recognised that he had been a fool. He had tried to love with his head, and in consequence had been laid up with concussion of the brain. He had no difficulty in justifying his own conduct. He had doubted the wisdom of marrying an American; he had been obliged to consider his mother; he found a dozen fresh reasons every day to satisfy his head. But his heart was more difficult to convince. He felt lonely and miserable. Granada depressed him. The atmosphere was not southern. The weather added to his melancholy. The wind whistled through the deserted halls of the Alhambra, and the sky was grey and gloomy.



One morning at breakfast Phibbs said to Masterton —  
“What do you say to going up to the Albaicin this afternoon?”

“I don’t know. Is there anything worth seeing there?”

“Yes, if you take any interest in gipsies.”

“I’m afraid I don’t.”

“My dear chap, what’s come to you?”

This was diplomatic of Phibbs. He knew perfectly well what had befallen his friend, but was obliged to pretend ignorance until the other saw fit to enlighten him.

“Come to me! What do you mean?”

“Why, you seem off colour.”

“It’s the weather.”

“Yes, the weather’s beastly.”

“Granada’s an overrated place.”

“Yes, it’s rather a hole. Well, what do you say about this afternoon?”

“We may as well go and see the gipsies as do anything else.”

The two men set off directly after lunch. A fine, drizzling rain was falling, but Phibbs declared that it looked as if it would clear later.

He did not find Masterton a cheerful companion. When two people are together all day long, it is sometimes difficult to dig up conversation. As a pig scents out truffles, so a fresh person often serves to unearth buried treasure. The two smoked in silence, but the companionship was not perfect, because Phibbs was aware that his friend was feeling miserable. After an unusually long pause he said —

“What do you say to leaving Granada to-morrow?”

Masterton hesitated before replying. His one idea







GRANADA



GIPSY CAVE DWELLINGS



was to remain in Granada as long as possible. He had made inquiries at the various hotels, and had not found the Van Puttens' name in the visitors' list. He was practically certain that they had not yet arrived; therefore he intended to prolong his own visit as long as possible. But he did not want to explain this to Phibbs, so he said —

“Of course, we've had the most wretched weather; we might as well stay a few days longer to see if it improves.”

“Just as you like,” replied Phibbs. “I'm quite willing.”

After that they trudged on in silence. They were climbing a steep hill; the road was heavy with the red mud peculiar to Granada. The colour attracted Masterton; it reminded him of Devon, his native county.

Drip! Drop! The rain drizzled down persistently; the misty air blotted out the peaks of the distant mountains. Masterton tilted his umbrella viciously; a runnel of water began to trickle down his collar.

“Ugh! what an afternoon! And this is Sunny Spain.”

They walked another half-mile, and then Phibbs said —

“I see the first of the cave dwellings. Other people are mad besides ourselves. Look!”

Before the rock-hewn house of the chief of the gipsies a roomy, old-fashioned carriage was standing. The driver apparently was indifferent to the weather. The reins hung limply between his fingers; his hunched-up attitude showed that he was fast asleep. But if the driver was asleep, some one else was awake. A short, stout man stood on guard. His peaked cap and blue uniform proclaimed that he was a person in authority,



and he carried that badge of Spanish officialdom — white gloves.

“Some people come here in style,” remarked Phibbs.

“Yes. What an idiotic idea to bring a policeman up! This is evidently regarded as a most dangerous expedition.”

“There’s not much fear of being molested by gipsies this afternoon,” said Phibbs. “All the sensible ones are keeping indoors.”

“Here comes the rest of the escort,” said Masterton.

Another Spaniard, also short and fat and in all respects a counterpart of the first, made his appearance.

Phibbs burst out laughing.

“We shall see a regiment of soldiers next.” He stopped laughing as suddenly as he had begun. “Why, there’s Leo. This must be the Van Puttens’ turnout then.”

Leo came forward. He looked like a man who has just come safely through a great danger.

“Ah!” he said, a smile breaking out all over his face, “eet is you!”

He was followed by Van Putten and his daughter. Sadie was not in the least embarrassed; Masterton was, and showed it. They stood under the shelter of dripping umbrellas and watched the escort strut solemnly to and fro.

“Aren’t they quaint?” said Van Putten. “I hope you and Mr. Masterton have not been laffin’ at us. My daughter thought an escort unnecessary, but the concierge at the Washington Irving advised it. We didn’t reckon then on a wet afternoon. This rain has made the inhabitants scurry to their holes like rabbits.”

Masterton listened. He was wondering how he could ever have thought the American voice harsh; it struck



him now as delightfully musical. And to hear Van Putten say 'laff' instead of 'laugh' was most refreshing.

"Isn't it a dreadful afternoon?" said Sadie to Phibbs. "This rain has just taken all the starch out of my 'waist.' "

Masterton was hoping that she would address a remark to him; but she did not. As she got into the carriage, he said, with as careless a tone as he could assume —

"Shall we be seeing you again?"

"I really don't know," she replied. "Our plans are very uncertain."

Van Putten got in; then Leo. Masterton stood and watched the cumbersome vehicle roll slowly down the hill. He was thinking over Sadie's quaint remark. She had said that the rain had taken all the starch out of her 'waist.' He felt as if all the starch had been taken out of his waist too. The Americanism hit off his feeling of unutterable limpness.

The next morning May Viner was sitting outside the Hotel Siete Suelos when she saw Sadie go by. She jumped up.

"When did you come, Miss Van Putten, and where are you staying?"

"We came the day before yesterday, and we're staying just opposite."

"At the Washington Irving? I'm so glad; we shall be able to see something of you."

Sadie, with characteristic frankness, said —

"I don't fancy we shall be there very long." She was sorry to have come across the two Miss Hetheringtons in Granada — they disturbed her peace of mind. They were associated with Seville; she was anxious to forget Seville.

"We've been here a week," said May, "and it's rained



every day. Granada is dismal in wet weather. Have you been to the Alhambra yet?"

"No; it's been too chilly for marble halls."

"Mr. Masterton is staying at a little hotel down in the town," said May, reopening the conversation after a slight pause.

"Yes; father and I met him yesterday in the Albaicin."

May did not like to ask if Phibbs had been there; but she wanted to know badly.

"Mr. Phibbs was with him," added Sadie. As she made this very ordinary statement, she noticed the colour fly to May's cheeks and summed up the situation in her quick, decisive fashion.

"Well, good-bye," she said; "I'm on my way to the church of San Jeronimo."

"Miss Van Putten," said May timidly, "would you mind my coming with you?"

"Why, no. I shall be delighted, if you've nothing better to do."

The two girls walked along the avenue of elms. The sky was still overcast, but a glimmering sunlight showed through the thick foliage; the air was fresh and fragrant after the heavy rains.

"What is there to see in San Jeronimo?" asked May, as they left the shady avenue and turned into the ugly main street.

"Not a great deal. I want to go because my favourite hero, Gonzalo di Cordova, is buried there."

"You're a great hero-worshipper, aren't you, Miss Van Putten?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Only something Mr. Masterton said one day."

Sadie longed to know what Masterton had said, but



she was too proud to ask, so she changed the conversation abruptly.

They had some difficulty in finding the church of San Jeronimo. The door was locked, and they were directed to the house of the custodian. A little old man came hobbling to the door and looked at them suspiciously. When he caught the words *El Gran Capitan*, he nodded his head and limped away to fetch the key. The church looked melancholy; no service had been held there for years. Sadie stood in silence before Gonzalo's neglected tomb. For the moment she forgot the black, dusty church; she was standing in the Armoury at Madrid with Masterton. The great Captain's brave words came to her in the gloomy stillness: 'I would rather take two steps forward into my grave than one backwards to win a hundred years of life.' Gonzalo was right. Not only was he a great soldier, but a sound philosopher. There is nothing so deadly as walking through life crab fashion. Sadie pulled herself together with an effort and with a fixed determination to think of Masterton no more.

"What a dismal place!" said May, as they came out.

Sadie smiled. "You'll think I haven't arranged a very cheerful programme. I thought of visiting the bull-ring next. Leo went yesterday and said I was coming, so the man in charge will be expecting us."

A woman came out and asked the two girls to wait a moment. Then she went back to the kitchen, and returned, followed by a lad of about sixteen. Sadie did not understand what she said, but she distinguished the word 'puchero' once or twice. Judging from the savoury whiffs coming from the kitchen, the woman was busy preparing the midday meal. The youth finished rolling a cigarette, and led the way into the ring. The amphi-



theatre looked bare, with its stone seats rising tier above tier. When those seats were crowded, and the band played, and the gaily dressed picadors strutted to and fro, and an electric current of excitement ran from the arena to the boxes, one might forget for a moment the barbaric cruelty of it all. Not so now.

The youth took the cigarette from his mouth and pointed out the Royal box and the door through which the bull made a dash into the ring. The ladies must be sure and come the next day. They would enjoy the entertainment immensely. If they would follow him he would now show them something most interesting. He marched them along a draughty corridor, and up a creaking wooden staircase, and on to a rickety platform. In the pit beneath six magnificent bulls were penned. Driven from the wide, green meadows the day before, the strange surroundings had momentarily tamed their inherent savagery. They looked almost docile. On the morrow they would ramp round the arena and fight for life, and be bullied and overcome and dragged ignominiously over the sanded floor. To-day they were left in peace. With a gesture and epithet of contempt the youth turned away, and Sadie and May followed. Outside a door on the right he paused.

"What are we going to see now?" whispered May, full of anticipation.

The lad turned the handle, the door flew open, and they entered. In the improvised stable ten horses, in various stages of wretchedness, huddled together. Some were old and blind; all were lean and scarred.

"What miserable creatures!" exclaimed May; "they look as if they ought to be killed."

"They haven't long to wait," said Sadie quietly; "they will be killed to-morrow."



"To-morrow! You mean — oh, how ghastly!"

Sadie went up to a lame blue roan and began to pat him. Unused to any endearment, he was shy at first; but after awhile her coaxing gave him confidence, and he rubbed his head against her shoulder. He had had such a hard life, poor old fellow, and such a hard death awaited him on the morrow. Suddenly a tear splashed on to his nose, and he looked up inquiringly. May was equally surprised.

"You've been to a bull-fight, haven't you?" she said.

"Yes," answered Sadie; "somehow it didn't seem so cruel that day as it does now."

The Fates were determined to be unkind to Sadie that morning. As they had decided she should meet Masterton, why did they not arrange for the meeting to take place in the church of San Jeronimo? Gonzalo had pleasant memories for both. Why did the DESTINIES arrange for her to encounter Masterton just outside the bull-ring? He stiffened instantly; a train of unpleasant thought was immediately set in action. The annoyance he had felt that sunny afternoon in Seville overwhelmed him again. The annoyance showed itself plainly, and was resented by Sadie.

"There's nothing specially attractive about an empty bull-ring," he observed, when he heard where they had been.

"But we saw the bulls and the horses," said May.

Masterton turned to Sadie. "Are you thinking of going to the show to-morrow?"

"I don't think so. Father hasn't said anything about it."

"He told me he took you to a bull-fight in Madrid; did you enjoy yourself?"

If Sadie had spoken the truth she would have said



how she loathed the Spanish national sport. But Masterton's manner irritated her. By what right was he sitting in judgment.

"I can't say I exactly enjoyed it," she said. "Of course, it was a fine spectacle."

"There were not many Spanish ladies present the day I went. I suppose English and American women find the entertainment more attractive."

"There's always a charm in novelty," said Sadie.

She knew she was rubbing him up the wrong way, but something made her do it.

"I should never allow any one belonging to me to go," said Masterton, with an air of finality.

The remark roused Sadie. "You ought to live in the States!" she said; "you'd never speak like that again!"

At that moment she could not help thinking of Ali Khassan and his little girl. It seemed to her that the Englishman regarded his womankind in precisely the same way as the Oriental. She was his chattel; he was to do with her as he thought best. It was odd, but Sadie had spent some weeks in Masterton's society before finding this out.







GRANADA



THE GATE OF JUSTICE



## CHAPTER XX

### ANCIENT ROMANCE AND MODERN ROMANCE

ON a crumbling stone ledge in the Park of the Alhambra May Viner was sitting. Before her rose the Gate of Justice with the mysterious imprint of the Hand and Key. She was not lost in vain speculation as to the probable meaning of the Hand and Key. Why trouble about Ancient Romance when Modern Romance was drawing near? She was expecting to meet Phibbs at six o'clock; it must be nearly that now. May glanced at the tiny gun-metal watch at her wrist, which had been her mother's parting gift, and made a rapid calculation. The watch lost about three minutes a day. She had set it on Monday; it was now Thursday. The hand pointed to a quarter before six; she had, therefore, five clear minutes for meditation. A variety of thought can be crammed into five minutes. In five minutes one can annihilate space and time. May did not waste the precious moments. First of all, she flew to the shabby little home in Bayswater and told her mother and Letty the great news. How surprised they were! and how she enjoyed their surprise! The three women had always been without a man's protection; May's father had died before she was born. A girl has to be fatherless and brotherless to realise what that means. May had realised to the full the lack of the masculine element. They had been poor,



but poverty would not have pressed so hardly if there had been a man in the house. No one wanted three women. They were in the way; they were sufficient to swamp any social gathering. On the rare occasions when she and her mother and Letty had treated themselves to the pit of a theatre, how she had envied the fortunate girls with a male escort. In May's childish mind a man acted as buffer between the woman and the outside world. He was a wonderful being who could master the intricacies of Bradshaw and always knew where to find places on the map. If anything went wrong with locks or bolts he always seemed to know by some extraordinary instinct what to do. And then again a man understood money matters and investment. Money had never been plentiful in the Viner household, but the little capital had diminished steadily owing to Mrs. Viner's fatal knack of choosing stocks that went down never to rise again. The five minutes had nearly gone. Perhaps Phibbs, who was hastening his steps, would not have been flattered if he could have read May's thoughts. But, analyse the thoughts of ninety-nine girls out of a hundred in similar circumstances, and what do you find? The hundredth proves the exception. May was no exception, but a very ordinary girl.

The evening was delicious. She sat contentedly on the rocky ledge, her feet dangling, her subconscious mind vaguely appreciating the majestic outlines of the grand old palace. She looked at her watch again. The hand pointed to twenty minutes past six; Phibbs, therefore, was eleven minutes late. At that moment he appeared.

"Don't say anything. I know I'm late, but I met Miss Van Putten and I stopped to tell her the news."



"Was she surprised?"

"Not particularly. She seemed very pleased."

"Did you tell her not to mention it to Miss Hetherington?"

"Yes; I said we wanted the affair kept quiet for the present."

"I wrote to mother this morning. The post is so slow; she can't hear for four days. And I enclosed a note to Letty saying what a delightful brother you would be."

"You think she'll be pleased?"

"I'm sure she will."

"She won't be jealous?"

"Jealous! oh no!" replied May, with conviction. She could not conceive a man coming between Letty and herself. Sisterly love she understood. Letty was as necessary to her existence as her hand or her foot. The new relation was something of a luxury.

They walked up and down outside the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth, busy with their plans. Her lover was a successful solicitor with a large practice. The old grinding days of poverty were nearly over. As Phibbs sketched their future she saw herself in a becoming frock, welcoming her mother and sister to a well-furnished house. What delightful times she and Letty would have together! Perhaps she might be able to afford dress-circle seats instead of the pit. Dress-circle seats had always been the summit of May's ambition.

"We shall travel, of course," said Phibbs. "Has your sister seen anything of the world?"

"She's never been out of England."

"Is that so? We must see if we can't manage a trip to Switzerland."



When May heard this a little thrill ran through her. She mistook the thrill for love, as many girls have done before.

"Doesn't the Tower of the Infantas look pretty this evening?" she said, as they stood beneath the narrow Moorish windows, with the sun setting aslant on the bars. "That was where the three beautiful princesses used to stand and watch for their Christian lovers. Didn't they have wonderful romances in the olden times?"

May was young enough to think that Romance means a plumed hat and a glittering sword. And yet, had she but known it, the man walking beside her was a romantic figure too. His pity had been excited by the little travelling companion; later his chivalry had been aroused. She was imprisoned by poverty and he had determined to rescue her.

Suddenly she looked at the gun-metal toy at her wrist and exclaimed —

"I must fly — Miss Hetherington will be so cross if I'm late. My watch loses five minutes a day, so it must be just on seven."

"I must get you a watch that will keep better time. What kind do you like?"

"I love those in blue enamel ——"

"Set with seed pearls — I know the sort."

May blushed. She felt guilty — almost as if she had been belittling a farewell gift. True, the watch was a cheap one, but the price paid had been sufficiently heavy. Her mother had been obliged to deny herself a new winter jacket.



## CHAPTER XXI

### A VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA

BREAKFAST was nearly over at the Hotel Washington Irving; there were great gaps in the long table. The Alhambra enthusiasts, who had arrived overnight, after swallowing a hasty breakfast had departed for their Mecca. In a couple of hours they would return, swallow an equally hasty lunch, and catch the afternoon train to Gibraltar.

"Don't these people make you feel ashamed of yourself?" said Sadie to her father. "D'ye know we've been in Granada more than a week and we've not been to the Alhambra."

"Wal," said Van Putten, "I'm agreeable to go there this morning, if you are. Up to now the weather has not been exactly suitable for marble halls."

Outside the hotel they were stopped by a big, stout man.

"You want a guide for the Alhambra? I am a beautiful guide. Laty and chentleman — take me."

"What do you think, Sadie?" asked Van Putten. "Shall we fix it up?"

A merry countenance always appealed to the American. "Laff and the world laffs with you," he was fond of quoting.

The guide, who informed them his name was Carlo, led the way along the soddened, gravelled walk. It had



stopped raining, but the bright drops still hung from the elm boughs. The sun, which for days past had peeped shyly from a dun sky, now showed itself boldly. The sunshine was reflected in the pleased whirr of countless insects, in the singing of hundreds of birds, in Carlo's mellow smile as he tripped along humming gaily a Neapolitan ballad.

"He's mighty pleased with himself," said Van Putten to his daughter. "I only hope we shall be equally pleased with *him*."

Carlo's enthusiasm outstripped his knowledge. What he said did not always coincide with Professor de Castro, but Sadie forgave him. He was so full of pride in the Alhambra; he had such a personal feeling for every dead-and-gone Habuz and Yusuf.

He stood in the Court of Lions and, flourishing his cane in the direction of the fountain, said —

"Geepsy lions; Moorish basin; Catolique Keengs top."

"I can't follow him," said Van Putten. "What does he mean to convey to us, Sadie?"

"He wants to tell us that the lions are Egyptian, the basin Moorish, and that the Catholic Kings, Ferdinand and Isabella added the ornamentation on top."

"A very draffy place," said Van Putten, as he followed Carlo from one marble hall to another.

The practical American could not help speculating as to how the ancient Moors kept themselves warm. Evidently they had built under the impression that it was perpetual summer. Perhaps the climate had changed with the years. Van Putten thought of the winds that had swept Granada the last few days. He looked at the fountains, and baths, and polished green marble floors, and shivered.



# GRANADA



CARLO



ENTRANCE TO THE ALHAMBRA







"I can't understand how those old Moors got along without central heating," he observed.

When Carlo reached the Hall of the Abencerrage, he paused dramatically. Then he began —

"Boabdil 'e 'ave a beautiful Sooltana, an' she go to meet 'er lover 'Amet under the cypress tree — she go to meet 'im in the beautiful garden of the Generalife. An' Boabdil 'e come to 'ear of it, an' what did 'e do? 'E take thirty-six of the tribe — thirty-six — an' 'e be-'ead them 'ere." He hushed his voice. "An' their blood ran over the basin and treakled down on the floor of marble. Look, laty an' chentleman, look! There you will see the marks of the blood of the Abencerrage."

Van Putten studied thoughtfully the dark stain. An incredulous smile, characteristically Yankee, played round his mouth, but he said nothing.

Carlo piloted them through the spacious marble courts, and pointed with his cane to the azulejos tiling and the stonework so fine and delicate that it resembled dropping icicles.

At last, when Van Putten was beginning to weary of the over-elaboration, and to wish for a wall that was not chiselled, or scrolled, or otherwise embellished, Carlo pushed open a door disclosing a fine apartment with a heavy Renaissance ceiling.

"Now Charlie the Fifth 'e take away the Moorish — see."

"Wise man!" said Van Putten. "I should have done the same myself. I don't say but what the other rooms are vurry handsome, but you can't call them exactly comfortable."

"Charlie the Fifth 'e take away the Moorish when 'e bring 'ome 'is wife, Isabella of Portugal. Later on she die an' Charlie the Fifth 'e went monk."



"He was very devoted to his wife," explained Sadie to her father. "When he abdicated and entered a monastery he left almost everything behind; but he took her portrait. When he was dying he used to lie in his little room and just gaze at her picture."

"What a lot you know!" said Van Putten admiringly. "I can't think how you remember it all."

"I went to Professor de Castro's lectures last Fall," said Sadie, "and he's a great authority on Spain."

They followed Carlo out of the spacious apartment; he led the way along a rocky platform, and pointed through the iron railing to a small window which was barred.

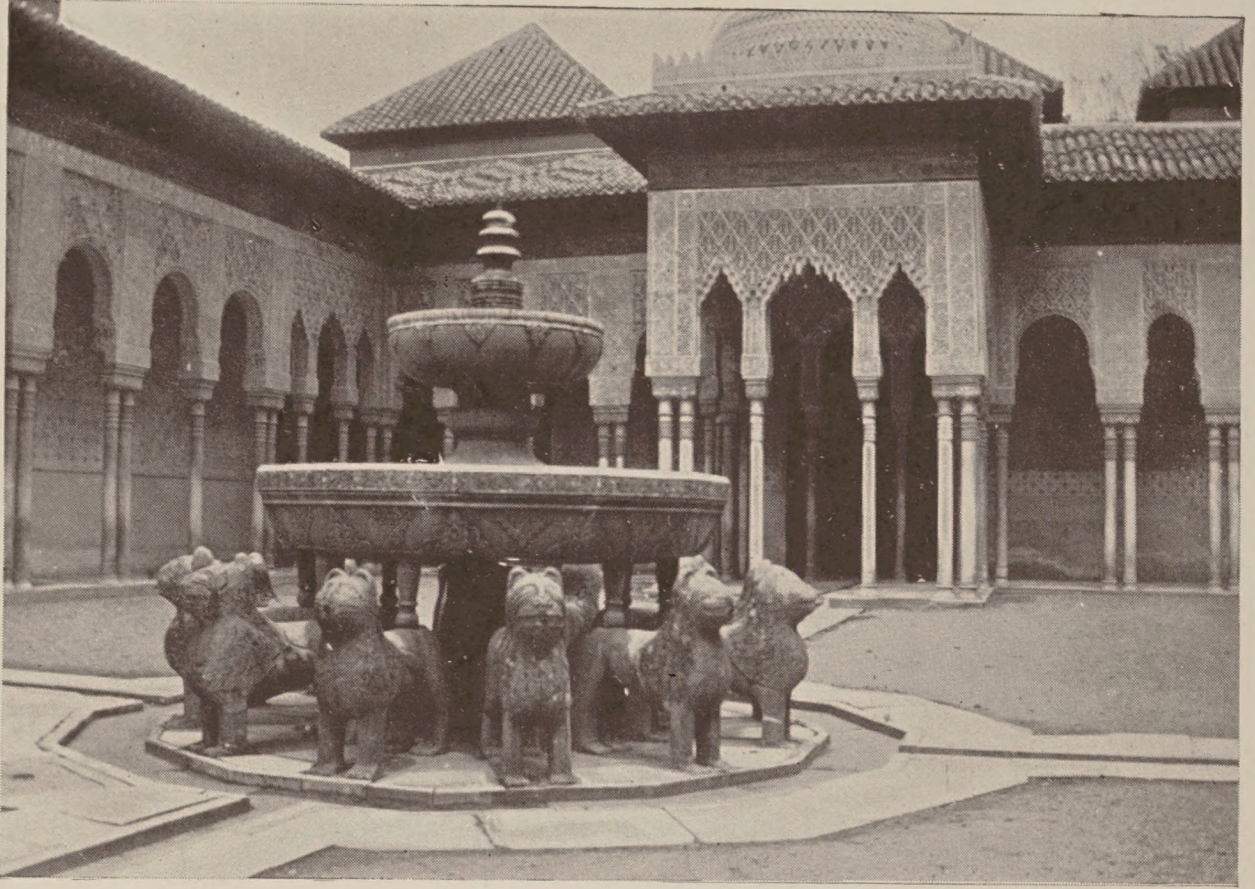
"Charlie the Fifth 'e kept 'is mother in prison there — they call 'er Joanna the Fool."

Once again Sadie was back in the Lecture Hall in New York. She saw the Professor as Joanna's champion. She heard his diatribe on the American woman: 'You have millions of theories, but no ideal; Joanna had an ideal.' Sadie looked at the prison where the unhappy Queen had fretted away the hours. Scorned by her husband, spurned by her son, did not her life serve to show that a woman ought to go her own way independent of either? And yet the Professor had not hesitated to say that he considered Joanna fulfilled her mission in the world better than the modern woman. And Masterton. She could not help thinking of Masterton. She knew so well what the Englishman thought. Were they all wrong? Was the modern American right? She wondered.

When Van Putten stood on the historic square where, long ago, Columbus knelt before Ferdinand and Isabella and received permission and money to set off and discover the New World, his satisfaction was unbounded.



# GRANADA



THE COURT OF LIONS



IN THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGE







"Columbus would be rather surprised if he could see the States to-day," he said. "He planted a little seed; I reckon he had no idea that that little seed would grow into such a mighty tree."

Outside the Alhambra they met Phibbs; he had been lingering in the neighbourhood of the Hotel Siete Suelos, hoping to see May. But the Miss Hetheringtons had been more exacting than usual, and he had been disappointed. He dragged Masterton's name into the conversation several times, and was not put off by Sadie's apparent lack of interest. He had talked over the subject with May, and she agreed with him that the two were standing on the edge of matrimony. They only wanted a gentle push to tumble over; but who was to give the gentle push? Phibbs seriously considered the question as he walked beside Sadie.

"Are you doing anything particular this afternoon?" he asked.

"I thought of going to the Generalife; we're leaving Granada to-morrow."

"You don't object to going without me, do you, Sadie?" said Van Putten. "One palace is about as much as I can tackle in a day. The Alhambra is vurry fine, but to my mind there's a kind of sameness in Moorish decoration."

Phibbs listened, making mental notes. Sadie intended visiting the Generalife alone. Nothing could be better. If only he could persuade his friend to go there, what might not be the result of a chance meeting! He smiled to himself as he made his plans; since his engagement to May he had suddenly developed match-making tendencies. Sadie's voice broke in on his thoughts. They were passing an old curiosity shop, and a massive silver jug and basin had caught her eye.



"Wait a moment," she said; "I want to go in and ask the price."

Just then the proprietress appeared. For days past she had been watching her opportunity. She had noticed how father and daughter hovered about her window, in the irresolute fashion peculiar to people on a holiday. In Sadie she recognised an easy victim; and she thought that with care she might manage Van Putten. But when she looked at Phibbs, she knew she must sharpen every weapon in her armoury.

"We do not want to buy anything," explained Sadie.

"Señorita, I understand. I do not want you to buy — I desire only to show you my curios."

The interior of the old curiosity shop was a patchwork of the ages. In one corner stood a fifteenth-century altar-piece — in another a doubtful Holbein. There were Iron Maidens of Nuremberg, and Baxter prints, and ivories, and snuff-boxes from Versailles. The Señora indicated with a plump brown hand a dessert service, which she assured them had once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

"This is Sevres too, isn't it?" said Sadie, taking up a porcelain plate, with a garland of pink roses, and a lute and harp painted with delicate fidelity.

"No, Señorita; that is Nyon."

Sadie put down the plate with a touch of disappointment. She had been so sure it was Sevres.

"At the time of the Revolution, Señorita, there was no longer work for the people at Sevres. So they departed to Switzerland, and they settled at a little place called Nyon, and there they began to make the Sevres."

"Then it is Sevres after all," said Sadie, glad to find she had not been wholly wrong.



"That piece is more rare, Señorita. For in three years the manufacture of Sevres was finished.

"They must have worked overtime those three years," said Phibbs, "judging by the number of specimens they turned out."

"Of course," said Sadie, "a plate like that becomes more rare every year."

"On the contrary," said Phibbs, "those plates multiply, because you must remember that every year more Americans visit Europe."

"We came in to ask the price of the silver pitcher and basin," said Van Putten.

"Because it is the end of the season I will give it away — I will charge only three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred dollars is a lot of money," said Van Putten; "you see, we should have a heavy duty to pay besides. We're only allowed to take in two hundred dollars' worth free, and we've purchased considerably more than that already."

"Señor, you would not see such a jug and basin in the whole of Spain. It is unique. You have the weight there of three hundred dollars."

"Solid! uncommonly solid!" said Van Putten, balancing the jug in one hand and the basin in the other. "What do you think, Sadie? How would it be to use the basin for salad and the pitcher for ice-water?"

While her father was busy counting out the bills, Sadie discovered, standing in the corner, a most wonderful cabinet. Thereupon the Señora, who was watching her, hastily gathered up the notes and was at her side in an instant.

"The Señorita has the eye of one who knows," she said admiringly; "you will never see an armoire like that again."



The cabinet stood seven feet high. It was made of ebony, overlaid with tortoise-shell and inlaid with ivory. In the middle was a little cupboard. With pride the Señora threw open the doors, and revealed a miniature tiled hall, marble columned and hung with mirrors.

"Vurry cute!" said Van Putten.

"That armoire," said the Señora, "once belonged to Ferdinand and Isabella. Look! On the top you will see carved the F and the Y, and the date, 1494 — two years after the Conquest of Granada."

"Isn't that interesting?" said Sadie.

"Very," replied Phibbs. "They do this work in Wardour Street and I don't deny that it's clever."

"That armoire was at one time in the Alhambra," continued the Señora. "It belonged to Isabella the Catholic."

Almost reverently Sadie opened one of the drawers.

"Perhaps," she said, "in this very drawer Isabella kept those stiff brocaded bodices she was so fond of wearing."

"The Señorita will take the armoire? I will name a low price because it belongs to a noble Spanish family, very poor and therefore anxious to sell. You shall have it for six hundred dollars."

"If it's genuine, it's very cheap," said Sadie.

"If it's genuine," interrupted Phibbs. "Is it likely to be genuine?"

"But it has the F and the Y and the crown."

"All those marks can be manufactured. Do you know that, every few weeks, old furniture is buried in the Seine and periodically fished up to satisfy the modern craze for antiques?"

The Señora looked hard at Phibbs. She had disapproved of his attitude from the first.



"The Señor is right," she said. "Such things are done in France, but not in Spain. Look again at the work on the armoire, Señorita; you have the whole history of the Conquest of Granada. See, there is Boabdil El Chico holding his last council in the Alhambra. There also is Boabdil, with a few Moors, riding out to meet Ferdinand and Isabella — there the poor Boabdil gives up the keys."

"You say the cabinet belongs to a noble family?" said Sadie.

"Yes, Señorita; a truly noble Spanish family."

"But, if it's so valuable, I can't understand their selling it."

"They are so poor, Señorita."

"I should have thought that some one would buy it, to present to a museum."

"But all Spain is poor, Señorita."

"Father," said Sadie suddenly, "I'd just love to have that cabinet."

"It's risky, Sadie; you know what Mr. Phibbs has to say about old furniture."

Van Putten walked towards the door, followed by Sadie; they were pursued by the Señora.

"Will the Señor come again here and talk with the Priestie?"

"The Priestie!" echoed Van Putten, in surprise.

"Yes, the Priestie from the Cathedral. He will speak for me. He will tell you that the armoire is very old, and that until three days ago it stood in the Chapter House of the Cathedral."

"But you said it was formerly in the Alhambra," said Phibbs.

"That was long ago. For many years it has been in the Chapter House of the Cathedral. Send for



the Priestie," screamed the Señora — "send for the Priestie!"

Van Putten was impressed at last. He came back and stood in front of the cabinet. "I'll purchase it," he said. "You'll be able to keep your 'waists' in that deep drawer, Sadie."

"With the armoire and the silver jug and basin, the Señorita will have a dressing-room worthy of a queen," said the Señora, as she bowed them to the door.



## CHAPTER XXII

### THE GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE

SADIE was walking in the beautiful garden of the Generalife. She was alone. But in spite of the break with Masterton she did not give one the impression that she was suffering from what is generally termed a disappointment. She was not very old, but she was old enough to have come to the conclusion that it is wiser to be in love with life than to be in love with an individual. And because she had come to this conclusion she was able to enjoy the sunny afternoon. She loved colour, and here was colour in abundance, the pink chestnut contrasting with the sombre cypress, the vivid purple judas tree with the neutral olive. Although she was able to take pleasure in her surroundings, she could not help thinking of Masterton once or twice. It was odd the way their friendship (Sadie would not call it by any other name) had flourished and withered. She had an idea that he did not approve of her nationality, but, as she had not become suddenly nationalised during their acquaintance, that could not be the real reason. Something about her had evidently jarred on his fastidious taste; she wondered what it was. And then she began to ask herself if she would have liked England as a permanent home, and she had no hesitation in answering the question in the affirmative. To step from America into England would be like moving from a cheap jerry-



built house into a dignified old castle. She was deadly tired of hearing her friends hold forth on environment; she had attended numerous social afternoons on the subject. But the Yankee is given to preaching rather than practising. She recalled a lecture she had once listened to on Power through Repose. The hustling that had ensued at its close still lived in her memory. She smiled at the recollection. A sense of humour is America's most valuable national asset. The English did not talk so much about environment, but it was there all the same — in the deadly dulness of the Cathedral town, in the old grey quadrangles of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. In England, Sadie always felt as if she had reached home after a long journey. Perhaps the reason she had first felt drawn towards Masterton was that there was something essentially English about him — he was the typical young man invariably held up to ridicule in a Broadway farce. Back again she came to her first thought. Why had Masterton sought her at first and ignored her afterwards? What had she done to obliterate a favourable first impression? By this time Sadie had reached the Court of the Aqueduct. In the month of May it might well be called the Court of Roses. Roses grew on every wall. They hung from the pots bordering the tank; they dipped down almost touching the water. Roses in every shade, from palest cream to deepest red — roses everywhere. Sadie lingered. Stories of dead-and-gone sultanas rushed into her brain. What glorious hours they must have lived in this lovely old garden! How the wife of Boabdil and her lover, Hamet, must have revelled in the golden sunshine! Sadie decided that she must try and find the famous trysting-tree, so she turned and left the Court of



Roses. Very soon she came across the cypress. There it was, just in front of her, bearing proudly the weight of six hundred years! She stopped short. In the shadow of the branches a figure was standing. She recognised the light suit and panama hat. It was Masterton. He looked up, saw who it was, and came towards her. Having no subtlety in his composition, he did not attempt to assume surprise; as a matter of fact, he had been on the look out for more than an hour. But Sadie did not know this; she imagined he must be feeling as embarrassed as she was herself, and she began talking quickly, thinking that would make things easier for both. While she rattled on in characteristic fashion, Masterton reviewed the situation. At last he realised that it was no use theorising any longer. In a few days Sadie would sail for America. He must act, and act promptly. But what should he say? Should he ignore the break of their friendship at Seville, or should he boldly allude to it? He had never asked any one to marry him before; he was uncertain how to begin. Suddenly he had an inspiration. They were standing under the cypress. Of course! Why had he not thought of it before? A little manœuvring and he could veer the conversation in the direction of the tree. Sadie paused to take breath; Masterton seized his opportunity.

"Isn't this a fine old cypress?" he said.

"Vurry fine," said Sadie.

From the way she said it Masterton might have known she was agitated.

Her voice always betrayed her nationality; but she had been carefully trained in elocution, and usually she pronounced "very" as correctly as a Londoner. This unlooked-for meeting made her slip back into an Americanism.



"If this old tree could speak," went on Masterton, "I expect it would have a great deal to say."

Perhaps it was a pity the tree was not able to speak, and aid the limping conversation of the two young people standing there. Neither knew what to say next, but Masterton was determined to make good use of the cypress.

"Doesn't it seem strange to think that, hundreds of years ago, Hamet used to make love to his sweetheart under this very tree?"

Sadie saw her opportunity and seized it.

"That reminds me of a very entertaining guide we had at the Alhambra this morning." And she began to mimic Carlo's account of the murder of the Aben-cerrage. She felt herself again. For a short time she had been stupid and uncomfortable, but Masterton's happy allusion to the cypress had set her active mind in motion again. When she had finished laughing at Carlo, she held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said; "I must hurry back. I've all my packing to do."

The word "packing" determined Masterton. Sadie was really going away; he must stop her.

"Have you seen the Italian villa at the farther end of the garden?" he asked.

"Why, no! Is it worth seeing?"

"You mustn't miss it on any account."

"I don't know whether I ought to stay; it looks like rain."

Masterton eyed the threatening clouds and secretly rejoiced. If the storm came, and he and Sadie were held up, surely it would be possible to come to an understanding.

"It won't rain for the next half-hour," he said.

They walked along the terrace until they came to a



long flight of Moorish steps, and there Masterton paused, because he wanted to see how the cascade of water came down.

"At my home in Devon," he said, "we have an Italian garden very similar to this. If I could arrange for the water to run over the steps in this fashion, it would be an immense improvement. I wish you could see my home. D'ye think there is any chance of your coming to England?"

"Not the smallest," replied Sadie. "We intend sailing from Gibraltar."

Masterton's second attempt to give the conversation a turn in the right direction had failed. He felt discouraged. But at that moment the weather came to his aid. Great drops of rain began to fall heavily, and the low roll of thunder could be heard in the distance.

"We must run to the Mirador," he said, "and wait until the storm is over."

They ran to the Mirador and arrived breathless. Sadie kept wishing that the rain would stop, but Masterton was secretly hoping it would continue to pour until he had asked Sadie to marry him. Both were strangely silent. It was odd that two people who had always had so much to say to each other should become suddenly dumb. At last Masterton, groping for a topic, was obliged to fall back on the scenery.

"Isn't it a magnificent view?" he said. "One can see such a distance."

Just beneath them lay the pretty toy garden, which lost much of its charm now that the sun no longer lighted the miniature grottoes. Beyond, the deep gorge of the Darro separated the Albaicin from the Alhambra. The old palace stood out; the jagged black clouds



served to throw the outline into bolder relief. Sunshine might be essential to the doll-like prettiness of an Italian villa, but the ancient fortress rose up proudly, glorying in the fury of the storm. Far away a narrow white thread traced the line of the Sierra Nevadas. The eternal snows were living again in every runnel and channel and roaring mountain torrent.

After they had discussed the view, there was nothing to be done but to wait for the rain to stop. Masterton knew the moments were slipping by, but he felt powerless.

"It's getting lighter," said Sadie. "I can see a bit of blue sky."

Before Masterton knew what he was doing, he had taken a dive into deep water. He clutched hold of Sadie's hand to steady himself, and the touch of her made him flounder more than ever.

"Sadie—I've been an awful fool—will you marry me?"

It was a queer, unromantic proposal in such very romantic surroundings, but anything intensely real always seems perfectly natural. If Masterton did not make love with the warmth and imagery of a Hamet, at any rate he satisfied Sadie.

They walked slowly back through the beautiful park. The rain had ceased and a gorgeous rainbow stretched right across the sky. In the elm boughs the nightingales were singing. The ground was marshy after the down-pour, and Masterton again drew Sadie's attention to the curious colour of the mud.

"It reminds me so much of my home — our home," he said.

He left her at the entrance of the Washington Irving Hotel, lingering a few moments after he had said good-bye as if he did not want to leave her.



"I hope your father won't object to the change of arrangements. You intended leaving to-morrow, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Sadie.

"And when did you intend sailing?"

"Thursday morning."

"Will you come in and see father?" asked Sadie, after a pause.

"No, I must be getting back now. Will you tell him that I'll look in to-morrow morning?"

No chance observer would have guessed that the man and the woman who were parting in such casual fashion had just passed through a great emotional crisis. But the spot was not a suitable one for tender partings. They were in full view of all the windows of two hotels. The Washington Irving omnibus was standing at the door. Tired travellers were looking after their luggage and inquiring for rooms. The manager was trying to satisfy a dozen different demands at one and the same time.

"Well, good-bye," said Masterton at last.

He watched Sadie pick her way through a barricade of trunks and hat-boxes. Then he turned and walked down to his own hotel, which was situated in the middle of the town.

Sadie went straight to her own room. Somehow, the room looked different. She was still suffering from the nervous shock of a great surprise. She had not that analytical turn of mind which proves the curse of so many women. She accepted most things as they came. During the early days of her friendship with Masterton the probable ending to that friendship had naturally struck her more than once. The average woman who has so much more intuition than the average man usually



guesses the state of the man's feelings long before he is aware of it himself.

But, according to Sadie's ideas, Masterton had clearly shown at Seville the change in his feelings. Therefore, without conscious effort, she had followed Christian Science and refused to think any more about him.

A woman with an analytical turn of mind would have wept and worried. Not so Sadie. She had managed to enjoy herself very much without him, although now and again, as was only natural, she had felt a sense of loss. When they had met by chance in the Albaicin, she had realised that for her own peace of mind it would be well to see as little of him as possible. After that chance meeting she had avoided him on every occasion.

What she had taken to be the cessation of a man's affection had been merely a halt in a man's affection. It was all very surprising — very unlooked for.

Sadie sat down by the open window, thinking over the events of the afternoon. She had promised to marry Masterton. In future her life would be bound up with his.

Marriage in this instance meant a greater change than usual. It meant giving up her country — it meant living in England. And yet the odd thing about it all was that it seemed inevitable. If before coming to Europe some one had said to her, "Would you marry an Englishman and settle down in England?" Sadie would have answered, in characteristic fashion, "Why, no."

She thought of the various men who had passed into her life and passed out of it again. She had had many boy friends, but no serious love affair until Tom Vincent had spoilt a pleasant comradeship by asking her to marry him.



The voyage to Europe had followed and the veiled declaration of the handsome Irishman. When she thought of Desmond, her thoughts naturally turned to Dr. George. She had spent most of the time on the voyage in the company of one or other.

Sadie knew that Dr. George had liked her. When they said good-bye, she had surprised a look on his face which had told her a good deal. Several long conversations she had enjoyed with him came back to her now. She recalled his playful remark that she must not marry an Englishman, because he would not be as easy to manage as an American. She recalled her light-hearted answer. She had told him she was not very anxious to fix up with either. And then Dr. George had dropped his bantering tone and had spoken seriously. No man had ever spoken to her quite so seriously before. At that moment she had felt like a little helpless child instead of a graduate of Vassar. Dr. George's words were ringing in her ears now — she could not get them out of her head — "Life's road is long and pretty pebbly in places, and it's best to secure a companion for the journey. Now, to my mind, a good husband is about the best travelling companion a woman can have."

Masterton told Phibbs the news during dinner. Phibbs was delighted and felt that he was partly responsible. Was not he the one who had said that Sadie intended visiting the garden of the Generalife? Everything had turned out exactly as he had anticipated; he congratulated himself on the delicate way he had managed the whole affair.

"We ought to have a bottle of fizz to celebrate the event," he said.

Masterton agreed that this was a good suggestion.



"I suppose the Van Puttens won't sail now?" said Phibbs, carefully studying the wine list.

"Oh, no! Of course, it means a change all round."

"What do they intend doing?"

"They'll probably go straight through to London, and, in a week or so, I suppose they'll come down to Silcombe."

"I wonder if your mother will be surprised?"

Masterton drained his glass of champagne before replying. The thought of his mother was already beginning to trouble him. He determined to write to her as soon as dinner was over. Accordingly, after one cigarette with Phibbs, he went straight to the reading-room. Two tables were set aside for writing; both were engaged. Masterton sat down and waited, and while he waited he composed his letter mentally. The mental composition was exceedingly satisfactory. But when, after a quarter of an hour, a stout lady, who had been very busy addressing a score of highly coloured picture postcards, moved away and he was able to slip into the vacant place, he was horrified to find that all his beautiful thoughts showed a tendency to fade away. They refused to come when he called them; they refused to be set down in black and white.

He wrote, on the flimsy sheet of paper, "My dear mother ——"

And then, for the next minute, he sat there, staring vacantly at the view in the corner. It was an idealised view that made the hotel appear twice the size it really was. At last he took up his pen and wrote the following: —

"MY DEAR MOTHER, — The name of Miss Van Putten has been frequently mentioned in my letters home,



therefore you may perhaps be prepared for my news. I have just become engaged to her. She is American, as I think I told you before. I know you have rather strong prejudices with regard to Americans, but I am sure you will love Sadie — I hope so, for my sake. Phibbs and I think of returning shortly. At present I do not know the Van Puttens' plans. Will you write to Sadie as soon as possible and ask her to Silcombe? I would sooner the invitation came from you. No more at present, from your affectionate son, EDWARD."

At the same time that Masterton was penning the above, Sadie was telling her father the same news. Van Putten was thunderstruck. Apparently such an idea had never entered his head.

The average American father is different from the average English father. The English father, whether he is a landed proprietor with thousands a year or a poor clerk with two hundred a year, usually longs ardently for a son to succeed him. The American is quite content to have daughters. Some rich men openly state that they will not leave money to their sons. They believe it is better for a youth to start at the beginning and work his way up as his father did before him. The son who lives on his father is not very highly esteemed in the States.

Van Putten was a rich man, but he had never worried over the fact that he had no son to succeed him. His daughter had been all in all to him. And now another man had appeared and was putting in his claim. The interloper had not even the saving grace of being American born. It was a blow. But not for the world would he have let Sadie see that it was a blow. After she had kissed him and gone off to bed, he sat for a few minutes without moving. Then his hand



strayed to his cheek and brushed away something moist. Then he blew his nose twice very violently.

An aristocratic lady who was deep in a Tauchnitz turned to her friend with a gesture of annoyance.

“How shockingly loud Americans are!” she said.  
“Really, they have no manners.”



## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE MONTH OF ROSES

BROWNING says somewhere, 'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together!' Browning is essentially a truthful poet. But there are exceptions to every rule. The week that followed Masterton's pitiful attempt at love-making in the beautiful garden of the Generalife proves Browning to be wrong for once.

It was certainly the time. The heavy rains had suddenly ceased. The sun no longer struggled through masses of ragged black cloud, but poured down on the Red Fortress. The marble halls that in damp weather strike the casual visitor with something of a chill present a very different appearance in brilliant sunlight.

Yes, it was certainly the time. June is the month for lovers. Writers of drawing-room ballads realise this. Their lovers invariably meet in June — they always part in June. One reason for this is that June is the month of roses. In drawing-room ballads the rose is an emblem of love as the shamrock is of Ireland. No other flower is recognised. If the lover sails far away over the sea, he gives, as a farewell gift, a red red rose. If the lady feels that circumstances demand the giving up of life's happiness, she presents, at the last moment, a white white rose. According to drawing-room ballads, June is the only month of any account. The other eleven months simply do not exist. The love-making season begins



on June 1st and ends on June 30th. Therefore, Masterton might well consider himself specially favoured by fortune. By the merest accident he had hit on the most favourable month. He had chosen the right time.

And it was certainly the place. Consider for a moment the romances that have grown round the Alhambra. They are legion. Think of the women who have been wooed in those marble halls. Washington Irving dreamed away the sunny months in Granada, and then he awoke from his dreams and, like a sensible man, wrote down what he had seen and what he had heard, and set other people dreaming too.

Masterton had read the *Tales of the Alhambra* years before, but did not remember much about the book. Sadie, who was immensely proud of her countryman, knew the legends by heart. She told them again to Masterton, her American accent giving a piquant, modern touch to the ancient Moorish stories.

She was very anxious to see the room where Washington Irving, in days gone by, had dreamed and worked. The door is usually kept locked, but by bribery and corruption Masterton managed to force an entrance. He watched Sadie with an amused air as she walked round the room, reverently touching the objects Irving's hand had once touched.

'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together!'

The Alhambra was certainly the place.

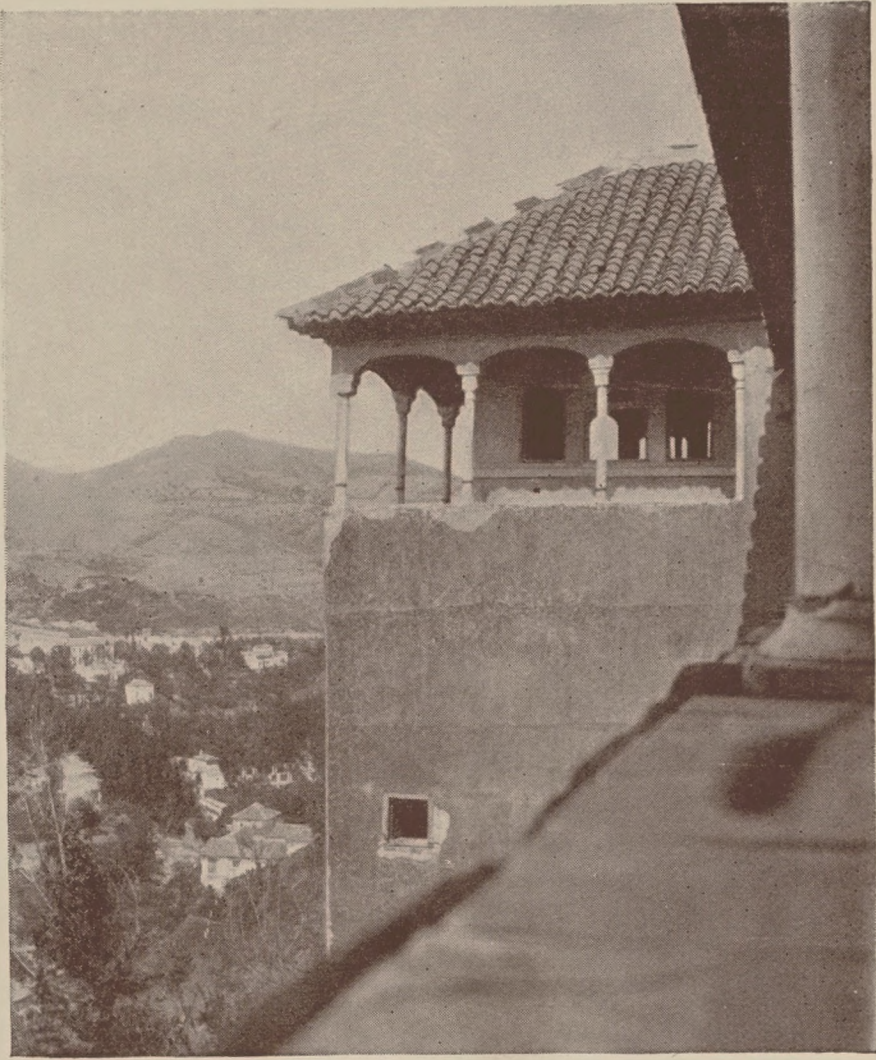
Not only do Washington Irving's sultanas glide through the marble halls, but the whole palace is redolent of the memories of more modern men and women. Here Charles the Fifth brought his young bride. Here Isabella the Catholic spent the proudest and the happiest moments of her life. Sadie was particularly interested



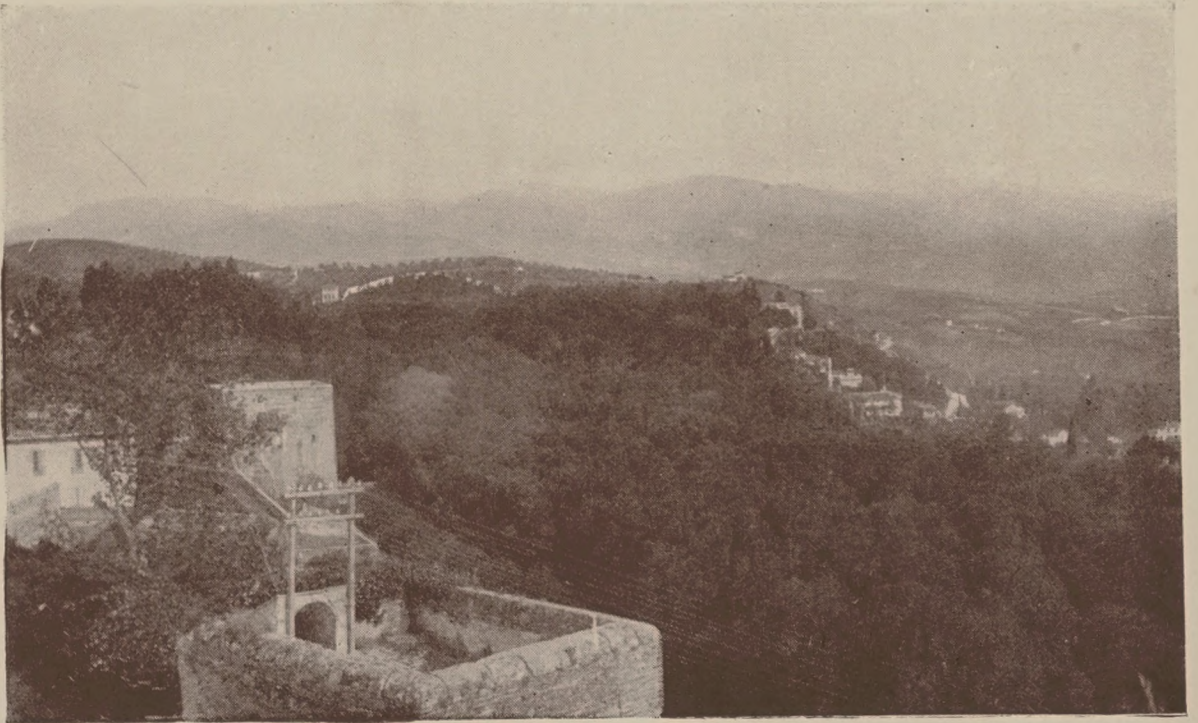




## GRANADA



THE QUEEN'S DRESSING-ROOM



THE SIERRA NEVADA



in the dressing-room of the Queen. It seemed to her ridiculously small. Yet in that tiny room Isabella had passed many long hours, beautifying herself for the sake of the husband she adored.

Isabella had a strange personality. She managed to have her say on many important matters of State, but she did not make the mistake of many clever women. She had a truly feminine regard for her appearance.

"I wonder where my cabinet stood," said Sadie.

She had insisted on dragging Masterton up the many steps to have a final peep at Isabella's dressing-room.

Masterton, like Phibbs, doubted the genuineness of the cabinet. He had told Sadie so, but she persisted in the belief that it was a valuable relic that had once occupied a prominent corner of the Mirador.

Sadie crossed to the balcony and looked out. Masterton followed her; with arm linked lightly through her arm, he stood and gazed for a few minutes on one of the most exquisite views in the world.

Neither spoke.

'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together!'

The Alhambra was certainly the place.

People who have a horror of anything sentimental had better stay away from Granada, for the most matter-of-fact person is bound to fall sooner or later under its romantic spell. The Alhambra is an ideal spot for lovers. Who would not wax poetic in the Court of the Myrtles or the Hall of the Two Sisters? Why, the very names are an inspiration.

Ordinary people usually have to make love in ordinary surroundings. There are Idylls taking place every day on the tops of trams and in the crowded compartments



of the underground railway. Lovers under these circumstances have to fight against heavy odds. No outside influence is helping them—the powers that be are not working on their behalf. That love is able to rise victorious above all these disadvantages is a living testimony to its immortality and a triumphant answer to those cynics who tell you there is no such thing.

‘Never the time and the place and the loved one all together!’

Masterton was a lucky man. The Fates, after having buffeted him about shamefully, were repenting of their unkindness and bestowing, as free-will offering, the threefold gift. And, unlike some of the blind folk of this world, he knew that he was lucky. True, Sadie was not the woman of his dreams. The woman of his dreams had possessed the long-suffering of a patient Griselda and the great soul of a Cordelia. The woman of his dreams had always taken his advice and been ready to defer to his opinion.

Sadie did not always defer to his opinion. Sometimes she advanced an opinion of her own and sometimes she thought her opinion best. Masterton wore no bandage over his eyes. He did not think Sadie perfect. But her blemishes were dearer to him than other people’s virtues. She was not the woman of his dreams, but she was the woman he wanted. She was like no one else. She was just Sadie.

It was the last evening in Granada. Phibbs and Masterton were enjoying a pipe together after a dinner rather worse than usual. Phibbs was not sorry to leave Spain. He was not an architectural enthusiast like his friend, and therefore he could not occupy himself indefinitely in cathedral cities. Foreign countries interested him chiefly because they were a change after



his own. He spoke no language but English; he thought no other country could compare with England; but, like many of his fellow-countrymen, he invariably spent his holidays abroad. He liked the change of food, the change of scene, and the sunshine. But after six or seven weeks he was always ready, as he put it, to get into harness again.

"I suppose this will be our last holiday together," he said, filling a fresh pipe. He did not regret his engagement; he was honestly attached to the little "travelling companion;" but he could not help feeling sorry that never again would he be able to enjoy a holiday with Masterton under the same conditions.

They had met each other first at a preparatory school; they had been at Trinity together; they had enjoyed a variety of sport together; they had gone walking tours together. And now a change was impending — a change voluntarily chosen by both, yet the sadness inseparable from every change was felt by both. The future might hold much that was desirable, but the past had been very good.

The boat train had just come in. There was the usual lively scene at Charing Cross. Porters were hurrying to and fro. Van Putten, who did not appear in the least fatigued, was talking to Phibbs. He was comparing the English system of luggage with the American.

Leo was divided between his obvious duty of standing by a truck piled up with trunks marked V. P. and his natural desire to rush forward and embrace his wife and his little Beppo. He spied them not very far off, anxiously scrutinising every passer-by. At last he could put up with the moral tug-of-war no longer. He decided to



ask Sadie if she would spare him for a few minutes. She was talking to Masterton; he crossed the platform to her.

"Why, certainly!" said Sadie. "We shan't get the luggage through for another twenty minutes at least."

Masterton did not intend staying in town. After saying good-bye to Sadie, he was going on to Paddington and travelling down to Silcombe the same evening.

At last the long line of trunks and hat-boxes and odd-looking bundles of every shape and size were duly chalked.

Phibbs had already gone off in a hansom. Leo very tenderly handed his charges into a four-wheeler.

"Good-bye," said Masterton, feeling how unsatisfactory a good-bye is at a London terminus. "Good-bye! we shall expect you at Silcombe next Tuesday."

"Hotel Waldorf," said Leo, banging to the door.

Sadie leaned out of the cab and waved a gay farewell to Masterton. Two months had passed since she and her father had left London. A great deal had happened in those two months.

Sadie had promised to go and see May before going down to Silcombe. She wrote beforehand to say she was coming, and one afternoon, when the June sunshine lighted up the dark streets of Bayswater, a hansom drew up before a large dingy house and Sadie got out, paid the cabman, and mounted the long flight of steps that led up to the front door.

She was rather surprised at the size of the house, as she had understood from May that her people were poor. But the house, like many another house in a once prosperous neighbourhood, had come down in the world. Some even flaunted their pitiful condition to the chance passer-by — displaying a long card with



APARTMENTS on it. If you did not see this well-known sign in the window, you might be quite sure that the house was a converted house that contained two or three maisonettes.

Many unfortunate owners would have been glad to follow the prevailing fashion and convert their cumbersome houses into flats. But to do this requires money, and money was not plentiful in this part of Bayswater. Sadie did not know all these ins and outs, and therefore the size of the house filled her with surprise. She did not know that Mrs. Viner had been fortunate in letting off the top part to a retired Indian officer.

Sadie gave a pull at the bell. May had heard the cab draw up, and dashed to the door to greet her.

"It is good of you to come."

She took Sadie into the drawing-room, where the sun lay in patches across the shabby carpet. The furniture was not old enough to be of any account, but it was old enough to show clearly the date of purchase. That the room, shabby as it was, was tenderly looked after was evident. White muslin curtains, edged with deep frills, covered the backs of the worn arm-chairs; inexpensive cretonne curtains lined with pastel blue (May's favourite colour) half screened the great ugly windows.

The new element that had come so wonderfully and unexpectedly into May's life was revealed by a long-handled gilt basket of pink roses, which occupied the centre of the table. A miniature guitar tied up with yellow ribbons and a highly coloured photogravure of the Court of the Myrtles wafted Sadie for one instant back to Spain.

"I'll tell mother you're here," said May, running off.

She found Mrs. Viner standing in front of the old-fashioned cheval glass fastening her brooch in the collar



of her best dress. The glass reflected a frail little woman with the figure of a girl and eyes as blue as May's own.

The bedroom was a replica of the drawing-room. The furniture was equally old-fashioned, and the carpet equally shabby. One glance at the toilet-table would have told the shrewd observer that Mrs. Viner had married before the custom had come in of showering dozens of useless silver articles on a bride who is starting life, and who will probably finish life with the aid of one general servant.

No silver-backed brushes adorned Mrs. Viner's toilet-table, no ring boxes, no scent bottles, no manicure case — none of the glittering trifles in which a more modern type of woman takes such pride and delight. A white china tray with little bunches of pink rosebuds, which May could remember as long as she could remember anything, occupied the centre of the toilet-table and served to hold a dozen hairpins. On the right of the china tray was a little ring-stand to match; on the left, an old-fashioned circular watch-stand. The whole room summed up the character of the woman who had slept there for twenty years. Mrs. Viner was a woman who, early in life, had learnt to do without things.

She started at the sound of May's voice. Her eye rested on her daughter with motherly pride. May looked so fresh, so happy, so blooming. The mother's heart rejoiced at the thought that May, at any rate, would never struggle as she had struggled.

"Mother, Miss Van Putten's come!"

"Very well, dear, I'll be down in a minute. Does Letty know?"

"I don't think so. I'll run and tell her."

May ran across the landing and opened the door that faced her mother's door. She had shared the room with



Letty since she was five years old. It was large and shabby like every other room in the house, but there were more knick-knacks about.

Cheap little gifts given by one sister to the other to mark the coming of Christmas or the passing of a birthday softened the general shabbiness, and told of the desire of both girls to make the best of things.

Letty was struggling with the last button of her white silk blouse.

"Be quick, Letty, there's a dear! I've had to leave Miss Van Putten while I ran up to tell you."

"Just fasten this button for me before you go! Why are blouses arranged so that it is quite impossible to do them up one's self! Now don't fuss, May! Miss Van Putten has only been here five minutes; I heard the cab drive up."

"Have you told Charlotte about the tea?" asked May.

"Yes. I cut the cress sandwiches myself. That was what made me late."

The two sisters, with arms linked, went downstairs together, and for the fiftieth time May wondered how she had been able to leave Letty. She was sure she could never do it again. She was to be married in three months' time, but marriage would not mean separation. Phibbs had promised to take a house in Kensington so that she would be able to see her people every day.

After Letty had been introduced to Sadie she slipped away to the kitchen, where she found Charlotte busy getting tea.

Charlotte had reached the flurried stage; it was fortunate that Letty appeared at that moment.

"I just ran down to hurry you with the tea," she said. "It's nearly half past-four."



"I know, miss, but the kettle wouldn't boil, and the milkman has only just been; and, of course, with company, there's a lot extra to do."

Company consisted of Sadie. But Letty forbore to say anything, knowing that the little maid had reached that stage of agitation where contradiction of any kind is fatal. The best japanned tray was on the kitchen table. On it were the best cups and saucers and a large cup of plebeian pattern.

Letty congratulated herself that she had had the forethought to go down to the kitchen and supervise Charlotte. She removed the plebeian cup while Charlotte looked on in astonishment.

"Ain't I going to 'ave no tea this afternoon, miss?"

On ordinary afternoons Charlotte's cup travelled to the dining-room teapot, and returned once again to the kitchen. The little household had been obliged to study these small economies.

"Of course you're to have tea, Charlotte. You must make some for yourself in the little brown pot."

Tea was a very merry meal. Everybody was pleased with everybody else. Sadie found May's mother delightful. Women like Mrs. Viner are common enough in the Old Country — uncommon enough in the New. The type, a compound of gentleness and strength, always attracted Sadie. She had admired it in foolish little Mrs. Mills, the clergyman's wife she had come across in Madrid. She had admired it again in young Maxwell's mother. Once more she found the type personified in Mrs. Viner, who evidently lived for her two girls. Not one of these was an individualist — each one had merged her own life in the life of another.

Most of the women Sadie knew in the States were Individualists — most of the women, and practically all



the men. Time after time the gentleness and consideration shown by strangers in England had surprised her. In the States every one was too busy with his or her own affairs. There was no time for little courtesies. Everybody was in too great a hurry.

Mrs. Viner asked Sadie no end of questions about the States, and Sadie answered them to the best of her ability.

Mrs. Viner said —

“I remember when I was a girl hearing Max O'Rell lecture on America and the Americans. He said that if it were possible for him to be born again he would choose to be born an American woman.”

Sadie laughed.

“American women have a very good time,” she said. “But I don't think English women have much to complain of.”

And then Sadie in her turn asked numerous questions about England. This was her first peep into an English home. On former visits she had seen nothing but the inside of a big hotel.

Before tea was over Phibbs came in. It was easy to see that he enjoyed his position in the little household immensely. His mother had died when he was a small boy; he had never had any sisters to make much of him. He had reached that critical period of a bachelor's life that ought to be marked with a danger signal. He had passed through the two Delectable Valleys of Sport and Flirtation. He no longer cared for dances. He was no idler about town, but a keen lawyer. Dancing until two or three o'clock in the morning meant slackness next day. For some time past he had decided that the game was not worth the candle.

Golf was his one hobby. But, unfortunately, he did



not get enough practice to make him a really good player. He cared little for the theatre. When he dined out, as he did very frequently, he usually wound up at a music hall.

The first time he took May to the theatre he asked her what play she would like to see. She chose a drawing-room comedy containing three acts of transparently foolish misunderstanding and one act given up to a long-drawn-out reconciliation. His private opinion had been that the whole thing was untrue to life and distinctly foolish; but he would not have said so for the world, for May had sat beside him in an ecstasy of delight, her blue eyes glued to the stage. When the husband and wife, who were really extraordinarily obtuse, flew into one another's arms at the end, May had given a little gasp of relief.

"Oh! I'm so glad! I was afraid they were not going to make it up."

Phibbs had enjoyed the evening almost as much as he had enjoyed a certain memorable evening very early in his history, when he had been taken to Drury Lane for the first time. He revelled in a series of new sensations. Mrs. Viner mothered him and the two girls alternately teased and petted him, and he found himself actually pitying bachelors of his acquaintance who were driven to spend their evenings at their club.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### A VISIT TO SILCOMBE

MRS. MASTERTON was sitting in the drawing-room waiting for the Van Puttens to arrive. She was an energetic woman, but now she was idle. She was not even pretending to work or pretending to read. She sat with her hands in front of her, doing nothing.

Every now and again her eye travelled to the Empire gilt clock ticking away on the mantelpiece. She remembered having waited in much the same attitude twenty years before, staring at that identical clock. Then she had been waiting for a great physician's verdict on her husband. He was lying between life and death. The great physician was summoned to say whether he would live or whether he would die. He had told her very gently that he would die.

At that moment Edward had burst into the room carrying a cricket bat, and had stopped short on seeing a stranger. And the great physician had said, "I am deeply sorry for you, but you mustn't despair. Remember you have your boy to live for."

For twenty years she had lived for her boy. She had given herself up to Edward completely. She had worked hard at Latin so as to help him with his school work. When they went for holidays together she had chosen places with good bathing and good cricket, although her personal taste would have led her to select



either Harrogate or Buxton. Once she had even consented to spend a fortnight on a Norfolk wherry, and a most uncomfortable fortnight it had been. When she heard people extol the calm beauties of the Norfolk Broads she said nothing, but thought of that fortnight. Yet at the time she had put up with the discomfort cheerfully for the sake of her boy. And now she was flung aside for a stranger. It was the way of the world — it was the fate of all mothers.

When Edward left Trinity she had been prepared for him to fall in love and marry. She had expected it, but she had not been very disappointed when the summers slipped by without his making a choice. There were plenty of girls in Silcombe; Edward had known most of them since they were in short frocks. Some of them, whilst visiting friends and relations elsewhere, had made their choice and returned engaged. She had laughingly joked her son and told him he was losing all the nice girls. Latterly people in Silcombe had openly said that he would never marry as long as his mother was alive.

The first time she heard this she had replied that her dearest wish was to see him suitably married. But, as time went on and her dearest wish showed no signs being gratified, she had begun to think differently. Their life was quiet, but happy. Edward usually travelled for three months in the year — the remaining nine he spent at home. He had been called to the Bar, but had never practised. He preferred to live the life of a country squire as his father had done before him. And now, suddenly, without any warning, a change had come. He was going to get married.

In the natural course of events she must have felt the change, but she would have been more or less reconciled to it. Now she was not. Her son was going to marry



an alien — an American. Instead of choosing a fair, fresh English girl (Mrs. Masterton had Colonel Nicholson's two daughters in her mind) he had chosen a stranger. She felt it was very hard on her. The few Americans she had come across during her quiet life she had always disliked. She disliked their voices; she considered their manners aggressive. She detested slang, and most of the Americans she had met used slang in abundance. She disliked the way they worshipped money. She disliked them altogether. She had often said that nothing would ever induce her to cross the Atlantic. And her son had always agreed with everything she said. And now he was bringing an American girl home. He would have an American wife — she would have an American daughter-in-law. Her grandchildren would not be wholly English. She felt that it was hard.

A servant appeared at the door and announced "Miss Westlake," and Mrs. Masterton got up to receive the visitor.

"What a beautiful afternoon, isn't it?" said Miss Westlake. "I do hope this weather will last until after the Open-Air Fête."

There were two annual excitements in Silcombe. One was the Sale of Work held in the Vicarage drawing-room the week before Christmas, and the other the Open-Air Fête (also in aid of the church funds), which took place in the Vicarage grounds the last Saturday in June.

Miss Westlake explained that she had only looked in for a minute. She was on her way to the weekly working-party, but, as she had not seen Mrs. Masterton at church the Sunday before, she wanted to know if there was anything the matter.

Mrs. Masterton was thankful for the temporary



distraction. She was very fond of Miss Westlake. Years before, when her husband had brought her as a young bride to Silcombe, he had said: "I hope you will be friends with Isabel Westlake; she's only nineteen, but she's a sensible little thing, and she's growing into a very pretty girl." A year later, when Edward was born, she had asked Isabel Westlake to stand as godmother. How well she remembered her standing at the font in a white muslin dress and a Leghorn hat with pink roses. She had held the baby Edward a little awkwardly. But how pleased and proud she had been at the new dignity conferred on her!

Mrs. Masterton looked at Miss Westlake. She no longer wore a Leghorn hat. A narrow-brimmed black straw more suited to her maturer years rested on her hair, which was just beginning to turn grey. But she still retained her youthful fondness for pink roses. A clump of pink roses finished off the wide ribbon bow.

Isabel Westlake had been very pretty in days gone by, and a great favourite with Mrs. Masterton's husband. "I should like to see her well married," he used to say. "She'd make a capital little wife."

He went on saying this year after year, although, had he been asked where the husband was to come from, he would have been at a loss for an answer.

Bachelors there were none. The men who belonged to the same position as Miss Westlake were all married. Mr. Masterton was married; Sir Francis Dutton (the local member) was married; the Vicar had been married twice. Therefore, it was not very remarkable that Isabel Westlake was still Isabel Westlake.

"Are you coming to the working-party?" inquired Miss Westlake, after she had satisfied herself that



nothing but a slight cold had kept Mrs. Masterton from church the Sunday before.

"Unfortunately, I have to stay in," replied Mrs. Masterton.

"I don't think it would hurt you to go out. It's simply lovely, and so warm."

Mrs. Masterton had not told anybody of her son's engagement. In fact, the real reason she had stayed away from church on Sunday was because she had not wanted to meet anybody until after Sadie's arrival. But she decided that she would tell Miss Westlake. After all, she had a right to know. She was Edward's godmother.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of my cold," said Mrs. Masterton; "that's almost well. But I can't go to the working-party because I'm expecting visitors. They may be here any minute. Edward has gone to meet them."

Miss Westlake was all attention. Visitors to Silcombe were rare.

"Is it any one I know?" she asked.

"No; I don't know them either. They are friends of Edward's; he met them abroad." She paused, and then added, "They are American — a father and daughter."

"Oh, there is a daughter, is there?" said Miss Westlake, getting more and more interested.

"Yes. Edward has just got engaged to her."

The news was out. Miss Westlake was going on to the working-party. In half an hour it would be all over Silcombe. Mrs. Masterton felt as if she had not properly realised the engagement until that moment. Before then it had been a dim something lurking in a shadowy background. But every time Miss Westlake



reiterated "Edward engaged! — well, I am surprised!" the unpleasant fact was driven home.

"You say she's American?" said Miss Westlake, after she had got over her first burst of astonishment.

"Yes; she's from New York."

"And she's very pretty, of course?"

"I don't know. Edward hasn't said much about her looks."

"I suppose she's very fascinating?"

"I don't know whether she's fascinating or not," said Mrs. Masterton. "One thing is certain — she's managed to fascinate Edward."

"Americans are supposed to be very fascinating," said Miss Westlake.

"I've met several," said Mrs. Masterton, "and I never met one that fascinated me yet. Still, of course, every nation has its own standard of beauty and manners."

Miss Westlake became more and more interested. Evidently Mrs. Masterton did not approve of the marriage.

"You're sorry she's American?" she ventured to say.

"I am. Look how many nice English girls there are unmarried! If it had only been either Mamie or Betty Nicholson!"

"I believe some Americans are very charming," said Miss Westlake, with a final attempt at consolation.

"There are always exceptions, of course. But, on the whole, I do not admire the American girl. I remember meeting one at Lucerne a few years back. She couldn't have been more than nineteen, and she had a day home like her mother. She told me that her mother would never think of appearing on her day home unless she was specially invited. Well, we don't want that sort of thing introduced into England, do we?"



Meanwhile Masterton was at the station waiting for the train to come in. The train was late. At last he saw it signalled. An old porter whom he could remember for twenty years, and who never seemed to get to look any older, came out of the station-master's office and took up his position on the platform. No one else was in sight.

"What a pretty little station!" was Sadie's first remark. "Look, father! aren't the flowers lovely?"

Van Putten did as he was told. Every stationmaster along the Exeter line did his best to beautify his own particular station, but the Silcombe display had taken first prize for the past three years. Damask roses and pinks and lupins as blue as the sky were massed together in seemingly careless confusion, as if they had sprung up out of the ground in the order in which they looked best. But the stationmaster, if he had been asked, could have told of hours of anxiety and toil. He had gained the prize, though, and was satisfied. And he was still more satisfied when the old porter told him how much his flowers had been admired.

"The gentleman he sez to me, sez he, 'I suppose them flowers are for sale?' 'For sale,' I sez, 'you won't cotch Mr. Bunce a-selling any of them flowers.'"

"And what did he say to that?" asked the stationmaster, delighted to know that his flowers had caused such a sensation.

"He said, 'What an extraordinary country' — just like that. And then Mr. Masterton helped him into the carriage and they drove off. 'What an extraordinary country!' — those were his words."

This little incident made an impression, not only on the porter, but on Van Putten.

"I can't get over that fellow and his flowers," he said.



"It beats me altogether. I thought that beautiful show was a gi-gantic advertisement."

"It is an advertisement more or less," said Masterton; "our station is known for miles round."

"But what's the good of advertising if you don't make money by it? In the States we don't advertise for the love of the thing. We advertise to make a pile. One would think that fellow had made his pile. Instead of that, you tell me his wages are about haff what we should pay at home. It beats me altogether."

"So you went to see May Viner one afternoon," said Masterton to Sadie, as the carriage turned into a narrow leafy lane.

"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed Sadie. "Yes, I saw May; she seemed very happy. Mr. Phibbs seemed very happy, too."

As every second brought Masterton nearer his home, he began to get a little uneasy. He wondered if his mother would take to Sadie. He hoped so. But it was impossible to tell beforehand. Two persons, good and estimable in every way, may on a first meeting take an unaccountable dislike to one another. Sadie, for instance, disliked the two Miss Hetheringtons. And he could not see why.

They were approaching the entrance to the park; a little girl ran out from the lodge and held the gate open.

She was a typical English cottage child with rosy cheeks and yellow hair. The curtsy she bobbed made a great impression on Van Putten.

"Cu-rious custom," he observed reflectively.

"We're very conservative in these parts," said Masterton, with a touch of pride. "The good old-fashioned ways are dying out now that Socialism is coming to the fore."



"What will my mother think of Sadie? What will my mother think of Sadie?"

Like a scale thumped out by a beginner, this refrain was being steadily hammered out in Masterton's brain with maddening effect.

"What will my mother think of Sadie? What — will — my — mother — think ——"

The carriage stopped suddenly before a large white house built in the Italian style. Masterton linked his arm through Sadie's; they mounted the steps together. The butler held the drawing-room door open; they went in.

"Mother," he said, advancing into the room, "mother, this is Sadie."

After Miss Westlake had been introduced to Sadie she did not stay long. She was anxious to get on to the working-party.

There are few sensations more gratifying, more human, or more universal than the sensation of being the first with a piece of news. The fact of the news being good or bad is a mere accident, and in no way interferes with the joy of telling it. Although it was a hot day Miss Westlake walked quickly. She did not walk quickly because she was afraid of any one being before her with the announcement. Mrs. Masterton had distinctly said that she was the first to be told. But she walked quickly because she could not help it. She was so eager to tell the news and enjoy the effect.

Sometimes people came early to the working-party and left early. It would be a thousand pities if she missed by a few minutes one of the principal residents of Silcombe — Lady Dutton, for instance.

After twenty minutes' brisk walking Miss Westlake



sighted the Vicarage — a comfortable, square, red-brick house standing at the end of a real Devonshire lane, and only a few hundred yards from the old church. A June languor hung over everything. Silcombe was always sleepy, but on this particular afternoon it was more sleepy than usual. Everything seemed as immovable and unchangeable as the old Norman church. And something had actually happened. The only eligible bachelor for miles round was going to get married. And not only was he going to get married, but he was going to marry an American heiress. Mrs. Masterton had not actually said that Sadie was an heiress. But, as she hailed from America, Miss Westlake felt justified in assuming that she was an heiress.

The Vicarage door stood open. Miss Westlake paused on the mat to recover her breath and cool down. Half a dozen sunshades were lying on the black oak table. Miss Westlake recognised all the sunshades. They never changed; they were brought out summer after summer. There was Mrs. Windle's tussore, with a curious carved ivory handle. Mrs. Windle was the widow of an officer, and the ivory handle was a relic of days in Calcutta. Mrs. Windle was very fond of enlarging on those days. She said India was the only place where she had ever been really happy; and the life, as she described it (or, to speak more correctly, imagined it), sounded very delightful. She used to tell of morning rides, and moonlight excursions to heathen temples, and balls at Government House where it was impossible to satisfy half the partners who clamoured for dances. As Mrs. Windle's best friend could not have called her handsome, and as she waltzed indifferently, Miss Westlake (charitable woman though



she was) could not help wondering why she had been such a success in Calcutta.

Mrs. Windle dwelt on the old Indian days with enthusiasm. Now she was a widow she forgot her small, fat, uninteresting husband who had never been able to get beyond the rank of Major, and who had attributed his misfortunes to what he called the trying Indian climate. His friends had put down his failure to a less poetic, but more common, reason.

Miss Westlake glanced at the tussore sunshade with the carved ivory handle. Beside it lay Miss Barry's black watered silk. Miss Barry had been in mourning at the time of purchase, and the black sunshade had appeared every summer since, although, fortunately, she had not occasion to go into mourning again. "I really must get a coloured sunshade," she used to say. "But, you know, the English summers are so short — it hardly seems worth while."

Alongside Miss Barry's black watered silk were two bright scarlet sunshades. These belonged to Mamie and Betty Nicholson — Colonel Nicholson's twin daughters. Where was Lady Dutton's pink silk with the old-rose border? Miss Westlake looked for it in vain. It was not there. She felt terribly disappointed. The chief resident of Silcombe was not at the working-party. And then, just as she opened the drawing-room door, she caught sight of the pink silk sunshade. Lady Dutton had placed it carefully in a corner by the hat-stand, all by itself.

In the pleasant, low-ceilinged drawing-room, whose French window opened on to the croquet-lawn, most of Silcombe feminine society was gathered. Every one was busy. There was only one more working-party before the Open-Air Fête. As the day drew near, the



workers began to be weighed down with the gravity of what lay before them. Another hundred and fifty pounds was needed for the Church Restoration Fund. Would the children's smocks, and the knitted petticoats, and the chair-backs, and the table-centres provide this sum?

Miss Westlake nodded to everybody and slipped into a vacant place by Mrs. Windle. She undid the red plush work-bag she was carrying, and drew out her silver thimble and the d'oyley she was embroidering. She did this deliberately, with a pleasant feeling of power. She was like a successful actor who sees his audience assembled and knows that it only depends on him to say when the play shall begin.

"You're late, Miss Westlake," said Miss Barry; "we thought you weren't coming."

Miss Westlake was threading her needle with pale blue silk. Her eyesight was not as good as it had been, and at last she was obliged to ask Mamie Nicholson to thread the needle for her.

"Yes, you're late," chimed in Lady Dutton; "we had almost given you up."

Mamie Nicholson handed the needle back to Miss Westlake.

"Thank you, dear. . . . Yes, I'm rather late, but I couldn't get here before. . . . I ran in to see Mrs. Masterton."

"Is she quite well?" asked Miss Barry. "She wasn't at church on Sunday."

"Oh yes! she's quite well. She had a little cold on Sunday, but that's gone now."

Miss Westlake embroidered away quietly. At any moment she knew she could step on to the platform and hold the attention of the audience.



"How glad Mrs. Masterton must be to have her son back again!" said Lady Dutton.

"I don't know what she would do without him," said Miss Barry. "He's a most devoted son. I always say he'll never marry in his mother's lifetime."

Miss Westlake decided that the moment had come to deliver her news; she put down the d'oyley she was embroidering.

"Mrs. Masterton told me something this afternoon that surprised me very much. Edward has just got engaged."

For the space of a few seconds there was silence — the silence that is the outcome of a great shock — the silence that is dearer to the artist than rounds of applause. Then everybody began talking at once.

"It can't be true," said Miss Barry. "I met Mrs. Masterton coming out of the post office only last Friday, and she said nothing about it."

Lady Dutton felt too offended to say anything. She had known Mrs. Masterton for thirty years, and she felt that she ought to have been told before Miss Westlake.

"Who is he engaged to?" asked Miss Barry, still doubting.

"He met the girl in Spain," said Miss Westlake, glad that half the news remained to be told.

"He's never going to marry a Spaniard, is he?" said Mrs. Windle. "Mixed marriages are a great mistake. One sees so much of that sort of thing in India."

"One of my uncles married a Spanish lady," said Miss Barry, "and I believe it turned out very happily."

"I'm not saying there are no exceptions," said Mrs. Windle. "All I say is, as a general rule mixed marriages are a mistake."



"She isn't Spanish," said Miss Westlake, fearing an argument between Mrs. Windle and Miss Barry, who did not get on too well together.

"I'm glad to hear she's English," said Mrs. Windle; "that's something to be thankful for."

"She's not English," said Miss Westlake.

"Not English! You just said she was!"

"Pardon me, I said she wasn't Spanish. She's American."

"I can't believe Edward is going to marry an American," said Lady Dutton. "Why, he detests Americans. He has told me so scores of times. You must be making a mistake, Miss Westlake!"

"I'm not making a mistake," protested Miss Westlake. "He met the girl at Madrid — or was it Seville?"

The more Miss Westlake tried to think whether the meeting-place had been Madrid or Seville, the more confused she became. And this confusion convinced her hearers that her news was not altogether authentic. In the village Miss Westlake had a name for getting hold of the wrong end of the story.

"Well, whether it was Madrid or whether it was Seville doesn't really matter," continued Miss Westlake. "At any rate, he met her; she was travelling with her father."

"Well, I suppose we shall hear something more definite soon," said Lady Dutton.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Westlake, going on with her embroidery. "You'll see Miss Van Putten and her father shortly."

"Van Putten! Van Putten!" echoed Mrs. Windle. "I don't think the girl can be American, Miss Westlake. Van Putten is a Dutch name."

"She is American," said Miss Westlake, who was getting tired of being badgered. "I ought to know,



Mrs. Windle. I've seen her, I've been introduced to her, I've spoken to her."

At last everybody was convinced that Miss Westlake for once had got hold of the right end of the story. Everybody wanted to sit next to Miss Westlake; everybody was very kind in handing her tea and sandwiches and cakes. For the time being she was undoubtedly the most important person in the room.

Lady Dutton, who had felt a little offended because she had not been the first to be told, moved her chair so as to be near her. Mrs. Windle was most anxious to know her honest opinion of Miss Van Putten. Did she consider her good-looking? She had met several American girls up in the hills, and although they were not strictly good-looking, they had more 'go' in them than the average English girl. Miss Barry kept repeating that she could not get over the news. She had felt absolutely certain that Edward Masterton would never marry in his mother's lifetime.

In the midst of so much excitement there was not much work done. On ordinary afternoons, during the interval for tea, the different members went round the room publicly admiring everybody else's work and privately admiring their own. But on this occasion no one troubled to look at any one else's work. No one could think of anything but Masterton's engagement.

. . . . .  
Dinner was nearly over. It had gone off rather better than Masterton had expected. Fortunately Spain had proved a fruitful topic of conversation. But the talk was all on the surface. There had been no intimate touches — nothing to suggest that Sadie was anything more than an ordinary visitor.

The frigidity of the atmosphere affected Van Putten;



he was less expansive than usual. He was a little awed by Masterton's mother; she struck him as being a very great lady. He had never met any one like her in the States. Possibly the type existed in that charmed circle, that seventh heaven inhabited by the Four Hundred. But he had never come across any member of the Four Hundred, and before dinner was over he came to the conclusion that, if the Four Hundred resembled his hostess, he had not missed much.

Mrs. Masterton got up. Masterton sprang from his seat instantly and held the door open. Van Putten was very observant; not much escaped him. His futuer son-in-law's formal manner in his own home tickled his sense of humour. Yet it was not put on — it was perfectly natural. There was a dignified deliberation about the trifling action that impressed Van Putten. In England people did not 'hustle'; they moved as if they had plenty of time.

Sadie followed Mrs. Masterton into the long drawing-room. She was not in her usual spirits; the atmosphere was chilling. She wanted Mrs. Masterton to like her, and she was certain that her hostess was viewing her with the eye of disapproval. And this certainty made her rather quieter than usual. Mrs. Masterton did her best. She was not particularly interested in Spain herself, but she talked about Spain because, by doing so, she thought she would please Sadie.

After awhile Sadie began to speak of her life at home. When she made a chance allusion to her college days, Mrs. Masterton felt as if her worst fears had been realised. She disapproved of a college education for women. She disapproved altogether of women aping the ways of men. And Edward had always said that he disapproved of women going to college.



She had a letter from him describing graphically a series of riots at Cambridge. Shutters had been torn down and bonfires had been lighted, and several undergraduates had been arrested. And these violent scenes had arisen simply and solely because women had been clamouring to be allowed to take their degree. Edward had written very strongly on the subject. And now he was actually marrying a girl who had had a college education and who had graduated at Vassar. Mrs. Masterton felt that her son was acting very inconsistently.

Coffee was brought, and soon afterwards Masterton and Van Putten appeared. And then, as conversation was not very brisk, a game of bridge was proposed. For a long time Mrs. Masterton had resolutely refused to learn bridge. Ultimately she had consented to be taught, and now she preferred the game to whist, although she would not own as much.

The card-table was placed in the middle of the room; the candles were lighted. They cut for partners. Van Putten was drawn with Mrs. Masterton. Feeling rather overawed, he sat down and began to shuffle the cards. When it was Sadie's declaration and she said, "I pass it," Masterton laughingly told her that people in England said, "I leave it."

When Masterton declared hearts and Van Putten said, "I go over," Mrs. Masterton looked quite bewildered.

"Mr. Van Putten means that he doubles, mother," said Masterton, acting as interpreter. The game was not a great success, but, at any rate, it saved everybody from the necessity of talking.

They played two rubbers, and then Sadie went off to bed. Van Putten prepared to follow suit.



"Won't you stay up a bit and have a smoke?" said Masterton.

"No, thanks," said Van Putten. "I guess I'm about ready for bed too."

After they had gone, Masterton watched his mother as she moved slowly about the room, shifting a chair here, blowing out a candle there. She looked very stately in her sweeping dress of silver-grey satin. He wondered if she was going to pass any remarks on their guests. But she did not. He wished she would say something. The silence was becoming unbearable. It was Mrs. Masterton who eventually broke it.

"Did you think I gave you a nice little dinner, Edward?"

"Dinner!" said Masterton absently. "Oh yes! your dinners are always all right, mother."

He had hoped for a more personal remark; he waited patiently.

"I'm going to bed now. Good-night, my boy."

He could put up with this suspense no longer. It would be far better to know the worst at once.

"Mother ——?"

And then he stopped suddenly. His mother had paused at the door.

"Don't forget to put the lamps out," she said. "The servants have gone to bed."

"That's all right. . . . I'll see to the lamps. . . . Mother, you haven't congratulated me."

Mrs. Masterton came back into the room. Her eye softened as it rested on her son. Then she said —

"I wrote to Granada and congratulated you, Edward."

"But letters are so unsatisfactory."

"My boy, naturally I have only one wish — your happiness. I hope you're making a wise choice."



"I'm sure you'll love Sadie when you get to know her. Everybody does."

"She seems very bright and pleasant, but you know my opinion of mixed marriages."

"You can hardly call a marriage between an Englishman and an American a mixed marriage. Of course, Sadie's father is of Dutch extraction, but her mother came of old Puritan stock."

"That may be, but English characteristics are bound to be lost after three hundred years. Don't think I'm quarrelling with your choice, Edward; but have you reflected well?"

Masterton said he had given a good deal of reflection to the matter. He knew that if he had reflected much longer Sadie would have slipped through his fingers altogether.

"Their ideas are so different from English ideas," went on Mrs. Masterton. "Look at the American divorce laws! I read in the paper the other day that there is one place in the States where the express waits half an hour. In that half-hour you can obtain a divorce."

Masterton laughed. And Mrs. Masterton hastened to add —

"It was in a very reliable paper I read it, Edward."

"Sadie says that most of these newspaper reports are utter rubbish — I've asked her about no end of things I've seen in print."

"D'ye think it will be a long engagement?" asked Mrs. Masterton, after a long pause.

"I don't fancy so. Mr. Van Putten must get back soon, and we want to be married before he sails."

Mrs. Masterton felt her last hope had failed. If the two young people were making a mistake, they



would have no chance of finding it out before it was too late.

Sadie went downstairs the next morning with the feeling of not being quite at her ease. Breakfast was in the morning-room; Mrs. Masterton was sitting at the table behind a large, old-fashioned, silver coffee-pot. She got up and kissed Sadie, and asked her how she had slept, and whether she took tea or coffee. And then Masterton and Van Putten came in, and the beauty of the June morning was commented on and the lack of news in the paper. And then (these subjects being soon exhausted) Masterton began to discuss how they should spend the day.

"We might go into the village some time this morning," he said. "It's a pretty little village, and only about twenty minutes' walk from here."

"You must go round the old church," said Mrs. Masterton; "we're very proud of our old church." She turned to Sadie. "Are you interested in architecture?"

Before Sadie could reply to the question, Masterton said —

"Sadie doesn't care a rap when a place was built or why a place was built. What she enjoys more than anything else is listening to a string of anecdotes. All the while we were in Spain she insisted on carrying about a little red book crammed with stories more or less false. Phibbs christened the book the 'Red Fairy Book.'"

"People are much more interesting than places," said Sadie. "You laugh at Professor de Castro, but honestly I shouldn't have enjoyed Spain half as well without him."

When breakfast was over Masterton and Sadie stepped through the French windows and on to the



croquet-lawn. They felt like children just let out of school. If they had done what both felt inclined to do, they would have run races round the garden and shouted and laughed for the mere pleasure of hearing their own voices. But, being civilised man and civilised woman, they contented themselves with walking at a swinging pace and talking with more freedom than they had been able to do at breakfast.

It seemed as if the morning had been created on purpose for them. People in love have bestowed on them something of the magic power of the alchemist. By the aid of this magic power life is painted in new colours. The lover does not see an ordinary plot of common grass, but myriads of tiny blades springing into life. The lover does not see the ordinary sky that everybody else sees. In the hot blue sky of noonday something of his own burning passion is reflected. In the calm depths of the evening sky he feels the abiding peace of love given and returned. People in love live in a world of their own, in a fairy palace built of crystal, and the light streams in through hundreds of windows, dazzling the eyes of the man and the woman who have constructed together this fairy palace.

Sadie forgot that she had been disappointed the night before. Masterton was looking into her eyes; she smiled up at him. Suddenly they dropped from heaven to earth. Van Putten's voice travelled the length of the croquet-lawn, bringing them back with a start from the world of Romance to the world of Reality.

"Sadie, have you got your rubbers on? This grass is vurry wet."

"How careless of me!" said Masterton, with a glance at Sadie's pointed American shoe, from which the glistening dewdrops were hanging.



"If we're going to see the church this morning, it's time to start. Will you come with us, Mr. Van Putten?"

"I guess I'm agreeable," said Van Putten. And Sadie went to put on her hat.

Twenty minutes' walk brought them to the church. Masterton tried the principal door and then a side door, but found both locked.

"If you'll wait here a minute," he said, "I'll run across and get the keys from Mrs. Brown."

The village street was hushed. Through the open window of the church school came the monotonous chant of children's voices. The sound made one feel drowsy.

"This is a Rip Van Winkle sort of a place, isn't it?" said Van Putten.

Just then Masterton returned with the keys. The church struck cold after the warmth outside. Masterton drew their attention to the carved oak door and to the reredos and choir-stalls of the same period. They followed him across the worn stone floor and up the chancel steps.

Once upon a time there was a bashful Scotch lover who was too bashful to propose to the girl of his choice. At last he summoned up courage and, taking her into the village churchyard, he said, "Ma fowk lie here, Mary; wad ye like to lie here?"

Masterton felt something of the pride of ancestry of that young Scotchman as he paused before the tomb of a certain Edward Masterton who had joined St. Louis of France on the sixth and last crusade. Facing the crusader's tomb was the tomb of his wife, Dame Marion Masterton, who died in 1288, having survived her husband fifteen years.



Van Putten was as much impressed as Sadie. When they came out of the church he said —

“Life’s queer, isn’t it? It seems odd to think of that crusader chap living here and dying here before the States were as much as thought of. This little place must have gone on just the same for hundreds of years.”

“It has,” said Masterton; “Silcombe has altered very little.”

“I wonder you haven’t de-veloped it,” said Van Putten. “In the States our great idea is de-velopment.”

Sadie had not travelled much in England. She had visited Oxford and Cambridge and the cathedral cities beloved of her compatriots, but she did not know Devon.

She fell in love straight away with the Devonshire lanes and the Devonshire cream. The green coombs and the rich red soil delighted her; she was enthusiastic. She was not so enthusiastic about the people. They did not bore her (Sadie had never been bored in her life), but they perplexed her. They struck the American girl as looking out on life with one eye, when God had provided them with two.

The dulness of Silcombe struck her forcibly. There was a sameness about these large houses, with their well-kept gardens and their croquet-lawns.

Sadie, after a fair experience of “hired girls,” marvelled at the correctness of the English servant. Mrs. Masterton kept six indoor servants and four at work outside, and each one fitted perfectly into his or her niche. Van Putten was surprised at the little attentions that were showered on him. His shaving water was always to hand, his ill-cut clothes ever kept



well brushed and folded — he never had to ask for anything. It would have been impossible to command such service in the States. Money would not do it. Van Putten knew many rich men who were obliged to black their own boots. Every country has its advantages and its drawbacks. The “hired girl” system is one of the drawbacks of America.

Very little ever happened at Silcombe; occasionally a wedding or a funeral varied the general monotony. There was not a great deal of entertaining. Dinners and dances were difficult to arrange. For one thing, there was a scarcity of men. In the large houses in the neighbourhood there were at least four women to every man. The sons passed into the Army or Navy — the daughters were left. This made Silcombe hostesses give up evening entertainments and fall back on “afternoons.”

Soon after Sadie’s arrival Mrs. Masterton sent out invitations for a croquet party. Unfortunately the day was threatening, and the invited guests were uncertain whether they were expected or not. Still, everybody made a point of turning up, for they were all anxious to be introduced to the American girl who had captured the only eligible bachelor for miles round.

Is there any sight on this earth more depressing than a French drawing-room (without a fire) filled with people who meet so constantly that they have nothing fresh to say to one another?

Van Putten and Sadie felt the atmosphere Siberian when, at a quarter to four, they entered the room. Mrs. Masterton stepped forward to introduce them.

“Miss Van Putten — Lady Dutton. Miss Van Putten — Colonel Nicholson.”

Sadie bowed to the Colonel, and was soon chattering



with the two Miss Nicholsons, who were shivering in white muslin. A momentary gleam of sunshine earlier in the afternoon had tempted them to put on new frocks.

Meanwhile, Van Putten was standing in the centre of the old rose Aubusson carpet, waiting his turn to be introduced.

"Mrs. Windle — Mr. Van Putten."

"Happy to meet you," said Van Putten genially.

Mrs. Windle looked pleased. Evidently she had made a favourable impression.

"Lady Dutton — Mr. Van Putten."

"Happy to meet you," said Van Putten again.

"Miss Barry — Mr. Van Putten."

"Happy to meet you," he repeated.

Mrs. Windle felt annoyed. What she had looked upon as a special mark of favour was apparently the recognised form of American greeting.

A painful silence ensued.

The gilt Empire clock struck four. Mrs. Masterton never had tea brought in until half-past. Thirty minutes had to be lived through somehow.

"I heard such a good conundrum the other afternoon," said Miss Barry. She asked the conundrum, but it did not produce any sensation. And then, and not till then, did she remember that she had asked that identical riddle the week before at Lady Dutton's croquet party.

From Sadie's corner of the room came the sound of laughter. After a few minutes Colonel Nicholson and Van Putten joined the group.

"I see you've lost one of your richest men," said Colonel Nicholson, referring to the death of a prominent millionaire.

"You mean Johnson of the Sugar Trust?"



"Yes. What an enormous fortune he left!"

"He left a big fortune, but he killed himself," said Sadie, joining in the conversation.

"Killed himself! I understood that he died a natural death."

"Well, if you like to call it a natural death," said Sadie. "He died from overwork. Doesn't it put you in mind of the little nursery tale of the squirrel and the nuts?"

"The squirrel and the nuts?" repeated the Colonel, raising his shaggy white eyebrows in puzzled surprise.

"Yes. Don't you know that tale?"

"I don't think so. I wish you'd tell it to me."

"Well, once upon a time there was a little grey squirrel who was determined to have a real good time. So every morning he went out in the woods, and all day long he searched for nuts. But he wouldn't eat the nuts. He said, 'I guess I'll wait until I've gotten a pile, and then I'll have a real good time.' Well, time went on, and one day he thought that he'd gotten just about enough nuts and that he might as well start enjoying himself right away."

Sadie paused.

"And did he enjoy himself?" asked the Colonel, absurdly interested in the fate of the little grey squirrel.

"Why, no. Unfortunately, he'd lost his teeth."

"I see. The story has a moral."

"So many of our millionaires make the mistake that little grey squirrel made," said Sadie. "Father was piling up the nuts and losing his teeth until he went to Spain."

When Colonel Nicholson said good-bye to Mrs. Master-ton, he congratulated her on her future daughter-in-law.

"I like her," he said; "she's a nice girl."



## CHAPTER XXV

### CONCLUSION

As the day drew near for the Open-Air Fête, the Silcombe folk began to study the barometer anxiously. It skipped suddenly from set-fair to change. Suppose it veered to rain. But it did not. The last Saturday in June was fine.

The Open-Air Fête was formally opened by Lady Dutton at two o'clock. She was presented with a bouquet by the same little girl who had run out from the lodge and opened the gate on the afternoon of Sadie's arrival. She wore a white starched frock and her yellow hair was tied back with a blue ribbon, and she seemed a little awed at finding herself in such a prominent position.

Lady Dutton stooped down and kissed her, and the child ran off and joined a group of playmates (also in starched white frocks), glad that her part in the festivities was over.

Sadie enjoyed this peep into village life. The scene did not strike her as novel — in a way it was strangely familiar. It reminded her of *Cranford* and *Adam Bede* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* rolled into one. All the stage properties were there — the portly parson, the country squire, the maiden ladies, the village children. The whole orchestra was assembled to play a tune that she had always known and always loved.



The Vicarage grounds were well suited to an Open-Air Fête. The Vicar valued his three-acre meadow too highly to have the ground torn up and ruined by heavy tent-pegs, so the booths were ranged along a waste field usually given up to Old Neddy.

Neddy in days gone by had been harnessed to a bright yellow governess cart, and had been driven by all the Vicar's children in turn. But now the children were scattered, and Neddy had lost the sight of one eye and led a happy, lazy existence, except on those days when he was called upon to mow the tennis-lawn.

There were six booths in all. Five of them were heaped up with woolly petticoats, and knitted scarves, and chair-backs, and table-centres, and dressed dolls, and fancy blotters — the sixth was given up to country produce.

When Mrs. Windle arrived fresh from Calcutta she had suggested that it would be better to keep different stalls for different articles. "We did that in Calcutta," she said, "and it was a great success. We had all fancy-work at one stall, and all plain work at another, and dolls and toys at another."

But Silcombe had not taken kindly to the new idea. Silcombe never took kindly to new ideas. Miss Barry got up and said that if there were any changes she would for one refuse to hold a stall. "If we had a rule of that kind," she argued, "and I had the toy stall and a friend sent me a table-centre, I suppose I should not be allowed to keep it." "That is so," Mrs. Windle had replied; "you would pass on the table-centre to the fancy-work stall. The plan works splendidly — at least it did in Calcutta." "What answers very well in Calcutta may not answer in Silcombe," Miss Barry had replied, and everybody present had admitted the force of the argument.



Mrs. Windle's proposal had not been carried, and from that day she and Miss Barry had never been really friendly.

Van Putten and Sadie visited every stall in turn. Masterton was not with them; he had been asked by the Vicar's wife to go and talk with Sir Francis Dutton, who was suffering from an attack of gout and was resting in a basket-chair on the tennis-lawn.

Van Putten left Mrs. Windle's stall carrying numerous brown paper parcels.

"Sadie," he said, "I've had a long experience of dry goods, but I've never come across quite so many useless articles before."

They stopped before Miss Barry's stall.

"I've been expecting you," said Miss Barry. "I knew you would require something useful, Mr. Van Putten, so I've put by a few things especially for you. Isn't this handy? It's for luggage-labels."

Van Putten studied thoughtfully the green silk cover worked with forget-me-nots and tied up with pale blue ribbon.

"Vurry ornamental," he said.

"And useful," said Miss Barry.

"And useful," added Van Putten. "I'll take it. How much?"

"I suppose you use time-tables in America, don't you?" said Miss Barry.

"Why, yes. Time-tables and ready-reckoners and lightning-calculators and reference-books of every description."

"Then I've something that will just suit you."

She held up a Bradshaw bound in yellow silk and embroidered with the motto, "Time is Money."

"Your work?" asked Van Putten.



"Yes, my work," said Miss Barry. "If you like, I can take out the Bradshaw and you can substitute an American railway-guide."

"That's a capital notion," said Van Putten. "I'll take that as well, Miss Barry."

After they had left the stall Van Putten turned to Sadie with some anxiety.

"I didn't laff, did I, Sadie?"

"No," said Sadie, "you behaved very well, father."

"England is a cu-rious country," went on Van Putten. "The great idea seems to be to spin out time as much as possible. Never spend a haff-hour if you can spend a whole hour."

Van Putten was very proud of his spoil. He put the beribboned covers carefully away with his Toledo daggers and azulejos frames and other curiosities.

Having at last managed to get away from Sir Francis Dutton, Masterton came hurrying towards them.

"I'm sorry to have left you so long," he said.

"Don't apologise," said Van Putten; "we've been vurry entertained."

They made their way to the tea tent, and Masterton picked out a little table right in the shade, and they ate little round scones and Devonshire cream, and Sadie enjoyed herself because it was all so old world and peaceful.

Every now and then a friend would pass the little table, and greetings would be exchanged to the tune of the same thankful refrain: "Aren't we lucky to have such a beautiful day for the Open-Air Fête?"

"Have you seen the display of fruit and flowers?" Mrs. Windle asked Van Putten. "You haven't? Come with me and I'll show you where it is."

Mrs. Windle could not help feeling a little interested



in Van Putten. She was lonely. He was lonely or would be lonely after Sadie was married. Mrs. Windle had settled down fairly well at Silcombe, but the American brought with him a whiff of a larger world. Strange things happen. Mrs. Windle did not intend making any desperate effort to captivate Van Putten, but as he had not seen the horticultural show and she was quite ready to see it again, what could be more natural than for them to go together? They entered the tent. At intervals down the long deal table the fruit and flowers were ranged. There were bulky turnips, and enormous cucumbers, and French beans, and fat pods split in two to show off the size of the round green peas. There were rosy-cheeked apples, and raspberries, and red currants, and hairy gooseberries, and dark purple egg plums. Almost every plate bore a ticket — First Prize, Second Prize, Third Prize, Honourable Mention.

“It reminds me of the school I went to when I was a little boy,” said Van Putten. “There were fourteen of us at that school, and when the prize-giving came off there was only one boy who didn’t take a prize. He was really too bad.”

“I hope you weren’t that boy?” said Mrs. Windle.

“I was,” replied Van Putten, with a smile of recollection.

“Aren’t those roses perfect?” said Mrs. Windle. “They’re grown by our stationmaster; he always takes first prize. This Flower Show is a good idea, isn’t it? It encourages the cottagers to take an interest in their gardens. Silcombe is a charming old-world place. Don’t you think so?”

“I do,” replied Van Putten. “I was saying to my daughter only yesterday that I ought to have started my rest-cure here.”



"Yes, it's a dear little place; artists rave over it. But it's terribly dull. You can't think how long the winter is. Of course, most of these people have lived here all their lives — they've never known anything different."

"You're not from these parts, then?"

"Oh, no! I've been used to a very different life — a very gay life, I may say. I've lived a good deal in India. Major Windle was stationed at Calcutta — he died there."

Van Putten did not know whether to offer a word of consolation or not. If the Major had been dead twenty years it seemed out of place. If, on the other hand, the loss had been fairly recent, it might appear unkind to say nothing. He looked at the widow to see if she was in half-mourning. She was not. He decided to make no allusion to the Major's decease.

"Do you know India?" said Mrs. Windle, playing with the carved handle of her tussore sunshade.

"I do not," said Van Putten. "I'm a busy man, Mrs. Windle — never so happy as when I'm in business. I shouldn't have come abroad now, but Waldo Smith said it was my last chance."

"You'll miss your daughter terribly."

"I shall. After I go back I shall work harder than ever, Waldo Smith or no Waldo Smith."

The sun no longer poured down; a light breeze had sprung up and was flapping the canvas of the tea tent. Masterton glanced at Sadie's thin dress and declared that she must be cold. It was no use protesting she was not cold; he insisted on fetching a coat.

"I told Hobbs to put in plenty of warm wraps," he said; "we'll just go round and get something."

They left the crowd and made their way to a piece



of waste ground where Sir Francis Dutton's barouche and the Mastertons' landau and a heterogeneous collection of wagonettes and dogcarts and bicycles were awaiting their owners' pleasure. Masterton found Sadie's coat and wrapped her up in it. Old Neddy spied them from the other side of the ground and followed them round, rubbing his nose against Sadie every now and then to attract her attention.

"Poor Old Neddy," said Masterton. "We used to have great games with Old Neddy in days gone by."

They did not hurry back, but walked up and down arm in arm, stepping aside every now and then to avoid a carriage wheel or a protruding shaft. The stalls were now lighted up and the little coloured lights twinkled gaily in the distance. At intervals the stillness was broken by the sound of clapping announcing the result of a tug-of-war or egg-and-spoon race.

Masterton felt for Sadie's hand.

"Feeling warmer?" he asked.

For several days Sadie had wanted a quiet talk with Masterton. She had put off the talk because she dreaded offending him. Now, she decided she would put it off no longer.

"Edward," she said suddenly, "we're beginning to understand one another, aren't we?"

Masterton wondered what was coming. A horrible fear that somebody or something was going to swoop down on him and snatch his happiness away tied his tongue. Sadie repeated her question, and then he found his tongue and said that according to his idea they understood one another perfectly.

"Since I've been at Silcombe I've puzzled over ever so many things," she said. "I can't think how you ever came to like me."



"It is remarkable, isn't it?" said Masterton.

"Your mother says you don't approve of women going to college. Well, I've graduated at Vassar."

She spoke jokingly; Masterton was reassured.

"People say a lot of foolish things," he said.

"Lady Dutton told me she was never more surprised in her life. She said that at one time you detested Americans — especially American girls."

"How much more nonsense are you going to talk?" said Masterton.

"It isn't nonsense. I'm alluding to all these things just to show that we really care for one another in spite of what either of us may have said, or done, or thought."

"Well?" said Masterton.

"Well, you mustn't run off with the idea that I don't care, because — because ——"

"Well?" said Masterton again.

"Because — I don't want to live at Silcombe."

Masterton was tremendously relieved. If Sadie did not want to live at Silcombe, they could easily live elsewhere. During the past fortnight the thought had struck him that life at Silcombe to an American would not be life at all.

"Of course, I understand what you mean," he said; "this place must seem frightfully dull."

"It isn't because it's dull that I don't want to live here. Once I stayed for two months on a ranch out West. The nearest township was between twenty and thirty miles. We had no neighbours, and yet I loved the life. There was so much to do — the day was never long enough. But here everything seems finished — there's nothing left to do. Do you remember that day at Seville when we went over the Caridad and saw



those poor old men patiently waiting for the end? Well, Silcombe reminds me of the Caridad."

"You don't think you'd get used to it and settle down after a bit?"

"I'm sure I shouldn't. I've been wanting to tell you so for the past week, but I thought you'd be so disappointed."

"I'm attached to the old place, of course; we've lived here always."

"It's best to say straight out, isn't it?" said Sadie. "People are often afraid to say things straight out before they're married. The cousin I was telling you about just now, who owns a ranch out West, married a girl from New York. She'd been used to a lot of gaiety, and she said she was sure she would find life on the ranch a lovely change."

"And how has it answered?"

"It hasn't answered. Every time she goes to New York to visit her old friends she stays away longer and longer."

"Life on a ranch is all right for a man, but it must be terribly dull for a woman," said Masterton.

But Sadie did not agree with this. She said —

"It's a grand life for people who are young and strong. There are thousands upon thousands of acres just waiting to be cultivated. And then, by and by, the little towns spring up, and the people begin to build. Oh, it's a grand life! Sometimes I wish that you and I were starting together out West."

"Yet you don't want to start together at Silcombe?"

"No. Because Silcombe is played out."

Sadie, having said her say, waited. It had cost her something to say what she had said. A woman in love (and Sadie was very much in love) usually sets great



store on the approval of the man she is about to marry. Sadie was a thorough woman; she wanted Masterton's approval. But she had seen the failure of several marriages because the man and the woman had purposely deceived one another in order to keep the lamp of love burning. She felt that life at Silcombe could never satisfy her. Therefore, she decided that it was best to say so at once.

"Would you like to live in London?" asked Masterton. "It's rather odd that it should have turned out like this, but only this afternoon Sir Francis asked me if I would care to put up for Parliament. His health has failed very much lately and he's thinking of retiring."

Once more the Fates were beneficent. They were watching over the destinies of Masterton and Sadie. Sir Francis could not have chosen a more propitious moment for retiring from active life. For the next half-hour they paced up and down the rough rutty ground sketching out the future. In the half-hour they built the house and they furnished it, and Old Neddy followed them round, poking himself into the conversation.

Suddenly the penetrating voices of the Silcombe school-children broke the stillness —

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below."

The old doxology struck Masterton with a new force as he stood there in the dark field with Sadie very close to him.

"They always wind up with that," he explained.

One by one the coloured lights went out. Shadowy figures in the distance were moving slowly towards them. On they came. Stout gaitered farmers, and village girls arm in arm with boy sweethearts, and little



children clinging to their elders and blinking hard to keep awake.

The field became suddenly all alive. Old Neddy, alarmed at the inrush, ambled away to the farthest corner. There was no moon, and the ponies had to be captured and harnessed by the aid of stable-lantern or bicycle-lamp. Scraps of conversation floated through the air: "Aren't we lucky to have had such a beautiful day?" — "Your little Johnny's half asleep." — "Can we give you a lift?" — "Wo! Steady there!"

All had been quiet before; all was movement now. There was a general rummaging for coats and rugs; parcels of every shape and size containing trophies from the bazaar had to be stowed away. Figures moved about in the patches of light; the smell of fusees and tobacco mingled pleasantly with the fragrance of flowers. One by one each gig was packed with its human load and departed. Neighbourly good-nights were called out in passing. A shaking of the reins and a flick of the whip warned each pony that he was no longer at liberty to nibble the short grass. His owner was anxious to find himself once more at home. The procession of vehicles could be seen in the distance winding in and out of the long curved road and disappearing up the hill in the fashion the Italian painters are so fond of depicting. Only one person remained — a Silcombe youth who had had some trouble with his bicycle tyre. His friends, after having waited some time, eventually went off without him. The solitary figure began to pump up the flattened tyre. Every now and then he paused in his work and looked along the white road to the thin line of disappearing lights. At last he mounted his bicycle and rode off after the others.

. . . . .



Mrs. Masterton, who was standing outside, felt that much as she disliked Americanisms there was something hearty in this form of greeting. The English 'Come in' is chilly. It is as much as to say, 'I am here, but not particularly anxious to see you.' But 'Come right in' is irresistible.

"How are you getting on?" said Mrs. Masterton. "Shall I send Cox up to help you? She's a capital packer."

"No, thanks; I'm so used to doing everything for myself."

"I'm afraid you won't be finished until midnight," said Mrs. Masterton, with a glance round the disordered room.

"Oh, yes! I shan't be very long now."

"How delicious the orange-blossom smells."

"Yes. It makes me think of the Court of Oranges at Seville."

"You're quite sure I can't do anything for you?"

"Quite sure," said Sadie. And Mrs. Masterton kissed her and went out.

Once more Sadie returned to her packing. But she had not done much before she was stopped again — this time by a bundle of photographs. On the top was a photograph of Leo in Moorish costume. She had taken it the morning after their arrival in Tangier. The caftan had been borrowed from Shahib, and young Maxwell had arranged the pose.

Sadie sat with the photograph in her hand wondering how everybody was getting on in Tangier. Was Mrs. Maxwell still knitting gauntlets for the deep-sea fishermen? Had the German Bank seen fit to promote her son? Was Shahib still conducting parties of tourists round the Great Socco? Had he completed his bargain for the purchase of the little Suleika?

She put down Leo's photograph and took up the







## CORDOVA AND GRANADA



ONE OF THE FIVE FOUNTAINS



A GARDEN OF ROMANCE



Escorial. How grim Philip the Second's gigantic palace appeared. She thought of Brother Bernardino, the old monk she had been so friendly with. Dear old man! Was he still digging in the garden? Was he still pointing out the choir-stall in the little gallery where Philip received the great news of the victory of Lepanto?

Here was Burgos — Burgos with its penetrating winds and its inhabitants shivering under their striped blankets. And here was the Court of Oranges at Cordova. It was one of Sadie's best photographs; she was very proud of it. The women were filling their water-pots at the five fountains. And standing about were the loafers of Cordova — the idlers who were content to idle and watch others work. The orange-blossom in the room mingled in Sadie's memory with the overpowering sweetness of the Court of Oranges.

Here was Seville and the sunny garden of the Caridad. She wished she had a photograph of the Sister of Mercy who had taken them round the wards. Were the old men still sitting there patiently waiting for death? Had some been already called?

Sadie put down the Caridad and took up Pilate's House. How well she remembered the morning she had spent there! That same day the break with Masterton had come. There had never been any explanation of that break. It was mixed up in Sadie's mind with the visit to Pilate's House in the morning, and the introduction to the two Miss Hetheringtons in the afternoon. At the time the break had seemed irreparable. When she left Seville she never expected to see Masterton again. She recalled the last morning — the last peep at La Giralda. La Giralda veered with every breath of wind. How odd life was! how it twisted and turned!



And here was the Garden of the Generalife. What a wonderful garden it was, with palm trees and orange trees and roses—red, pink, yellow, and white—weighing down the bushes until they touched the edge of the water in the Court of the Aqueduct.

Sadie looked longer at the Garden of the Generalife than at any of the other photographs. She loved Spain. The cathedrals and palaces of that land of Romance were very dear to her, but the Garden of the Generalife was especially dear. For was it not a part of her own romance?

The *Lusitania* was on the point of starting. Sadie and her husband were standing on the promenade deck with Van Putten; the time had come to say good-bye.

Van Putten felt the moment was a solemn one, and as he did not want Sadie to cry or to cry himself, he said cheerfully —

“I’ll cable as soon as I get to the other side. And look here, Sadie, mind you don’t get too British before you come home to New York City.”

The gangways were put down; the huge vessel began to churn up the dark waters. Sadie remained motionless, gazing at the spot where Van Putten was standing alone. Her eyes were full of tears, but the smile, characteristic both of her and her father, was playing about her lips.

“It’s vurry hard to say good-bye,” she said, and slipping back into an Americanism, told her husband how deeply moved she was. “It’s vurry hard, but it’s got to be done.”







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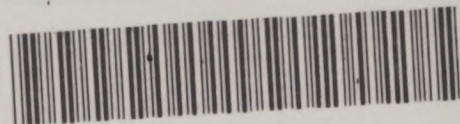


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